

# THE ISLAND MISSION:

BEING A  
HISTORY OF THE MELANESIAN MISSION  
FROM ITS COMMENCEMENT.

*REPRINTED FROM "MISSION LIFE."*

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Lo, the hills for harvest  
All along each distant Shore;  
Seaward far the islands brighten.  
Light of the nations, lead us o'er:  
When we seek them,  
Let Thy Spirit go before!  
C.F. ALEXANDER

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1869.



*Consecrated 1st Bishop of New Zealand Octr. 17th, 1841.*

*Appointed Bishop of Lichfield Decr. 1st, 1867.*

*Elected Decr. 23rd, 1867.*

*Confirmed at Bow Janr. 4th, 1868.*

*Enthroned Janr. 9th, 1868.*

*Engraved by Wm. Hall, from a photograph by Messrs. Ts. Mason & Co.*

## SEED-TIME AND HARVEST.

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THE great sun shineth everywhere,  
From Polar snow to snow:  
He quickeneth all the grasses fair,  
He makes the violets blow.

We sow the seed: Thy mighty beams,  
O Lord, Thou Sun of Love,  
Shall quicken it, and gentle streams  
Shall feed it from above;

He lifts the corn to ear and grain,  
He streaks the fruit with red,  
That all God's creatures may be fain  
Of gifts that He hath shed.

Till, when Thou com'st from Heaven again,  
The blessed earth may be  
One harvest field of richest grain,  
One garden unto Thee!

Yet not without man's answering toil  
Yields He His blessings free:  
No harvest from unfurrowed soil,  
No fruit from unpruned tree.

But men must work, with watchful eyes,  
Grave care, and patient heed;  
Till from the plant the tree arise,  
And harvest from the seed.

God's boundless love shines over all  
Within heaven's circle blue;  
Known or unknown, His blessings fall  
On every race and hue:

[iv] Upon the fair-faced English child,  
Whose home love shelters o'er;  
And dusky savage, wandering wild  
Along the coral shore.

Yet, till the lonely lands of earth  
Become His garden-ground,  
And, in the stead of war and dearth,  
Plenty and love abound.

His happier children seek to till  
That soil so bare and hard,  
Knowing His impress lingers still  
On hearts that sin hath marred.

The toil is hard, the work is slow:  
Only the furrow-line  
Upon the desert ground doth show  
What harvest soon may shine.

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# THE

## ISLAND MISSION.

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### CHAPTER I.

FAR away in the Southern hemisphere lies a tract of the Pacific Ocean thickly studded with islands—less known, perhaps, than any other part of the world, attainable by the high-road of the seas—and inhabited by a perfectly distinct race of men from the olive-coloured, straight-haired Malay population of the adjoining tract of Polynesia. This tract of country lies between 150° and 170° east longitude, and between the equator and the tropic of Capricorn, and, together with Australia and New Guinea, on account of the dark skin of its inhabitants, received from the French the name of Melanesia. At present the term has come to be applied only to the islands to the north of New Zealand, between the limits already named, which, either by accident or design, were set down in the letters patent issued for the consecration of a bishop for the diocese of New Zealand as the boundaries of his jurisdiction.

The Melanesian Islands, for the most part belong [1/2] to the coral formation, and are of volcanic origin; the igneous rock having apparently been gradually upheaved to its present position from the depths of the ocean, and when near the surface, having been worked upon by those wonderful little coral insects which, year after year, raise their tiny cells higher and higher, until they appear above the water; and then some further volcanic disturbance forces up a cone or ridge of rock in the centre, which, after a time, becomes clothed with a garment of tropical verdure such as we in England can but faintly imagine. Those who have seen these coral islands describe them as surpassing in beauty any scenery which can be seen elsewhere. Like the Happy Isles of Avalon, they lie

"Deep-bosomed, happy, fair, with orchard lawns  
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea."

And lest the waves should beat upon them too roughly, the outworks of the coral form a reef around them, on which the long Atlantic rollers break with surf and spray, while within, between the reef and the shore, the crystal water is still as a lake, and in its depths can be seen the variously-coloured forests of coral, alive with rainbow-hued fish darting in and out among their branches. Then the beach is composed of no sober-coloured sand or shingle, but of glittering white powdered coral; beyond, rise white coral crags, festooned with trailing creepers many hundred feet long, and convolvulus flowers measuring seven inches [2/3] across: and above them, again, rises a bank of tall tropical trees—bread-fruit, almond, cocoa-nut, and bananas—which spread in a dense mass, wherever man has not thinned them, into the centre of the island, and blue parrots and other tropical birds chirp and chatter among their branches.

When Nature is thus bounteous, however, danger arises from her very bounty, and we see that the "thorns and the thistles" which the earth was to bring forth to Adam were rather a blessing than a curse. In the Melanesian Islands poverty is unknown, since the wild fruits are free to all; but since the earth needs no cultivation—or, at least, very little—to produce food for man, idleness is the result, and from idleness spring endless feuds and fightings, undisciplined passions, degradation of mental and bodily powers,



and general savagery. Such is invariably the condition of any untaught people to whom "the stern old fairy, Necessity," has never come near to make them use their wits or die. In whatever way our heathen ancestors may have been superior to the Melanesian heathen of the present day, it is to be attributed less to the inherent vigour of the Aryan race than to the blessings of the ungenial climate which made them work to live, and by the discipline of daily labour, prepared the soil for the seed of Christianity.

Unlike the race which inhabits Polynesia, the [3/4] Melanesians, though considerably varying in height, colour, and general characteristics, have more of the Negro character than of the Malay. Their lips are not so thick, their skulls not so receding, nor their hair so woolly, as those of Africans; but they are still more removed from the olive skin and straight hair of the Maori or Polynesian. While, too, the language of Polynesia is often the same in two or three large groups of islands, it is a common thing in Melanesia to find an island in which the inhabitants of one village cannot understand those of the next. The dialects of their languages are so numerous and so unlike, that even those which most resemble each other are as far removed from one another as German from French. Their constant wars, of course, aggravate this tendency; for their villages are in a normal state of feud, and few intermarriages take place, unless the wife is carried off and stolen, which hardly tends to soothe the feelings of the opposite side. Sometimes a whole tribe will be exterminated in this way, by internecine fights; sometimes one tribe will be wholly scattered and destroyed by another, and its very language lost. Often a village will be found to consist of five or six huts only; and if no change takes place, it is more than probable that in a few years' time that village will have ceased to exist, and its dialect will be heard no more.

Yet, notwithstanding this, there is much that is [4/5] attractive in the character of many of these islanders. They are not unlike grown-up children—children in their easily excited passions and readiness to be amused, but men in strength, years, and capability of gratifying those passions. Where a child would strike another with his clenched fist, a Melanesian would shoot him dead with bow and poisoned arrow. Yet they are very easily touched by kindness, and once brought to love a superior being and to look up to him, may be led through that love to the exercise of the powers of conscience, and through this, again, to the higher life of the soul, and to the full consciousness of humanity—the love of God.

Norfolk Island, the southernmost point of Melanesia, was not originally comprehended under this name, but may now for all intents and purposes be said to belong to this division of the Pacific Ocean. To the northward of Norfolk Island, the principal groups, or archipelagoes, are the Loyalty Islands, comprehending among others, Nengonè and Lifu: the New Hebrides, among which are Anaiteum, Erromango, Mallicolo, Mai, and others: the Banks Islands, the best known of which are Mota, Valua, and Vanua Lava: the Santa Cruz Archipelago, named after the largest of its islands; and the Solomon Islands, among which are Bauro, or San Cristoval, Gera, Malanta, and Ysabel.

The Loyalty Islands, being farthest from the equator, are habitable by Europeans, and have been [5/6] occupied by the labourers of the London Mission. Anaiteum and a few of the more southward of the New Hebrides have been evangelised by Scotch missionaries from Nova Scotia; but the rest of the islands, being uninhabitable by Europeans for more than six months in the year, had been left to their primitive

condition, and, indeed, had never even been thoroughly explored and laid down in the Admiralty charts. Like the Ancient Mariner, Bishop Selwyn might well say,

"We were the first that ever burst  
Into that silent sea."

The New Hebrides and the Santa Cruz group enjoy the unenviable distinction of systematic cannibalism. The Banks and Solomon Islanders are for the most part free from it. Originally, probably, the practice was connected with some religious rite, and they believed that by eating their enemies they became possessed of their prowess and valour—sole admiration of barbarous tribes. But there seems to be little idea of a sacred character connected with their cannibalism as generally practised; and, of course, the people in general have less opportunity of practising it than their chiefs. Those who came from islands where cannibalism was usual were not found to be less teachable or more confirmed in their evil habits than those from other islands.

In no part of Melanesia does there appear to be [6/7] any relic of an earlier and purer religion, such as remained to the Peruvians in the time of Pizarro, and, though in a less degree, among the Red Indians of North America. Fetish-worship is the only form of religion which remains to them. The men in tools islands cook at a sacred fire which the women are not allowed to approach—possibly some relic of ancient sun-worship: beyond this, they have a vague dread of the powers of nature, and a defined one of their priests, who have such power over them that if they curse them, the victims will sometimes at once go home and die of terror. In some islands sharks, crocodiles, and serpents—fierce and destroying creatures—receive a species of worship; and a vague dread of ghosts seems to be the only idea in many islands bearing any resemblance to the belief in the immortality of the soul.

Such were the people over whom Bishop Selwyn found himself placed as pastor in the year 1842.

## CHAPTER II.

THAT earnest and indefatigable body of men, the London Mission, have for the last fifty years been at work on various islands of Polynesia. They are of the Independent body, and have gradually spread the knowledge of the truth throughout many of the islands of the Pacific Ocean. Those who have read a little book published some years ago, called "Night of Toil," will remember the early struggles of these men in introducing Christianity into Tahiti and the surrounding islands; and upon the same system they proceeded in evangelising the Fijian Islands, and the Rarotongan and Samoan group. Their system was to settle down in an island, to gather around them a little congregation of native Christians, who, in their turn, went forth to preach in other surrounding islands, and thus prepared the way for fuller teaching than they themselves could give. The people of distant islands often speak dialects of the same language, so that one of the difficulties of Melanesian mission work is here unknown; and a person who understands the Maori spoken in New Zealand can [8/9] make himself understood by a native of Rarotonga or Samoa.

With a courage and zeal which might well shame us, enlightened and civilised Christians, these poor Samoan converts went forth from home and friends into an

utterly new and strange country, where it was more than possible that they might have to yield their lives for their faith. They had none of the prestige of the white man; many of them could not read; all their bodily and mental possessions were the garment of cocoa-leaves around their waists, and that portion of Christian truth in their hearts, which, small and bounded as it was, had yet brought forth such good fruit. Probably an Englishman, seeing them for the first time among the people for whom they laboured, would have classed them altogether as ignorant savages; yet that their attempt was nothing impossible or ill judged was proved by the result. They found their way westward, as far as Nengonè, in the Loyalty Islands. Here they mastered the difficulties of a strange language, conquered the obstacles of a different race. In a few years half of the island had left off fighting and cannibalism. They had built a chapel, plastered with powdered coral-lime, and matted with cocoa-nut fibre, and a house of the same material, ready for a resident missionary whenever he might come to teach them; and they had learnt the name of Him who [9/10] made them and redeemed them, and knew the difference between right and wrong, and that God wished them to be good. If, along with this, the Samoans had also introduced certain religious phrases which their scholars repeated by rote without much idea of their meaning—if they were apt to give pointless, rambling discourses by way of sermons—no one could reasonably find fault with them, or expect their zeal and earnestness to cover the shortcomings of want of education. They did at least the preparatory work, without which the seed of Christianity could no more be expected to grow than corn in an unfurrowed field.

In other islands their work showed less success than in the Loyalty group. In the New Hebrides they were often driven away, or put to death by those whom they came to teach; but there was never any difficulty in supplying their place by others, equally zealous and equally brave. It must not be supposed that the English missionaries left all the danger to them, and only kept the places of safety themselves. The history of John Williams tells a different tale. He was murdered at Erromango in the year 1840, and others, as will be seen, have suffered in the same way since then.

One example of the work of these teachers will suffice. The scene is Anaiteum, one of the southernmost of the New Hebrides, a most lovely island, with [10/11] a natural harbour formed by a sandy islet with projecting coral reefs. The island is edged, like other rural islands, with a line of shining silver beach, fringed with cocoa-nut trees, under the shade of which a few houses are built, with thatched roofs and walls, plastered with coral lime; above, a range of hills of every tint of vivid green, their summits canopied with dark grey mist, while under this background of neutral tint the bright colours of the foreground stand out in marvellous beauty. As in Bishop Heber's hymn, "every prospect pleases, and only man is vile."

Several Samoan teachers had settled at Anaiteum; and in 1845, Mr. Turner, one of the missionaries of the London Society, called there in the ship belonging to the mission, to see how things were prospering there. They found that two of the teachers had died—a man named Tavita, and his wife. Simeone and Apolo, two of the remaining teachers, had often been in danger of their lives. When a chief of the place where they resided died, it was proposed to kill them for the "weeping feast;" it being the custom at such a time to kill and eat any strangers in the neighbourhood, and also to strip their plantations for the same purpose. Simeone and Apolo, however, placed their plantation at the service of the feast-givers, and thus escaped being made a part of it themselves.

They had only made one convert—a man named, [11/12] Umra. The day school which they had established had to be given up, because the grown people did not like their children to be wiser than themselves. However, they had established a private night school instead, at which they had eleven scholars.

The English missionaries arranged for the location of Simeone and another teacher named Poti, in the district of a chief called Nohuat. They gave him a present, begged him to be kind to the teachers, and to listen to their instructions. He replied: promised a number of things, such as a plot of ground, help in house-building, protection against thieves, and a supply of food. Umra, the convert, who was sitting by, got up at this, and said: "Nohuat! that is all very well; but you have forgotten one thing: you must attend to the Word of God."

The chief hold which the Samoan teachers had upon the people of Anaiteum arose from the prestige of their being able to burn coral stones, and to make plaster and whitewash of the lime therein contained. The people fought less than in many islands; and in case of murder an apology, together with a pig, would settle the affair. They worshipped the spirits of their ancestors, had sacred groves, and believed in a kind of heaven for the good, which seemed to consist of plenty of food, and a hell for the bad, where they were starved. The teachers tried to persuade the people to bury their dead in the island, instead of [12/13] throwing them into the sea; but they found that a belief was spreading that all who were buried went to heaven, and all who were thrown into the sea, to hell, so that they wisely abstained from making a point of the matter. They had a custom of strangling a man's wife, or a child's mother, at their death, so that they might accompany them to the world of spirits. The Samoans bravely resisted this practice, often risking their lives in order to prevent it. One day they went to a place where all was ready, and the poor wife was brought out to be strangled. They spoke against it; the woman became afraid, and ran to them for protection. This enraged the people, and they attacked the teachers, who barely escaped with their lives; in the confusion, however, the woman was saved.

In 1848, three Scotch Presbyterian missionaries, of the Nova Scotia Mission, settled at Anaiteum, and the effect upon the island showed how patiently and laboriously the poor Samoan teachers, ignorant, lonely, and persecuted, had done their work. In 1856, out of a population of 4,000, only two or three hundred remained heathens. Schools were established all over the island, under the management of native teachers; large chapels were erected at the two principal stations, and boarding-houses for young men and women were attached to the dwellings of the missionaries. The rapid improvement of the [13/14] character of the people, their intelligence and goodwill, their quickness in learning to read and write, and willingness to adopt the social habits of their instructors, are so many facts which call for thankfulness in themselves, and give pledges of hope for the future of other islands which are now what Anaiteum once was.

### CHAPTER III.

In the year 1842, Bishop Selwyn was consecrated to the diocese of New Zealand, together with the isles adjoining; but for seven years his time was so much occupied upon the mainland, that although the islands of Melanesia were always in his mind, he had no opportunity of personally visiting them and seeing their wants for himself. It was not until 1849, that he was able to sail in his little Undine, a tiny schooner of

twenty-two tons in which he was wont to visit the various shores of New Zealand on his episcopal work to the northern islands, and thus to lay the foundation of what has since grown into the Melanesian Mission.

A less energetic man would probably have been content to work the large diocese which was already his, without troubling himself about the innumerable outlying islands beyond. And the difficulties which lay in the path of any one beginning to organise such a mission as might comprehend all these islands were so great, that a less courageous spirit might well have been daunted.

First of all there was the innumerable quantity of islands, each with a different language, and most with several different dialects. The plan adopted by the London Mission and Scotch Mission of settling a European Missionary down upon a single island, to work it as Anaiteum was worked, was not feasible on a large scale, from want of suitable men, and from the expense it would have entailed, since even to place English clergymen upon islands where the climate would allow them to remain, would require as much as £50,000 a year. If every other difficulty could have been got over, there yet remained these two: that not one English clergyman in a hundred, earnest and intelligent as they might be, would be suitable for this work; and that all the northern islands lying near the equator are so unhealthy as to be uninhabitable by Europeans during the six summer months of the year.

Then there was the imperfect knowledge possessed of the islands, and the great care needed in sailing among them, from the numerous outlying reefs and shallows, and the rarity of any harbour fit for a ship to anchor in when the weather was unfavourable. And there was the well-known character of many of the islanders—fierce, treacherous, and prompt to revenge upon any white man the insults or injuries they had sustained from European or American traders, who came to their islands to obtain sandal wood for the [16/17] scenting of English fans and incensing of Chinese idols, and black sea-slugs to make broth for Chinese Mandarins.

Notwithstanding these obstacles, Bishop Selwyn did not desist from his resolve to organise some mission work among the countless Melanesian Islands. The success of the Samoan teachers had shown that it was possible to use the native element in this work more than had been done in most Missions, and he devised a plan by which the small English force he could collect might enlist, control, and finally render self-reliant a large staff of native teachers and clergy; each of whom, might in his own language, and in his own island, preach the good news of the Gospel, and become a focus of light, intelligence, and civilisation through which the islands might be changed from nests of barbarism to centres of blessing.

His plan was this:—To cruise about among the various groups of islands for some months in every year, and in the course of that time, to open a friendly communication with as many islands as possible, and to persuade the natives of these islands to entrust to his care some of the most promising of their children, who were to be taken to New Zealand, and kept there during the summer months to be instructed in the first principles of Christianity, and also to communicate as much as might be of their language to their instructors. In the winter, to [17/18] return again to the islands, and to take these boys back to their homes, relying on their good offices to ensure a friendly reception, and having from them acquired the power of communication with their

friends in their own languages. Then, if any one of these lads proved to be apt and intelligent, and likely to repay the pains of further education, to take him again to New Zealand, and to go on with his instruction, hoping that he might one day become a teacher, catechist, and missionary among his own people; otherwise to leave the pupils of the past year at their homes, and to take others in their places, thus opening other paths whereby the Mission might penetrate to the various villages of each island.

This was to be the first step towards the foundation of a Church of Melanesia; but the ideal which the Bishop had before him, though, as he knew, it was but little likely to be reached in his time, or even for many years after him, was far more magnificent. He pictured to himself a central school in each group of islands, conducted by native teachers, superintended during the winter months by an European clergyman, and paying frequent summer visits to New Zealand, so as to continue their own instruction and bring them under the influence of more cultivated minds. Thus they would never suffer from the isolation which fell so heavily on the Samoan teachers of the London Society, from the absence of [18/19] any systematic scheme of visitation of the islands where they were placed.

Then gradually from this beginning, as years went on, Bishop Selwyn hoped that the need for the supervision of English clergymen might cease, and that the Melanesian Church might become an independent body, with its own staff of clergy, its own laws, its own bishop. For he had no ambition to make the Melanesian Islands, either now or at any other time, into the likeness of an English colony. He had seen too clearly how the colonists in any land, and from every nation, were apt to belie their name of Christian in their dealings with the natives, and how the race of "niggers," as they contemptuously call them, dies out and disappears before the step of the white man. His aim was not to evangelise the Melanesians by means of his own countrymen, as a system introduced from without; it was rather to raise them to evangelise themselves.

Passing from dreams of the future to realities of the present, the Bishop sailed, as we have said, to the Melanesian Islands in the year 1849: his little Missionary vessel, *Undine*, being called upon to perform this longer and more perilous journey than any she had before known. In August, 1849, he was at Anaiteum, where he visited the Scotch Missionaries, and learnt from them particulars of their work, their difficulties, and their successes. Of [19/20] course, with such an enormous field of work spread open before him, he had no inclination, even had he had the desire, to disturb the missions of other religious bodies who had settled down upon any island. Bishop Selwyn always carried out the plan of doing all he could to help and encourage such missions, entering into friendly relations with the missionaries, and assisting them with his advice and experience, but not taking part in their public services. That his Christian charity, together with his conscientious obedience to the rules of his own church, were not undervalued by the members of other missions, is proved by the fact of the society which sent out Mr. Geddie and Mr. Inglis, the Missionaries at Anaiteum, having voted him a sum of money in aid of his mission, in consideration of his kindness to them.

The *Undine* made her first cruise among the Loyalty Islands, and also touched at New Caledonia and the Isle of Pines, and brought back to New Zealand five native lads—one from New Caledonia, three from Nengonè, and one from Lifu.

The Bishop found that he had not miscalculated on the willingness of the people to part with their children, when once the object of his taking them was ascertained. Among these more southern of the Melanesian Islands white men were better known, and there was greater community of language than [20/21] among the more northern islands; and his five first fruits of Melanesia were brought to Auckland and installed in St. John's College—an institution established principally for the benefit of the young Maories, whom Bishop Selwyn wished to educate.

The next step in the work was the sale of the little Undine, and the procuring of a larger vessel for Melanesian work. Undine had done her work well, was perfect for her size, and was especially dear to the Bishop as the gift of his various friends at home; but such a project as that which the Bishop had devised for Melanesia required a larger ship, which could accommodate a larger party on Board, and also carry a more adequate stock of fresh provisions.

The time rolled on: the first scholars of Melanesia were restored to their homes, and others were, taken in their places. In December, 1850, the new vessel, *Border Maid*, arrived at Auckland with four Melanesian boys on board; not, however, this time brought by the Bishop himself from their islands, but handed over to him from Captain Erskine, who commanded *H. M. S. Havannah*. These boys he had taken on board at their own request, one of them having come and sat himself down and refusing to move, so anxious was he to stay and learn. One of these boys came from Bauro, in the Solomon Islands; two from [21/22] Erromango, and the fourth from Fate or Sandwich Island.

These boys proved to be bright and intelligent; and Didimang, the lad from Bauro, in the Solomon Islands, gave many proofs that the teaching he received was entering into his mind,—not only impressed in a parrot-like manner on his memory. After six months spent at St. John's College, the Bishop proposed to take the boys back to their islands for the winter months, and to bring back others, as he had done before. On Tuesday, July 8th, 1851, he embarked with his party, under an unclouded sky and upon a calm sea, for a four months' cruise among the Melanesian Islands.

#### CHAPTER IV.

IN July, 1851, as we have said, the *Border Maid* started on her first missionary voyage. The Bishop of Newcastle, who had a few weeks before accompanied Bishop Selwyn on his return from Sydney, was on board with him. The farewell service with the clergy and other friends on the deck of the Mission schooner was over; the last good-byes had been said, and with an unclouded sky the four months' voyage began. Besides a student and a scholar of St. John's College, as first and second navigation mates, two English boys and one Maori lad, who acted as the ship's carpenter, there were on board the four Melanesians who had passed the winter at Auckland.

The first place at which they touched was Anaiteum; but, between their departure from New Zealand and their arrival at that island, a thousand miles distant, their time was not wasted. The hold was fitted up as a school-room, all the hammocks being taken down; and here the Bishop and his fellow-workers kept school at regular hours, occupying the time and thoughts of their charges as on shore.

After visiting Mr. Geddie, the missionary there, the Border Maid steered her course to Futuna, about thirty miles to the north-west of Anaiteum.[23/24] Here both the Bishops went on shore; the people proved very friendly, and they soon returned with two nice-looking boys, whom they had selected from their amiable countenances and gentle manners. In spite, however, of these signs of a good disposition, a circumstance very soon occurred which showed how independent the cruelty of native customs is of individual character. Irai, the youngest of the two, fell sick; the elder, his brother Sadua, at once proposed to throw him overboard, on the ground that he was unhappy himself and only made others so—that his life was, in fact, "no good."

Some finesse was needed to keep these two boys eventually. Though ready enough to come on board, they were equally ready to go again, and as soon as the vessel approached any island, had they not been sent below they would very soon have made their way to shore.

From Futuna the Bishops steered their course to Tauna, another station of the London Missionary Society, about fifteen miles to the west, guided all night by the ever-active volcano which Captain Cook mentions. Here they found a little Erromango boy tending a sick English sailor with an unwearying love and patience which would put many Christians to the blush, and that too although the man was always striking and scolding him. The man had been left at Erromango—put on shore by his companions—[24/25] covered with wounds, and in such a dreadful state that when he was taken on board the Mission vessel contagion was feared. He had gone to Tauna for the benefit of the natural hot-baths; there the boy had accompanied him as his nurse. The Englishman was eventually taken to Sydney in the Border Maid, the boy Umao going with him, and then being taken charge of by the Bishop, as his "earning," to bring home to St. John's College.

They next went to Maré (Nengonè is the native name), and found the Samoan teachers still there, and with increasing congregations and schools; and to the Bishop's joy he found that Siapo, one of the former pupils at the College, had been steadfast, and had kept close to them, and improved in reading and writing, and in all ways. Bishop Selwyn was on shore here for two days, and much pleased with the progress made. A large native chapel was built, and well filled with Christian worshippers. He joined in the services, preached in Samoan, and visited the schools, and earnestly wished he could leave some permanent minister, in answer to their earnest entreaties, as he thinks this island now ready for the formation of a Mission Station. As it was, he could only bring away five of the youths for training, two of them being old friends. Another young chief desired to come very much, but his father would not let him, and he sat by the Bishop, crying bitterly.

The Bishop of Newcastle gives the following account of the visit to this island:—

"We landed at Maré, the island in which a boat's crew had lately been killed. Here the Bishop of New Zealand had visited before, and had in a previous year been entrusted with the care of three of the youths, who returned to the island in 1850. Native teachers also, from the Samoan Islands, had been for some few years engaged as Missionaries on this part of the island; as soon, therefore, as we obtained information that the teachers were alive, all risk was over. The two teachers came to meet us, and by the time our ship's boat came near the shore, about 200 natives had collected. Our boat



would not pass over the coral reefs, so we got into one of the canoes, and as many as could find room for a hand on the canoe drew it, sometimes swimming, sometimes jumping from reef to reef, safely to shore. Such a chattering and noisy joy you never heard. Every man, woman, and child presses forward to receive and return a most hearty shake of the hand. We then proceeded to the teachers' house, walking in a long winding line singly along the narrow path, through cocoa-nut trees and shrubs of the most luxuriant foliage. We reach the teachers' house, and sit down on a bench outside, while the natives form a circle round us, and seat themselves on the ground. Every eye is upon us—we are engaged in making inquiries of the teachers, [26/27] and through them speaking to the principal men a word now and then. There they sat for more than two hours, quiet, gentle as little children, delighted with merely watching us, and each one pleased beyond expression as my eye rested for a moment on him. While I was surveying and studying the countenances before me, we announce through the teachers that there will be service in the chapel at sunset. At the appointed time we leave the teachers' house, and three boys immediately begin to march before us, striking one stick upon another, keeping time together, which answers for the church-going bell. We enter the chapel—a large oblong building some 90 feet by 30—about 400 are collected there, and (mark you!) every knee is bent during the prayers, every voice joins in the responses, and with heart and mouth every one assists in singing the hymns of praise to God, and, a volume of hearty joyous sound is produced, which is perfectly thrilling. I must pass over the rest of that evening, merely stating that as we sat in the large room of the teachers' house every part of the floor was occupied by natives sitting there, who seemed unable to quit us, or, take their eyes off us, till we told them they must really go to their houses, and we to our rest.

"The next morning, after a night's rest on the hard floor, we walked to the other side of the island—a distance of about fifteen miles; man [27/28] accompanied us, and happy did he think himself who could get a plaid, or a glove, or anything belonging to us, to carry. It would take a volume to describe all that took place on that day, the numbers that we collected—about 500—their wild joy, the Evening Service; and then after the service, as we sat outside the teachers' house, about 300 came in long procession, one by one, each bearing some present, a yam or two, or some Indian corn, or cocoa-nuts, literally filling the whole front court with their heaped gifts, and each one thinking he was amply repaid by the two Bishops thanking them in their native Maré language, and exchanging with them a hearty shake of the hand. The next morning there was school for an hour before breakfast, and about 300 attended—great huge men, perfect Titans in form and height, with women and children, all shouting together their spelling lessons of b-a ba, b-e be, b-o bo, &c., then repeating their Catechism, and joining in one of their simple hymns. Then came the selection of those youths whom we were to take away in the Mission ship to New Zealand for a year. Many were anxious to go, and we selected five, and, what was most interesting and touching, the young chief wanted to go, while the old men would not give their consent; we held, therefore, a kind of primitive parliament, the young chief sitting between the two [28/29] Bishops, and about 400 of the tribe sitting round on the ground, and for two hours the question was discussed. The young chief said he would go, the old men entreated him not to go; if he went they should have no more sleep, they should weep all night. We explained through the teachers what care we would take of their chief, and the benefit it would be to him; but they could not be persuaded to part with him; and when we found them so fixed in their opinion, we settled that it would not be wise to take the young chief without their consent, and told him he could not go with us. He then began to cry from

disappointment, and as the large tears formed in his eyes and fell on the ground; it was beautiful to see one of the old men come with tears in his eyes also, and sit down close before the young chief, and comfort him in a soft whisper, while his whole face beamed with affection and respect. Verily, there is no lack of gentleness and kindly feeling among this people, who are called, and are really at times, ferocious savages and murderous cannibals. We selected five youths, sent our substantial presents to the ship, and then we took our departure, the whole shore and every jutting rock being covered with human beings, and the air rent with the plaintive cries of the friends of the youths whom we were taking away. It was a scene which I can never forget."\* [Footnote: \* "Gospel Missionary," vol. ii. p. 145.]

The Isle of Pines was the next place reached, but the island being entirely in the possession of a Roman Catholic Mission, no attempt was made to land there.

At Lifu Bishop Selwyn was at once greeted as "Kame Thol," Thol's father. Thol (an old pupil) being inland, was at once sent for. He came directly, quite prepared to return to school, and bringing a relation with him, whom he begged might be allowed to come too. The first night he said the Lord's Prayer in English, and several other things which he had been taught previously. From what they could learn, there were no Christians on the island.

They reached Mallicolo on the 25th August, landed there, and were well received, though the natives did not even know the word "*Missionary*" or "*Tobacco*," which seem to be the first English words known in these seas. The Bishop and his party walked about the island, and made special acquaintance with a very pleasing elderly man and his son, a very fine intelligent youth, whom the Bishop wished much to bring away. They found a well of good water, on a hill near the shore, and next morning the Bishop returned with a party to replenish their water-casks at this well. He had two boats, some of the sailors, two English, some Maori boys, and Siapo; one English lad, and one [30/31] sailor stayed in the boats, and the Bishop went up the hill with the rest to the spring. His quick eye saw that all was not as he had left it the preceding evening; strangers were there, and there seemed a questioning and disputing between these and the friendly natives, who still seemed as friendly as ever. One of the strangers followed them, making faces; when the Bishop turned upon him, fixed his eye upon him, and motioned to him to be gone, he slunk back, but still followed. The Bishop was always most particular in keeping his party together, not allowing them to straggle on shore, and this day an Italian sailor, who was always making shortcuts, was nearly separated from them, but called back in time. They had filled their casks, and were walking down the hill again, when the Bishop saw a man above them throw something which fell near them, and immediately a yell was heard from below; he desired his party not to run or to show any fear, but to walk on with their water-casks, as if regardless of all around them. The accounts vary as to the numbers of the natives gathered together; there might be two hundred in all, and only a few of them were evil disposed. Certain it is that there were quite enough to have surrounded and murdered the little band, if that had been their intent: as it was they did no violence, for though they threw stones and let arrows fly, none of them hit, and they are too sure marksmen to miss [31/32] their aim if taken. When they came within sight of the boats they saw that one had pushed off towards the vessel, while the other was surrounded with natives, who were brandishing their clubs about Nelson Hector, and making all sorts of bragging and threatening gestures,—in short, as the Bishop said, "Hectoring Hector," while he sat unmoved, a worthy disciple

of the Bishop, only quietly resisting their attempts to take the oars from him. The Bishop and his train of water-bearers made their way steadily onwards to the water's edge; he said, "Go on," and they walked on into the water, lifting their casks higher and higher as they advanced, till he saw Siapo marching on with his till he was lifting it above his head and the waves dashing into it, when he called to him to empty it, as the water was spoiled, but even then he was very unwilling to lighten his burden.

As they approached the boat the natives around it made off, and in a few minutes more they were on their way to the Border Maid, with only one cask missing; one of the sailors had let it fall and it rolled down the hill, and the Bishop would not let him go back for it. As they went they could plainly see the two parties on the shore, the friendly natives and the adverse ones, disputing still; and after they reached the vessel they saw a party of their friends bringing their missing cask after them. They had [32/33] no sooner received these on board than they were followed by the mischief-makers, but they kept them from entering the vessel; the Bishop kept his eye upon the leader, and seeing, by a look of his at the chains, that he thought they could get up them, he ordered the tomahawks to be brought up, and let them see that they could resist any force. The friendly set, at sight of the weapons, were going to jump overboard, but a sign and a touch from the Bishop made them understand that they were not for them, and they sat down quite content, and took a friendly leave, with the presents given them.

We have given the details of this adventure, because it seems to illustrate the nature of the difficulties attending the work of this Mission, and the peculiar fitness of the Bishop to cope with them. His quick-sighted reading of countenance, apprehension, of gestures, his habits of order and forethought, besides his calmness and courage, have always, humanly speaking, contributed greatly to his safety, and often enabled him to walk unscathed where others would have been in danger.

Some of his friends at home have thought him rash; they would not if they heard the details; though he is bold and fearless, his thought for every one, and preparation for every contingency, and selection of persons for different trusts is wonderful; for instance, no one, perhaps, but Nelson Hector [33/34] would have kept his post with the boat as he did. He and the sailor had waited till he saw the natives coming down with menacing gestures, he then ordered the sailor to put off towards the vessel, and be free to come back to the Bishop's aid if his boat should be taken; he stayed himself where he was placed. They came up, got into his boat, felt him all over, and bullied and threatened in all ways, and he passively suffered them to do anything but take the oars; sometimes he thought they were going to dash the club at his head, but more often that it was bravado, and so he kept them in play till the Bishop returned, and no doubt their safety was in a great measure owing to his not failing them.

The Bishop of Newcastle, who had been left in the ship with the mates and one sailor, and two or three native boys from other islands, was in no little anxiety. In a letter written to a friend in England shortly afterwards,\* [*Footnote:* \* See the "Gospel Missionary," vol. ii, p. 150.] he gives the following interesting account of the occurrence:—

"The natives had probably observed the evening before how many sailors were in the ship, and perhaps had been annoyed that they had not all been allowed to come on board. When, therefore, they saw the boats go away with so many hands in them, they

would know how few must be left in the ship, and feel assured that if some ten or twelve of [34/35] them could get on board under pretence of merely seeing the ship, they could watch their opportunity, overpower the few in charge, take possession of the ship, and then have also the whole party in the boats at their mercy. Within an hour after the boats had left the ship two or three canoes came off to the ship, filled with huge men, most of whom were armed with their clubs and bows and spears. In the first canoe the chief man was such a ferocious-looking ruffian, with a formidable club, that I at once determined he should not come on board. I refused to allow them, but made them understand, by pointing to the sun and tracing its course in the heavens, that they might come on board about noon, when it was over our heads. By that time I knew the boats would have returned, and then if we only admitted a few on board at a time, making them leave their arms in their canoes, there would probably be no great risk. They seemed much disappointed, and in order to keep them in a good humour I talked to them, asked their name for different things, and wrote down the words in a book. I thus got them to tell me their names, and in order to carry on this amusement and pass the time I pointed to an old man in the canoe, and made signs that he might come and sit on the bulwarks, and tell me the names of things which I wanted to know. The [35/36] old man came and seated himself beside me and as I wrote down the first word he gave me I saw him looking most anxiously all over the ship, and as I wrote down the second word I detected him making signs to the ferocious chief with a look that said distinctly, 'It's all right,—only one or two left in the ship; let us get quickly on deck, and the ship is ours, and the white men in our power.' I immediately sent the old man back to the canoe, and made them understand that no one could come on deck till the sun was over our heads. Five or six other canoes had by this time come off to the ship, and there must have been at least fifty of these huge men in them, many armed, and some five or six looking as if they could do anything.

"For more than two hours they kept close to the ship, asking again and again to come on deck, which I again and again refused. Every now and then, one more forward than the rest would take hold of the ship, and plant his foot on a slight projection, so that one good spring would bring him on deck. No sooner had he planted his foot and looked up, than he saw me just over him, directing him very calmly but decidedly to get back into his canoe. All this time the native boys from the other islands who were on board were in the greatest terror; one came to me with a countenance of livid paleness and said, 'Those very bad men, they want [36/37] kill you and me; they no come on ship, you no let them come.' Another of the biggest boys, a stout strong fellow, came to me with a countenance so full of fear, so ludicrous from the excess of fear depicted on it, that I could not help laughing. Well! after two hours, the men in the boats consulted together, and evidently came to the conclusion that it was of no use to try any longer, and began to move off. My work was then done, and the chief mate came up to me and said,—'I am rejoiced, my Lord, that these fellows are gone; we have been in great danger; and if three or four had once got on deck, the ship would not have been now in our possession.'

"Next came the most anxious hour; when the canoes had made off a little way they stopped, and every eye was directed towards the two boats of the ship, which were lying off the shore, where the water was being fetched from a pool about a quarter of a mile up a rocky, wooded bank. The men in the canoes consulted together, then changed their places, filling the two largest canoes with those who were evidently the greatest

fighters; and then two canoes paddled towards the boats. While I was called upon to act and protect the ship, I felt no fear; now, I was full of alarm.

"As the two canoes went slowly towards the boats, I could see other natives running along the [37/38] shore in the same direction. With the telescope I could see one man in each of the boats, and about a hundred natives on the shore. The danger was, lest the two canoes should reach the boats and overpower the two men before the Bishop of New Zealand came down with his body of men from the water-pool, in which case the natives would be in possession of the boats, deprive the Bishop and his party of all means of reaching the ship, and destroy them at their leisure. The canoes neared the boats—I called to the mate, and asked, 'Can we render any assistance?' 'None, my Lord.' I pointed to a third small boat still on the ship. He said, 'That would sink if put into the water, and we have now only one oar to it.' I paced the deck a few seconds, and then asked again,—'If anything should happen on shore, and the natives taste blood there, have we any means of self-defence in the ship?' The answer was, 'None.' If anything could have been suggested, I should at once have set about it. But the thought that something fatal might happen on shore, brought with it a sickening disregard as to what might happen to myself. I therefore paced the deck, and rendered the only aid I could render, that of a fervent prayer to Almighty God, asking in our Saviour's name that He would guard and protect, and restore to us in safety, my dear friend and his companions.

[39] "I saw soon the canoes reach the boats—I saw two of the natives in one of the boats—I heard a noise and shout from the shore. I could not trust my eyes when I thought I saw the boats move from the shore rowed by our own men. I gave the telescope to the mate and eagerly asked him if he could see the men in the boats and the Bishop with them; he looked, and answered, 'Yes, they are all there, and his lordship steers the first boat.' You can imagine my thankfulness."

After leaving Mallicolo, the weather and the defective state of the ship's gear obliged our voyagers reluctantly to turn homewards. They called for "Tom," who as they approached the shore appeared and quickly swam off to them. Proceeding with the voyage they reached Newcastle on Sept. 20th, and Sydney on the evening of the same day, arriving at Auckland with their thirteen Melanesian scholars on Oct. 7th, 1851.

## CHAPTER V.

EARLY in the morning of the 7th October, 1851, the joyful news was brought to the College that the Border Maid had anchored off Kohimarama in the night. Immediately after morning service in chapel, a party were seen coming up from the vessel, and soon a long file of black boys became visible, and thirteen were counted as they came nearer.

The following account of the scholars is dated towards the end of the half year:—

"Five of the thirteen boys had been at the College before for six months or ten. They have all made considerable progress in reading, writing, and singing, and a few of them have got some idea of arithmetic; but, generally speaking, they are slow at figures. Singing has proved to be a most valuable method of instruction; for, over and above the steady attention that it requires to learn the notes, they are very fond of it: they have good ears and voices, and by these means they have learnt to sing correctly one of the

Christmas Hymns, the Easter Hymn, the Evening Hymn, and the Te Deum. All these they have taken great [40/41] pains to learn to read, and to understand; and they can now give a fairly intelligent account of the matter. This has been a good foundation for the actual word of the Holy Scriptures. The book they read from, called the "Melanesian Primer," was printed almost entirely by one of themselves,—the Anaiteum boy, who has learnt composing since he has been at the College, and has shown great industry and intelligence. One of the young men who had been at the College for part of two years is very anxious to be baptized, and seems perfectly alive to the meaning of the rite and the great truths of the Gospel.

"The two Australians were further advanced when they came than the Melanesians are now, in knowledge of English. They have made some progress in their studies and trades; but one has been very ill the greater part of, the time. He is a most amiable lad, and worthy of all the care and attention he has required.

"Some of the more advanced Melanesians have learnt a little of some trade or industrial occupation, which they take to very willingly and cheerfully.

"Their moral conduct and obedience has been very satisfactory throughout. Of course there have been some occasional outbreaks of wayward tempers and similar difficulties to contend with; but on the whole the work has been more than promising. It has been productive of positive fruits, as may be seen from the following tale of the illness and death of [41/42] one of their number; so that we may humbly, yet confidently, trust that it has and will have the blessing of the Lord and Saviour whose Gospel it is our privilege to have received, and to impart to others:—

"Apalè was a Lifu boy who came with his cousin Thol, one of the Bishop's scholars at the College in a former year. At first he did not seem very promising; but after a little he won upon the regard and affection of his teachers by his cheerful and hearty goodwill in doing whatever he was set to do. He was a tall slim boy, of sixteen or seventeen, and had all along suffered more or less from a sort of rheumatic fever, to which the people of that island are said to be subject. After he had recovered from that illness he was carefully watched and tended, for fear he should catch cold. But being a high-spirited lad, it was impossible to control his boyish recklessness, and he caught a cold, which settled on his chest. He was carefully nursed, but grew gradually worse and worse, till at last the physician declared his case to be hopeless. On the 25th May he seemed to be dying; and as it had been previously ascertained that he was fairly grounded in the truths of the Gospel, and as he expressed a desire now to be baptized, the nature and object of that sacrament was explained to him, both by his teachers and especially, through the medium of an elderly and very intelligent Nengonè boy, who knew the Lifu language well. He was baptized in the presence of his Melanesian brethren [42/43] by the name of one of his English teachers, to whom he was deeply attached, George N. H."

On Whit-Tuesday morning, June the 1st, within half-an-hour of his death, he sat up in his bed, and dictated a letter to his father in Lifu, of which the following is a translation. He proposed to write the letter, and every word of it was entirely his own:—"Alas, my father! Farewell, father! I am gone,—I am dead in New Zealand. Go you (meaning his companions), and tell my father. Father, do not be angry: I am here seeking for good words. Mourn for me: come to New Zealand to see my grave."

After this he tried to cough up the accumulation of phlegm in vain, and the hand of death was upon him instantly, and he died within ten minutes of finishing these words. He retained his senses almost to the last; and died very easily and quietly. The same Nengonè boy that had taught him before about his baptism, knelt down by his bedside and prayed aloud, while his Lifu cousin sat at his head, weeping bitterly, and saying, 'Alas! my brother!' and the Bishop commended into the hands of the Lord Jesus "the first fruits of the Church at Lifu." On the afternoon of the 2nd instant, as the sun went down, his body was committed to its grave in St. John's College Chapel yard, with surer and more joyful hope that he will rise again, than that that same sun will rise next day—seeing that the Sun of Righteousness has gone before, and "risen with healing on His wings."

## CHAPTER VI.

ON June 19th, 1852, the Bishop embarked with the Rev. Mr. Nihill and the island boys. Three New Zealanders accompanied the party, one of whom, Henaré or Henry, stayed with Mr. Nihill and aided in his mission work—frequent mention of him is made in the journal from which we shall shortly quote. It is, indeed, one of the most cheering tokens of good resulting from this Mission, that it has tended to raise a missionary spirit among the New Zealanders themselves. They have in many instances devoted their substance to its support: and a few have volunteered to act as Missionaries themselves. There was no lack of useful employment for every one on board during these cruises. One day the Europeans would all be employed in learning to take lunar observations from the Bishop, who was as much at home in navigating his own vessel as in his episcopal work on shore; plenty of school work goes on. On another day, lots of scrubbing and cleansing above and below deck, for promotion of health and cleanliness; the boys wash their own clothes. Mr. [44/45] Nihill noted the amusing contrast between this and the preceding return voyage from the islands, brought about by English clothing and language, which seemed to have quite changed the same individuals. Yet as they drew nearer home their native traits naturally re-appeared, they seemed to get wilder again; tied on handkerchiefs in room of native headdresses; talked more of their own tongue, and in louder tones.

On July 1st the welcome cry of "Land ahead!" was heard, and Anaiteum is reached. Here they landed Mr. Inglis (coadjutor of Mr. Geddie, the zealous Presbyterian missionary on Anaiteum), with Mrs. Inglis, and their live stock; with good hope that the friendly relations between the Bishop and these missionaries would continue.

A quiet Sunday was spent off this island; all comfortable, with clean decks, and the boys in white frocks and trousers, with red neckerchiefs. Tanna and its volcano, and Futuna, in shape of a frustrated cone, in sight. An old Tanna chief was on board, a fine specimen of a fighting man, with one eye knocked out, and divers others scars; every lock of his hair, as their custom is, twisted round with grass; tortoiseshell earrings, armlets of shells, &c., and a white plume, some two feet long, of which the old man was specially proud. On July 5th they reached Futuna, where the Bishop landed with two boys, [45/46] very different in appearance from what they were when first brought on board eleven months ago. Though they had made less progress in school-work than others, yet their thoughtful and gentle expression of face would, Mr. Nihill thought, point them out to a stranger as having been under instruction. Again guided through the

night by the light of the volcano of Tanna, they reached that island next morning, where the Bishop landed, and left the old chief with all his treasures.

On July 7th they touched at Erromango—the savage island where the missionary Williams was murdered. Here the Bishop took ashore one little fellow, Tom, and brought off Bob, who had been left last time, and two other nice little boys. A very friendly feeling was displayed towards the Bishop at this place. In the evening they stood away to the southward, with a fair breeze for Maré or Nengonè, which they reached next morning, July 8th, being the day that the Bishop, in his list of "agenda" had set down for arrival at this island. On their leaving Anaiteum, Mr. Geddie had kindly furnished them with the following letter to the native teachers at Maré:—

(Translation.)

"ANAITEUM; *July 3rd*, 1852.

"This is my letter to you, teachers at Maré, to Maka, Mita, and Paripoa. The chief minister from [46/47] New Zealand arrived here yesterday: we have held a consultation about the thing of which Mr. Murray and Mr. Sunderland told you. This, then, is my speech to you, teachers at Maré: it is right that a clergyman, Mr. Nihill, and an English teacher, should live in Maré. Do you all be kind to them, and help them, and labour together with them in the work of God in Maré.

"Peace be with you all in God!

"From Mr. GEDDIE."

This letter proved a very satisfactory introduction; but we must now leave Mr. Nihill to speak for himself.

"We hove-to," he says, "off Guama, to wait for a canoe that was coming off to us (Guama and Siwarcko are two Christian settlements at opposite extremities of the island). When they came alongside, we recognised Bula, the young chief, Narsilini, and others, all old acquaintances. They brought most encouraging accounts of the progress of religion in the island. When we were here before there were five teachers on the island—three Samoan and two from Rarotonga. Since then one Samoan, Fili, has died; and another, Solia, is gone to live on a small island to the north, called Toka. For the next two months there will be a good deal in my journal about the teachers, Solia, Maka, Mita, and Paripoa, [47/48] and the chiefs Narsilini and Bula. Maka, or Mark, is a fine tall Rarotonga man, about twenty-six; was a child when Williams was at Rarotonga, but remembers him, and had the place where the 'Messenger of Peace' was built pointed out to him by his father. He has had a very good education; but does not write as well, nor possess as much information as the college boys. He and Paripoa are both good carpenters, and handy men in every way.

"Mita, the Samoan teacher, is a dear old man. He is neither a good scholar nor a good workman, but he is an honest, upright teacher. His wife talks villanous Nengonè, but seems to be beloved by them all.



"We hear that we shall only find Maka at Guama, Paripoa having gone to Siwarcko to help Mita to put up a house.

"Narsilini the elder, one of the chiefs, is a quiet, amiable man, who, in his father's lifetime, withstood all the attempts of a brother, younger in years but superior in rank (since dead), to cut off boats coming ashore from vessels. It is principally owing to him that the teachers have been allowed to pursue their labours among the people in peace.

"Hezekiah, the younger Narsilini, was, when a heathen, always foremost in fighting and all sorts of evil. He is now one of the steadiest friends of the teachers. Bula, a younger brother of the two others, [48/49] is the principal chief here, and receives tribute from a large part of the island. He is a young man about seventeen, and has put away seven wives (only retaining the eighth), because he wishes to become a Christian, at an age when no other youth would be allowed to think of marrying. He is superior to the two Narsilinis and all the rest of his elder brothers, men old enough to be his fathers; and the only reason I have heard is, that his father chose him out of the rest of his sons to be the chief.

"*July 9.*—I am now in the teacher's house. The three chiefs and one of the teachers came on board this morning and had a very satisfactory conversation with the Bishop; and the whole party shook hands with me, and expressed their readiness to be kind to me, and work together with me.

"*July 10.*—The Bishop came on shore this morning, and stayed four or five hours with us. He said that he had made up his mind to baptize the four eldest boys (who had been in New Zealand), Siapo, Napai, Kaiwhat, and Cho; and asked me to explain to Katiengo that he had better wait another year, and go on conducting himself properly. He had not been recommended by the teachers the year before, because, on returning to the island from their first year's schooling, he had gone off with his companion Uriete to follow their own devices, and had not stayed with the Christian party, or come to church regularly.

[50] "*Sunday, July 11.*—The Bishop came on shore after breakfast; and soon after we went to the church. The service was very interesting. The baptismal service was in English, with the exception of the particular words accompanying the act of baptism, which were in Nengonè. Although the prayers and exhortations were in English, the meaning of them was explained by the teachers in the language of the people; and the extempore prayers of the teachers, and the address given by one of them to the young men, were of the same purport as those in the Prayer Book. Nothing here is so wonderful to me as the people's singing; there is all the Maori correctness of time without anything flat; the boys' and women's voices keep up the pitch wonderfully—it is quite deafening. There were at least 1000 people in the church, and I suppose every one of them singing with the whole strength of his voice.

"Siapo was called George, after the Bishop; Napai, Charles, after Mr. Abraham; Kaiwhat, Mark, after the teacher; and Cho, Solomon, a name of his own choice. After the service the Bishop left us and sailed away.

"The Bishop took Cho and Siapo with him, intending to call at a good many places on the island of Lifu, and to land them again on the north shore of this island. They can both talk Lifu well, and were with poor Apalé when he died.

[51] "We are living amongst a most interesting set of people. There are perhaps 2000 in our immediate neighbourhood (Guama), and 500 or 600 at the other end of the island, who have had no other teachers than men from Rarotonga and Samoa. The two with whom we are living are both young, unmarried men, who have been working steadily here for the last six years, a great part of which time they were without any resources but their own. They have gained the respect and attention of all the natives; and from these two places, Guama and Siwarcko, converted natives are constantly going out every Saturday morning to preach at other settlements, where the people have not yet decided in favour of Christianity, thus extending the knowledge of the Gospel through the whole island by little and little.

"The early morning we spend in school and church. After breakfast we devote two hours and a half to instructing the young men who act as teachers. During this time, Henry writes out lessons, &c.; in the afternoon, he teaches, I print. On Thursday and Friday evenings there are classes in the church. Every night we translate for about an hour and a half. The natives supply us with food in abundance. They treat us as they do their own chiefs; and their teachableness is shown by the congregation on Sunday amounting to 1000, and by Henry and myself [51/52] receiving each a regular daily attendance of about twenty-five, who spend two hours most patiently and attentively in being instructed by us; having already been two hours in the church, either teaching or being taught. I wrote down the names of all the people at every village I visit, and find it of the greatest use.

"I collect seeds, ferns, leaves, shells, &c. as I walk through the woods and on the beach. I find all these things are so many pegs to hang words on. The children have found out my propensity, and they bring me insects and flowers to bottle up and write down. I am afraid my notes are getting unintelligible; for I am writing in public. I counted the row of faces just opposite to me a short time ago, and they amounted to forty-five. I have no table, and cannot write so well without as with one.

"The light is not very good, although a little maiden takes her place at the fire, in the centre of the room, as soon as it is dark, and keeps feeding the flame with the dry stalks of the cocoa-nut-tree, which she splits up with her teeth. She never moves from her place, and never speaks till she is relieved by another.

"These people spend more time in worship and religious exercises than any I have ever known. I do not know what time monks in religious houses are supposed to spend in common worship; but every [52/53] Sunday these people devote seven or eight hours to it. During the whole time, broken up into five parts, they are either hearing prayer, or reading, or being catechised, or singing. Everything is conducted with the greatest solemnity and decorum; and I am quite anxious and perplexed, because I fear that this cannot last, and that, unless God gives these simple converts a greater share of grace to keep them steadfast than is usually vouchsafed to men, there must be a falling away. Religion has become the business of their lives; and unless something is given them to do, they cannot, I fear, withstand the temptations which their easy mode of life must continually expose them to when the novelty is worn off. The interest seems likely to

be kept up at present by their missionary efforts among the neighbouring wild tribes; for every week six or eight poor missionaries set on a long and weary path, with no other dress than a bundle of leaves round their waist, and no better stock of knowledge than they have been able to pick up from the Samoan teachers—broken Nengonè; these Samoan teachers, themselves the fountain of instruction, having had no other help to draw upon than the portions of Scripture translated into their own language. But can one doubt that the Spirit of God goes with them? Most of the teachers scattered through these islands were young men when they came; and, with very few exceptions, they have been [53/54] enabled to keep their own good name, and to raise their hearers from the deepest heathenism to a state of professed Christianity.

"The two things that seem to have been wanting in New Zealand are now in a great measure supplied there by the recent introduction of missionary efforts for the benefit of the other islands, and by the establishment of children's schools. The Waikato tribe have regular missionary meetings, and have contributed both men and money to the work. The Sunday before we left, my own little congregation at Orakie, entirely of their own accord, subscribed nearly £4 at the offertory. I wish I could introduce something of the kind here; for the spirit of contribution is very powerful. The people frequently bring us presents of pigs, fowls, fish, yams, &c.; and little children, whom I pass in the woods with bundles of sugar-canes on their backs, while they draw up in a line on one side of the path amongst the bushes, half frightened at the unwonted appearance of a white man, whisper, as I pass, 'Waca' (sugar-cane), or 'waum' (cocoa-nut); 'give him some sugar-cane,' and hand me a present, or if I have been too quick for them, run after me with it. Truly, they deserve to be taught; and the little which Henry and I are able to do for them in our short stay, is repaid over and over again every day by substantial marks of gratitude, and a thousand little attentions and [54/55] kindnesses from young and old,—from Old Sarai, who creeps into the house while we are away to shake the mats; and Cho's mother, who follows me into the canoe, to ask where she shall bring some cocoa-nuts which she has been keeping for me, and then jumps up to her shoulders in the sea, the canoe having set sail while she has been talking, down to little Téwéné, who brings me a live mouse, and then crouches down at my feet to see whether I will eat it up, or skin it, or put it in a box, "bane hue New Zealand" (to take to New Zealand).

## CHAPTER VII.

"THIS evening, in taking my usual walk (to the top of the hill, from whence one gets a good view of the sea), I met three children carrying firewood. They stood aside, as all the people here do, to let me pass, the path through the wood being narrow; but instead of going on quietly, as they generally do, they began to talk to me like the little New Zealand children, with their white teeth and laughing eyes, instead of showing the gravity and thoughtfulness which seems to weigh the Nengonè children down; but perhaps it is only excessive respect after all. 'Lengenge re bua?' (Where are you going to, sir?) for they are all very ceremonious, and I am never addressed with the common expression of 'Huenge?' (Where are you going to?) 'I am going for a walk.' 'May I go with you to New Zealand?' 'What for?' 'To learn to read.' 'What is your name?' 'Keddine; you wrote it down in your book yesterday.' I shall keep an eye on Keddine, for he seemed an intelligent-looking little fellow.

"These people are certainly willing to support [56/57] their ministers. They bring presents of yams, taro, kumara, every day; and to-day our little friend Katiengo and our old reprobate scholar, Uriete, brought me a present of half a pig. I met a party of young men this evening; and as I was sitting down to rest, they made me a present of coconuts, each one contributing one.

"The native teachers have a very good standing here, and they seem to behave with so much good sense and circumspection, that I can quite safely take them as a guide in all intercourse with the natives.

"One day a canoe arrived from Lifu with some Tonga people from this place on board. One of the Tonga men, Samuela, said that 5700 people at Lifu had embraced the Gospel ('Elenia afi epta lau'). I hardly know how much of this is likely to be true till I can form some more correct idea of the number of people on this island. Samuela is a Tonga man, the son of old Sarai, who was one of a party of Tonga people, who drifted away from their own island some fifty years ago. He makes his arrangements about his work so as to accompany me on every journey. I always find him ready to go, and am glad of his company. He talks the Elzeri, Nengonè, New Caledonia, Samoan, and Lifu languages—none of which, as far as I know, have any affinity—equally well. He is a vigorous-minded, zealous man, was the first in this island to put away [57/58] his numerous wives, is always first in good. God grant he may never be foremost in evil, like many relapsed New Zealanders of his character whom I have known!

"*Saturday, July 17.*—This is a *working* day amongst the scholars here, as it is in New Zealand. Part of them are away, bringing food from the plantations, some are washing clothes, &c. This morning I occupied myself in putting up the little printing-press and two cases of type, which we brought from the college.

"*Monday, July 19.*—Set up the Lord's Prayer in Nengonè, and took off two or three proofs.

"Applications for admission to the school in New Zealand are crowding in every day.

"All my spare time I employ in learning the language. The translation of the Scriptures gets on very slowly at present. There are never less than three of us employed at a time; and as we have two different languages to consult before it is turned into Nengonè, each verse takes about a quarter of an hour.

"*August 1.*—This evening I went to see Kelesiano's father, who is ill. I find a fine, white-haired old man lying on the ground, with his head resting on his son's arms and knees. One hand of Kelesiano's was supporting the old man's head; with the other, he every now and then broke off a leaf from a branch which he had lying by him, and wiped the [58/59] old man's lips. I found that he was not an Isle of Maré man, but that he belonged to Lifu. They spoke to him in Lifu, and told him I wanted to know how he was. He pressed my hand, and said, "It is very good of you to come and see me." He used to live at some distance; but now he lives in this settlement, his sons representing to him that he was too old to take a long journey backwards and forwards to church every day. I found that his son Kelesiano, and a young Tonga man, born on this island, had been his instructors.

"Some twelve miles to the windward, a canoe laden with Monte Kurabi people has been upset. All the people were drowned but one woman, who swam ashore; but it was to an enemy's country (a tribe at war with the Monte Kurabi), and she was killed. The others preferred remaining in the canoe to attempting to gain the shore. Oh, may God in His mercy speedily enlighten the hearts of these people, and make every little coral reef and inlet what he seems to have intended them for—places where shipwrecked strangers may 'be minded if possible to thrust in the ship!' And I have no doubt that in a few years the whole island will have become what this place is now—a settlement of quiet, peaceable Christians, having had light vouchsafed to them, and endeavouring to impart it to others.

"*August 18.*—Went to Aaitcheue with Siapo, to see [59/60] a poor dying man. He was one of their best warriors, but was reduced to a mere skeleton when I saw him. Finding it difficult to make him hear me, I asked Siapo to speak to him; and he bent over him, and spoke in his ear such words of consolation as could be offered to a man who had never during his lifetime taken any interest in religion, but who, in his last moments, knew enough to be able to answer the question of 'who is alone able to save sinners?' by 'Jesu Mesia.'

"*August 22.*—The native missionary teachers, on their return from Liguasaba, said that a sick man had been buried alive there, that is to say, put in a deep coral hole, where if he lives, they will supply him with food, and pull him up again if he recovers. It was a very common practice here before the people became Christians, and I have heard some horrible stories about it.

"*August 24.*—Started on a visit to some of the heathen parts of the island; Narsilini and Bula, Samuela and others, accompanying us. We were very well received, and Narsilini and Bula were introduced by one or two others who happened to know them, for the chiefs rarely venture amongst hostile tribes, except to fight in war time. I never saw a greater contrast than the wild heathen tribe presented to our quiet-looking, dressed Liguama. The chief received us very well; listened to old [60/61] Narsilini's introduction of himself and Bula, and the two messengers, and said, much in the same way as an English gentleman would beg one to make his house one's home, 'My country is at your disposal, and if you are thirsty take the cocoa-nuts, if you are hungry take yams, and kill fowls—all is yours.' We then introduced the subject of our visit, and dear old Narsilini spoke out boldly, but with the greatest courtesy, contrasting the way in which they used to come, with spears and clubs, and hundreds of people at their feet, with our present peaceful visit; and again contrasting even the way in which we now come, not boldly, and assured of a friendly reception, but rather throwing ourselves on their good feeling and sense of hospitality, with what might be the case were the whole island Christianised.

"The chief listened to us all with the greatest courtesy, and said that all his people wished to hear the Gospel, and would willingly embrace it if it was taught to them. We then proposed to take two young men back with us to be instructed, and he promised to choose out two for us. We then said we were going on to Cherrethei next day, and if he would collect his people in the meantime, we would speak to them on our return.

"*August 25.*—Started early for Cherrethei, passing through several villages of the Sihmedda (or inhabitants of Himedda), in each of which one of [61/62] the chiefs

stepped out, and handed Narsilini and Bula a spear or a long strip of native cloth, or a pipe, as token of amity. In the largest of these villages an old spokesman, called Tebuama, made an excellent speech, saying, he had heard of our arrival, and had ordered his young men to lay aside their spears and clubs, and to meet us as friends. 'I have seen some of you before in war,' he added, 'but now I have a good view of your faces; this is as it should be. Stay with us; tell us of the new doctrine you have embraced; let us all be friends; let the chiefs of both people act together in peace.' On hearing that we were going to Cherrethei, he asked us when we intended to return. We told him we thought the next day, but could not be sure. He interrupted us by saying, 'Never mind; why should you name a day? Go wherever you will; return when you like; be as free in our country as in your own.'

"In the evening all the heathen party assembled for a native dance, at least most of the young men; the elder ones stayed with Maka, Narsilini, Samuele, and myself, in friendly conversation. The principal difficulties in the way of embracing Christianity seemed to be, first, the fear of the neighbouring tribes if they gave up war; and second, a dislike to part with their supernumerary wives.

"The dance was suddenly broken up by the chief [62/63] giving a shrill whistle, and saying, in clear, calm tones, which made me wonder why he countenanced the whooping and screaming which had just been deafening us all, 'Let two men go to the villages of the Sigure-wotocha and Li and Si, and invite them all to come to-morrow to see the Liguama chiefs, and hear the words of the two messengers; and let each man bring some food for the strangers.' A voice from the crowd cried out, 'When are we to go?' 'Now.' In five minutes the whole circus was cleared; the fire scattered in all directions, each little party of men taking a stick to light them home. For a quarter of an hour one could hear a shrill whistle or cry from the numerous paths in the neighbourhood, and for the rest of the night all was still and orderly.

"*August 26.*—Towards the middle of the day a large number of people from the neighbourhood had assembled, and we had a good deal of talk with the old men, the chiefs not giving any answer themselves, but putting forward the old 'men of words.'

"I have not time to give an abstract of their speeches; but old Waga declared it was easy to give an opinion about the different sorts of food, or different trees, their good and bad qualities; but this was a thing that required thought and consideration, and he could not tell which course to pursue till he had learnt more about it. We then [63/64] tried to press the point of their sending men with us to learn our religion at Guama; and they all agreed that it was a good plan, but none of the youths would venture. The conference was very friendly; and if no other good had resulted from it than my obtaining the names of the people of three of the principal tribes, and making the acquaintance of their chiefs, I could not call it lost time.

"We started our return in the evening. At a place where a cross-road turns off to Guama we all set down, and a serious consultation was held whether Bula and a larger part of our company should not go straightway home, instead of accompanying us to a hostile tribe. We remained perfectly quiet while the pros and cons were discussed, till Narsilini and Samuela, and one or two others said, 'Bahu' (Let us go on). 'We carry the word of God. Why should we fear? Let us go with the rue natta.' This night we slept in the wood, just within the country of the Sihmeddu. The next morning we met old Tehuma

and all his tribe, the chiefs, and the 'old men of words,' and nothing could be more friendly than our reception.

"I have just forgotten to say, that at our sleeping-place last night we hailed an unexpected addition to our party, a young lad from Cherrethai, who had followed in our track to go to Guama, and 'ienno ié tusi' (learn to read book). This step he had [64/65] taken with the usual independence of savage life, not staying to ask his friends to give their consent. I need not say he was joyfully received.

"Dear old Narsilini, I cannot express the respect I feel for him. He is not at all cut out for active exercise, but for the last three days he has toiled along in front of us, stopping in places where he has been half afraid for his life, and trying to persuade savage cannibals, very lately determined enemies, to open their eyes to the truth which has dawned on him. I do believe our little trip has been productive of good effects; if we have brought back no scholars, or only one, there must at least have arisen a great deal of good feeling between the chiefs of the respective tribes, which is one of the principal things wanted.

"*Sunday, September 5.*—Preached twice. Catechised Napai's and Cho's class of 133 boys, who assemble directly after morning and evening service to be questioned about the sermon. Their schoolroom is a cavern in the face of the limestone rock. The boys sit on the broad ledge of rock which forms the floor, and the teachers sit on the broad projecting ledges of the side. In the evening we had a large fire, lighting up the pillars and hanging stalactites of the cave, already blackened by the smoke of fires ages ago, when the assembly probably did not consist of innocent children, but of savage cannibals. I wish [65/66] you could see us. Cho and Siapo in their white frocks and trousers, and the 130 children repeating the Lord's Prayer, almost for the first time in their lives, congregational prayer never having been introduced by the teachers, and the Lord's Prayer not translated. Under the cocoa-nut trees, at a little distance, Mita's wife had assembled her class of young girls, and all around us, in front of every house, was a little company of thirty or forty people, with their teacher, all hidden from us by the thick cocoa-nut palms, but the whereabouts of each class was quite evident from the hymn that began and finished the school.

"*September 13.*—Started to Siwarcko, bearing in mind what the Bishop said one day, that if missionaries of the present day were to act more up to the spirit of the instructions which our Lord gave his disciples, to take neither bread, nor scrip, nor money, nor two coats a-piece, they would be able to go into places where now they dare not venture; we did not even take a blanket with us.

"*September 14.*—Started early to Titi, Buama's place, our little party of carefully selected 'eligibles' for a visit to a hostile tribe being increased by the addition of two men from Nungode, and two highly eligible companions from the Monte Rurube, fine tall fellows, in Adam's costume. To this place two men from Siguamba and Siwarcko stations go alternately [66/67] every week to meet a congregation of *five*, amongst at least one thousand; but they keep on steadily, drawing upon as slender a stock of information as a Christian teacher can well be supposed to possess.

"The 'Titi' is a high, steep crag, rising like a comb from the surface of the island. Buama is a perfect 'refuge for the destitute;' and small tribes and families have

assembled round him from all quarters, besides single men who join him, as David's followers did.

"We had to wait a long time before he honoured us with his presence, but when he did, I was agreeably surprised with his appearance. He is a middle-sized, thoughtful, intelligent-looking man. He was very civil, and listened attentively to all we had to say. I could not help admiring the boldness and clearness with which Maka and the Nengone and Tonga Christians stated the reason of our visit.

"*September 25.*—This evening the joyful cry of 'Koi ni Bishop' sounded from one end of the village to the other; and at night I had the satisfaction of receiving a note from the Bishop, brought by one of our boys, who had pulled off to the vessel as soon as she came near. Thank God, they are all safe and well, and had suffered nothing but influenza, [67/68] which seems to have been felt far and near. We heard that they had been to Futuna, Tanna, and Anaiteum, and that there were two Mallicolo men on board.

"*September 26.*—The Bishop came on shore this morning, with a boatful of boys under the care of Nelson. The two Mallicolo men were the only new ones, as we had already seen the four little Erromango boys before we were left at Maré. In service this morning, sixteen adults and ten children were baptised.

"*September 27.*—This morning we chose out the five boys from this place who are to go to New Zealand, the Bishop having allowed us to take this number. The candidates were many; but with the usual good sense and proper feeling of the people of this place, they made no difficulty whatever about abiding by our choice. This time we have ventured upon taking two young ladies, one of whom is to be Mrs. Siapo.

"*September 28.*—Landed at Siwarcko; and having left all the boys and girls under the care of Mita and his wife, we set off for the Titi, to pay a long-promised visit to Buama, the Bishop having sent a message to him by three young men who came on board the last time we were here.

"Davida and one of our boys went on as messengers, and towards evening we found Buama at a place [68/69] about two miles short of his own village. The Bishop introduced the reason of his visit, that if he had found that the southern side of the island was the only one on which there were yams and cocoa-nuts, he would have gone off in the vessel to bring all sorts of food from Tanna and Anaiteum, to be planted here for the benefit of the Siguresaba; but that he had found there was plenty of all sorts of food, and only one tree wanting—the tree of the Gospel; which had been planted at Guama, and had spread and borne fruit among the Siguamba, but had not yet been planted among the Siguresaba. To plant this tree was the reason of his visit. Buama listened with great attention; and in the course of the evening gave his consent to two out of three points which the Bishop proposed to him. 1st. That Davida should be allowed to visit his tribe, and teach them as well as the Cherrethei people, with whom they are at war, 2d. That we should send two of his young men with us to New Zealand to be taught. 3d. That on our return, in six months, the chiefs would meet the chiefs of the other tribes, either on board our vessel, or at one of their own villages. To this we could get no decisive answer, as it was, perhaps, not very much to be expected we should.



"*September 29.*—One lad came with us; and it was with very great pleasure that I afterwards welcomed an old man who brought off his son, a boy [69/70] whom the Bishop chose last year, but who was kept back by his mother. The poor old man placed him in our hands, saying, "I have brought you Thamma, he is my only son; take care of him." As his canoe pulled off, he kept shouting out, "Thamma, good-by. Take care of Thamma."

"*October 4.*—This is the day of the Ladies' Stitchery at Auckland, and we have had an opposition one on board. Our twenty-three boys all want clothes; and to-day we commenced our tailoring in good earnest. I wish you could have seen the sempsters. First, the Bishop, with Tol and two other Lifu boys, basting, felling, sewing, stitching, &c. Each of us takes two boys to instruct and superintend; and with the very few raw materials, like the Mallicolo boys, who do nothing but gape and stare about for some months, one has to make the clothes. My two are a couple of little bright-eyed Doka boys, one of whom made very fair button-holes at the end of this our first day's sewing-school. Sydney had the two Lifu men, steady, slow-going old fellows, between twenty and thirty. Every sailor is also by profession a tailor; so that we had the four men and the two boys all at work, besides Champion. Our whole party at work amounted to nineteen.

"*October 8.*—Once more safe back again; all our friends, thank God, quite well, and glad to see us. There is nothing in this life like a warm welcome [70/71] home again, and nothing to which I look forward with greater pleasure than the kindly greetings that always await us on our return, when we march up with our new scholars, and some old ones too, to settle down again at the College.

## CHAPTER VIII.

AT the beginning of the year 1853, a heavy loss fell upon the Melanesian Mission in the death of their most promising pupil, George Siapo.

He has been several times mentioned in this narrative; but perhaps our readers may not object to hear a little more about him. He was a Nengonè youth of considerable rank: when very young he had been adopted by Bula, one of the chiefs, son of another chief of the same name, whose cannibal propensities were strongly developed. Of this elder Bula the Nengonè lads tell a story that when an old man, wishing to marry a young woman who declined the honour, he had her killed and ate her; and if any one ever forgot to pay him due honour, it was his custom to have him killed and to eat him. His son, however, seems to have been of a more amiable disposition, and the friendship between him and Siapo was only severed by death.

The Bishop made Siapo's acquaintance in a somewhat remarkable way. Nengonè is a coral island without any depth of soil, so that water is collected, [72/73] not in wells, but in the clefts of the coral, which are sometimes 100 feet deep. On Bishop Selwyn's first visit in 1849, Siapo volunteered to fetch water from the coral pit for the white stranger; and, as he looked up at the Bishop from the bottom of the pit, the latter, whose universal knowledge comprehends physiognomy, was struck by the expression of his face, and resolved to try to induce him to come to New Zealand. He came, with two companions, and from that time proved to be one of the most hopeful of the pupils. He was tall and graceful in person, with a handsome, thoughtful countenance and

expressive features, and his influence both among his schoolfellows and at home at Nengonè was always for good.

In the attack at Mallicolo on the watering party, it has already been described how Siapo marched on holding the water-cask above his head, unwilling to relinquish his trust even when the water was spoilt. On the Bishop's visit to Nengonè in July, 1852, in the course of the second voyage of the *Border Maid*; four lads were baptized, among whom was Siapo, who received the name of George. During the absence of the *Border Maid* among the other islands, he had a severe illness, which seems to have weakened his constitution, though he rallied from it at the time. He looked forward with some dread to his return to New Zealand, and said once to his friend the chief, "I am afraid I shall die some day in New Zealand." [73/74] His friend answered, "Even if you do, it is better that you should go." In the spirit of resolute obedience which characterised him, he said no more.

When the *Border Maid* returned from her cruise, Siapo came forward and said he wished to take back a young girl named Wabisane, sister of Bula, the chief, whom he hoped one day to make his wife. He thought that he should first like her to receive some training in Christianity, such as he had himself received. The Bishop highly approved the idea. It showed that Christianity had so far worked upon Siapo's character that he had entirely outgrown the heathen notion of a wife merely being a slave; and that he desired Wabisane to become to him a Christian helpmate and a companion. Wabisane, and another girl who came with her for company, were arrayed by the Bishop's own handiwork in garments made from a patchwork bed-quilt, and in due time they arrived at Auckland.

Soon after Siapo's return, however, he began to complain of pain in his right side, and day after day he grew weaker. He was moved down to the seaside for sea-bathing and warmth; but, though he rallied at first, it was not for long. Soon he was too weak to walk or to sit up; but still he took great interest in the lessons that went on in his room, and would rouse himself to explain Nengonè words to his teacher or Christian truths to his companions.

About Christmas the Bishop went to see him before starting on his diocesan visitation, and finding that he was duly prepared, he administered to him the Holy Communion, and, when giving him his parting blessing, felt that they should never more meet upon earth. Except on such occasions, Siapo was indisposed to speak of himself or his inner feelings; and it was not until the 14th of January, when he thought he was dying, that he broke through all his natural and reverent reserve of character, and spoke plainly of his trust in Christ who had redeemed him, and his love of his heavenly Father who had first loved him. The thought of his own people, and the longing that they might be brought to the knowledge of the truth, was very strong in his mind. He repeatedly begged Mr. Nihill to return to Nengonè, and to teach his people whom he loved so dearly. For an hour or two before he breathed his last he was constantly giving messages to the other Nengonè boys on Mr. Nihill's behalf. "Wadokala, take care of Mr. Nihill when I am gone. Poor Mr. Nihill; you and I have gone together, and now I die and you go alone! "Almost his last words were, "Go to Guamha (his home in Nengonè), dear Mr. Nihill. Let Wapai, my brother, come to New Zealand and learn. Dear Mr. Nihill, you have been to Guamha; but there is only one God, and one home above in heaven." And with these words he fell asleep, and entered that home of which he spoke.

It was not until Siapo was gone that it was fully known how much had been lost with him. The removal of his influence told among the lads of the college; and the Nengonè lads who knew him only told afterwards of his manful adherence to what he had been taught in New Zealand, notwithstanding the mockery of his countrymen and the threats of the chief, so that by his influence he brought many who had been enemies of the faith to accept it. Yet the good seed which George Siapo sowed in his short life had not been wasted. Many of those who then knew him are now most useful themselves as teachers, Wadokala among them; and by them the memory of Siapo is still cherished as that of one who pointed to his companions the way to the Golden City, though it was not his to lead them to its gates.

Wabisane and her companion, as well as a younger brother of the former, were considered fit for baptism in the June following, and also a boy named Nikeula, from Doka, and Cho, a young chief, from Lifu, both islands of the Loyalty group. Each of these five were separately asked whether they wished for baptism, whether they understood what it was, and to what it pledged them. They all took time to consider, and deliberately consented. They all seemed to have well counted the cost; and those who witnessed that evening service on the 7th of June, when the Bishop baptized them, will not easily forget their reverent [76/77] manner and earnest countenances as they stood by the font, and were signed with the sign of the cross, in token that hereafter they should not be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified.

Another lad, John Thol, before mentioned, also died during this year. He was of a wilful and wayward temper, but seemed to improve much during his last illness; and he was genuinely attached to the Bishop and his family. He was buried by the side of George Apali, his cousin, who had died the year before.

A somewhat amusing anecdote is related of the Lifu lads who accompanied John Cho, the young chief of that island. They were always very respectful and dutiful to him, and once, when a Mallicolo man struck him, and the fight which of course resulted was stopped by a teacher, the Lifu lads brooded over the insult all day, and said that Hakhai, the assailant, would have been put to death in Lifu before the white men came and taught them better. Still it seems they expected some satisfaction from Hakhai for having dared to strike their chief; and the only way in which they could be appeased was by showing them an Eton List, and pointing out to them how nobleman's names occurred promiscuously with commoners, and how all distinctions of rank must be overlooked at school, if each is to have fair play, and no favour.

At last the school year was drawing to a close, and [77/78] the Bishop found it necessary to take the lads back to their islands. But pecuniary difficulties had arisen in the affairs of the Mission, owing to the gold fever, which rendered seamen's wages so high that it was beyond the power of the Bishop to keep a Mission ship all the year round. The Border Maid, too, was not a new ship, and wanted extensive repairs; and the Bishop thought it best to part with her, and to trust to obtaining a ship for the voyage when the time should come for his return to the islands. But when the time came, and he advertised for a ship, none could be found: the gold discoveries had attracted the seamen away from their usual haunts, and even the Border Maid, under her new owners, was employed in carrying provisions to the gold fields. He therefore was obliged to take his Melanesians to Sydney, and trust to be able to procure a vessel there.

On June 29th, 1853, the Bishop arrived at Sydney, after a stormy voyage of eighteen days, and a narrow escape from shipwreck off the Australian coast. The Bishop writes:—

"Little Umao (the attendant of the sick English sailor, who had been ailing for some time) is certainly not the worse for the voyage; but we have lost poor Nabong (a Mallicolo lad). On the eighth or ninth day he was seized with violent pains in the head, by which his reason was partially affected, and he remained for two days uttering cries of distress. He was [78/79] removed into the cabin, and every attention, I hope, given to him; but his violent hysteria, or whatever it might be, ended in stupor, and on the fourth day he died. He had been baptized by the name of George, being the third of that name who had died among us. I never before performed a funeral at sea, and it seemed even more impressive than on land. The solemn pause, and then the heavy splash, answering to the words, 'We commit his body to the deep,' fully equal, I think, the effect of 'earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.'"

Three of the lads who had been brought with so much hope from their islands in the *Border Maid* a year before had thus passed from among their companions. The year, although attended by a fair measure of success in the actual work of the Mission, had been one of anxiety and trial. Yet the promise which comforted the Jewish exiles returning to their ruined home, there to build afresh that national Church which was to prepare the way for Christianity, might well encourage these devoted men who sought to extend the kingdom of God to the lonely Pacific islands—

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy:

"He that now goeth on his way weeping, bearing forth good seed,

"Shall doubtless come again with joy, and bring his sheaves with him."

## CHAPTER IX.

THE want of a ship again detained the Bishop and his party at Sydney. "All the ships that can be procured," he wrote, "are engaged in one great race to carry potatoes from Sydney to Melbourne;" but his stay in Sydney proved extremely gratifying, and he would have enjoyed it greatly, he said, but for his anxiety for the health of his boys. The Sydney churchmen, on this occasion, out-did even their former liberality. The post for some days seemed to rain bank notes, and in most cases the donations were anonymous. Every expense of the voyage from New Zealand, and of the residence in Sydney, and of the voyage to the islands and back to Auckland, was paid in full, and still a large balance remained in hand. There was a large meeting held in one of the Sydney school-rooms, when great enthusiasm was shown upon the entrance of the Bishop with his ten Melanesian scholars, and not less when he proceeded to give an account of the islands and of his cruises among them. The Bishop of Newcastle, who, it may be remembered, accompanied Bishop Selwyn [80/81] in the *Border Maid* in 1851, also spoke and told his experiences among the Melanesian islands.

At length a ship was procured, and the Bishop and his scholars sailed in the barque *Gratitude* from Sydney to Anaiteum, Nengonè, Lifu, and Mallicolo, returning to Auckland in September. The boy who had been brought from Erromango was, at his

own request, left at Anaiteum with the London Society's Missionaries there; for at home, the little fellow said, they had to lead a life of constant quarrelling and ill-treatment, and were set by their parents and elder brothers to watch the fire all night, in order to drive away evil spirits.

Poor little Umao, the sick sailor's nurse, died on this voyage; and the number of deaths during this year convinced the Bishop that it was necessary to choose some warmer climate than Auckland for the site of the Melanesian college. On the 8th of November the indefatigable Bishop again started on a voyage, this time in H.M. colonial brig Victoria, accompanied by the Governor, Sir George Grey. His object was to leave Mr. Nihill at Nengonè, and to see whether either Norfolk Island or Sunday Island would be suitable for a new college. In December he returned, and in January, 1854, he left his diocese for England, in order there to settle the necessary business before the entire country could be divided, as he wished, into three bishoprics.

Although it is here anticipating the order of events, it may be as well to mention the farther history of Mr. Nihill. The Bishop never saw him again. For more than a year he and his wife lived and laboured upon the island; the natives had built him a coral house with a thatched roof; and a church capable of containing two thousand persons. Towards the latter part of his stay there, however, there occurred some misunderstanding of the agreement into which the Bishop and the London Mission had entered. It may be remembered that Mr. Geddie, one of the ministers of the Presbyterian Mission, had recommended Mr. Nihill to the native teacher at Nengonè, and the London Mission had agreed that the island should be considered a Church of England station. But, unfortunately, through some mistake, when Mr. Nihill was settled there at work, a deputation from the London Mission came and set Mr. Nihill aside, claiming the island as theirs. Mr. Nihill submitted quietly to be thus set aside, knowing that nothing would be more fatal to the cause which both parties had at heart than the slightest appearance of contention between them; and from that time, as long as he remained upon the island, did all he could to help the new comers, giving them his translation, and assisting them with his knowledge of the language.

In June, 1855, Archdeacon Abraham sent off a [82/83] vessel to Nengonè in order to bring Mr. Nihill, his wife, and child back to Auckland. The Exert hove-to just opposite Mr. Nihill's house; but a whale-boat, manned by natives, put off from shore, and brought the news that Mr. Nihill had died from dysentery some months previously, and all they could do was to bring away his widow and child, who had been kindly cared for since his death by a medical man and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Sunderland, attached to the London Mission.

Meantime, Bishop Selwyn was in England, pleading the cause of his diocese in person, and with good effect. Although it was the year 1854, when all eyes were on the East, and all available purse-strings open for the supply of extra comforts to our soldiers through that long and terrible Crimean winter, he found some responsive to his call also. His friends subscribed to procure him another vessel, and he had a schooner of seventy tons built, which he named the Southern Cross, and which followed him to New Zealand the next a year.

In the Advent of 1854 he preached four sermons before the University of Cambridge, on "The Work of Christ in the World." In these sermons, addressed especially to the

Cambridge men who composed his audience, he pleaded for more workers in the field which lay open before him and in the other colonies [83/84] of England. From the spirit of self-sacrifice which at the beginning of the Crimean war had caused volunteers to spring forward for the army, he urged that such devotion ought not to be confined to the army only, but to spread to the Church also.

"I forbear," he said, "to speak of myself, because it has pleased God to cast my lot in a fair land and a goodly heritage; and in the healthful climate of New Zealand, and among the clustered isles and on the sparkling waves of the Pacific Ocean, there is too much real enjoyment for me to be able to invite any one to unite himself with me as an exercise of ministerial self-denial. But we also want men of mind and faith to mould the institutions of our infant colony; above all, we need men who can stand alone, like heaven-descended priests of the Most High God, in the midst of the lonely wilderness. There are such minds here present—hearts which God has enlarged to the comprehension of the whole field of our Christian duty, and who are ready to undertake the work of Christ in any part of His field to which they may be called. But they are as backward to offer as the Church is backward to call. One or other must break through this natural reserve. Offer yourselves to the Archbishop, as twelve hundred young men have already offered themselves to the Commander-in-chief. Let the head of our Church have about him, as his staff, [84/85] or on his list of volunteers, a body of young men who are ready to go anywhere or do anything. Then we shall never lack chaplains either for our soldiers in the field, or for the sick and wounded in our hospitals; nor clergy for our colonies, nor missionaries for the heathen. If but fifty men in each University would every year renounce the hope of quiet residence in a college, or of domestic comfort in a rural parish, there would be men enough at the disposal of the Church to officer every outlying post of her work."

In the fourth sermon, speaking of the evils of schism, he says:—"We make a rule never to introduce controversy among a native people, or to impair the simplicity of their faith. If the fairest openings for Missionary labour lie before us, yet, if the ground has been pre-occupied by any other religious body, we forbear to enter. And I can speak with confidence upon this point, from observation ranging over nearly one-half of the Southern Pacific Ocean, that wherever this law of religious unity is adopted, there the Gospel has its full and unchecked and undivided power; wherever the servants of Christ endeavour to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace, there the native converts are brought to the knowledge of one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of us all.

"Nature itself has so divided our Mission field, [85/86] that each labourer may work without interference with his neighbour. Every island, circled with its own coral reef, is a field in which each missionary may carry out his own system with native teachers, trained under his own eye, and obedient to his will—grateful and loving men, ready at a moment to put their lives in their hands, and go out to preach the Gospel to other islands, and there to encounter every danger that pestilence, or famine, or violence may bring upon them: with no weapon but prayer, and no refuge but in God. It is my happy lot to visit these island Missions, some occupied by missionaries of our own race, and some by native teachers; and to see the work of the Gospel in every stage of progress, from the simple teacher just landed from his mission-ship among a people of unknown language and savage manners, to the same teacher, after a few years, surrounded by his

scholars and ministering in his congregation, his chapel and dwelling-house built by their hands, and himself supported by their offerings.

"Many of these islands I visited in their days of darkness; and, therefore, I can rejoice in the light that now bursts upon them, from whatever quarter it may come. I feel that there is an episcopate of love, as well as of authority; and that these simple teachers, scattered over the wide ocean, are of the same interest to me that Apollos was to Aquila. I [86/87] find them instructed in the way of the Lord—fervent in spirit, speaking and teaching diligently the things of the Lord; and if in anything they lack knowledge, it seems to be our duty to expound to them the way of God more perfectly; and to do this as their friend and brother, not as 'having dominion over their faith,' but as 'helper of their joy.' Above all things, it is our duty to guard against inflicting upon them the curses of our disunion, lest we make every little island in the ocean a counterpart of our own divided and contentious Church."

He concluded in these words:—

"I go from hence, if it be the will of God, to the most distant of all countries—to the place where God, in answer to the prayers of His Son, has given Him 'the heathen for His inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for His possession.' There God has planted the standard of the Cross, as a signal to His Church to fill up the intervening spaces till there is neither a spot of earth which has not been trodden by the messengers of salvation, nor a single man to whom the Gospel has not been preached. Fill up the void. Let it be no longer a reproach to the Universities that they have sent so few Missionaries to the heathen. The Spirit of God is ready to be poured out upon all flesh, and some of you are His chosen vessels. Again I say, offer yourselves to the Primate of our Church. The voice of the Lord is [87/88] asking, 'Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?' May every one of you who intends, by God's grace, to dedicate himself to the ministry, answer at once—'Here am I!—send me.'"

One who heard that address of Bishop Selwyn's felt his heart deeply stirred. He was fellow of a college in Cambridge: earnest-minded, deeply loved by those who knew him—bent on forwarding the work of the kingdom of God. In eight years from that time Charles Mackenzie lay dead beside the Shire river, in the wilds of Africa—a noble pioneer fallen in a noble cause. Who shall say that the Bishop's earnest appeal found no earnest hearts on which to fall?

In the next year another volunteer came forward from the sister University, and offered himself to the Bishop, to help him in his work in the Pacific islands—one whose name will often henceforth occur in Melanesian annals—John Coleridge Patteson.

## CHAPTER X.

BISHOP SELWYN, accompanied by Mr. Patteson, returned to New Zealand in July, 1855. His first act was to make a voyage round the New Zealand islands, in which the powers of the Southern Cross were put to the proof, and found to be all that could be desired. This, and the necessary work of the diocese, filled up nearly a year; and it was not until May, 1865, that he was able to start on another voyage to the Melanesian Islands. As Mr. Patteson wrote in the April preceding, "The whole work has now, in one sense, to be recommenced, partly on account of the Bishop's temporary absence,

partly in consequence of the death of Mr. Nihill at Nengonè last April. Consequently, this year the voyage will rather be one of discovery than the result of any previous arrangement with any native teachers scattered throughout the islands."

The year 1856 was a memorable one for Melanesia for another cause. It brought under the supervision of Bishop Selwyn the population of Pitcairn's Island, the story of which, well-known although it may be to many, deserves a special mention here.

[90] Pitcairn's Island is a small uninhabited point in Polynesia, which, as is now well-known, was the place of refuge of the mutineers of the *Bounty*, whither they brought their brown Tahitian wives. A wild story of crime working out its own Nemesis, as true a tragedy as ever entered the brain of Euripides, was enacted upon that lonely, sunny little island. Nine years after the mutiny, Young and Adams alone remained alive of the nine English sailors who had mutinied from the *Bounty* and formed the settlement: one year later, in 1800, Adams alone remained at the head of a numerous mixed English and Tahitian generation of children. He was a very different man from the wild mutineer of ten years before. He had become a quiet sober man, of earnest Christian character, and resolved to make the best amends he could for his past deeds of violence, by making the little colony of which he was the head, a settlement of steady God-fearing characters. He had by him a Bible and a Prayer Book, brought among other things from the *Bounty*, which he studied diligently, and according to which he fashioned the life of the young generation of whom he was the head. In 1825 an English naval officer visited them, and reported of them that they "lived together in perfect harmony and contentment; were virtuous, religious, cheerful and hospitable beyond the limits of prudence; were [90/91] patterns of conjugal and parental affection, and had no vices."

In 1830, Captain Waldegrave of the *Seringapatam*, visited Pitcairn and described the islanders. Their cottages were open to all, and all were welcome to their food. Before they began a meal they invariably stood up and said grace; if any one arrived during their repast to share it, all ceased eating while the new guest said grace, also to which all responded Amen; after which the meal proceeded. So rigid were they in their religious rules that for years every Wednesday and Friday were kept as strict fast days. Old Adams, an entirely self-educated man, who had taught himself to read after his arrival at Pitcairn, having observed the fast days of Ash Wednesday and Good Friday mentioned in the Prayer Book, thought it right to observe these days in the same manner every week, though the work of tilling the ground was so severe that the poor labourers sometimes fainted from exhaustion over their work. In 1831 their numbers had increased to eighty-seven. The island being only 800 acres in extent, and very rocky, the difficulty of providing food and water made them determine to seek a new home at Tahiti, whence their mothers had come; but not finding the tone of mind or morality of their Tahitian cousins to their taste, they returned to their own island, where they remained until 1856.

They were happy, about this time, in procuring the instruction of Mr. Nobbs, whose own history was almost as curious as John Adams' own. Originally a midshipman in the British navy, under Lord Dundonald, he was twice taken prisoner by the Chilians, and each time under sentence of death, escaping on both occasions by the merest chance. After having worked in irons on the roads and gone through many strange adventures, he found his way, with one companion, in a tiny little craft of twenty-tons



burden, a distance of 3,500 miles to Pitcairn, where he found a home, and remained as schoolmaster among the people. Some years later he visited England and was ordained a clergyman, and still lives among his flock, being to the present generation almost what John Adams was to the first.

But with a steadily increasing population, it was plain that Pitcairn's Island could not long suffice for their wants; and accordingly, when one or two bad seasons had brought famine and convinced the people that it was impossible for them to remain, the British Government offered them a home in Norfolk Island, which was then uninhabited, since the occupation of it as a convict settlement had been given up.

Norfolk Island from the sea looks bare, its coast being iron-bound, with basalt cliffs; but when it is once entered there is no want of vegetation, and it appears like one large park, the principal tree being [92/93] the Norfolk Island pine, *Araucaria excelsa*, which gives a character to the landscape. There are many relics of its former possessors in the jails, barracks, and public offices, used when the population of the island was the off-scouring of the convict settlements of New South Wales, and the graveyard bears tokens of the same sorrowful history.

Hither it was that in 1856 came the population of Pitcairn's Island—rather sad, especially the elder ones, at their transplantation from their native soil, but willing to acquiesce in a measure which they could perceive was for their good. Captain Hood, of the *Fawn*, visited them a few years later, and thus writes of their condition:—

"It is difficult to imagine a state of society in which life flows more pleasantly on, though in an even tenor, than in the homes of these amiable people, by whom the troubles and turmoil of the world are heard only as the echo of far-distant thunder. All being equal in fortune, prospects, and position, are free from the jealousies and heartburnings which embitter the enjoyment of life to the most wealthy possessor of the seeming good things of this world. May it be long before the *auri sacra fames* disturbs the quiet of the little colony! Whaling seems the favourite occupation of the men, and galloping after their cattle. They have thus both sport and profitable employment, which they vary [93/94] with work in their gardens and plantations, and now and then by a crusade against the rabbits in Philip's Islands. The women find abundant means of passing their time in attending to their dairies, and sewing for their numerous families. All are very fond of reading, and anxious to gather information from every source of the world and its history. Some are very well informed indeed. I made the acquaintance of one of the daughters of the first generation, whose knowledge of the manners and customs of different people, and the geography of their countries, was remarkably extensive. They have the advantage in this respect of their good fathers and mothers, who, when young, knew their Bible well, but nothing else. Only two of the men of the first generation are now living, Adams and Quintal. The latter, a quaint old man, told us that when he was a boy, playing with his companions early one morning on the beach, he was startled, like Robinson Crusoe with the footprints, by finding a big jack-knife on the shore, and seeing a number of branches of cocoa-nut trees freshly cut. Looking around, they espied a large strange object on the ocean; and running home, learned from their father, old Adams, that it was a ship. They remained under the idea for a long time (for perhaps he thought it better not to instruct them in anything regarding the outer world) that it had come through the hole in the horizon where the sun rose."

The code of laws which existed until a recent period was very curious; the titles of some of the regulations bespeak the primitive state of the people, e.g. No. 2, laws for dogs; No. 3, laws for cats; No. 4, laws for hogs; No. 8, laws respecting landmarks; No. 10, laws for the public anvil. If a fowl were found trespassing in a garden, the proprietor might shoot and keep it, and the owner of the fowl was to return to him the powder and shot expended in killing it. The young lovers were also forbidden to carve each other's names with true love knots, as was their delight, upon the soft stems of the plantains and bananas. These regulations, trivial as they seem, were not uncalled for, as the fowls had so much increased that gardens were much injured by them, and the demonstrative ardour of the young men spoilt the plants which produced the staple articles of their food.

Their simple earnest goodness has not been marred by their change of abode. They are still the same quaint simple people, bearing traces of their mixed origin, and, of course, of their isolation from the rest of the world. Perhaps for this very reason they may be the more fitted to help in the work of evangelising the Melanesian islands to the northward, assimilated to them as they are by climate and habits, differing chiefly in the fact of being a Christian community.

In 1856, soon after their arrival, Bishop Selwyn [95/96] held a confirmation in the island, and the whole grown-up population was confirmed—eighty-six persons in all. It was a most striking service, old and young knelt together; from Arthur Quintal, the oldest man on the island, to boys and girls of sixteen years old; and all showing, by their reverence and earnestness, that they understood and felt what they were doing. Bishop Selwyn felt that some definite kind of work would be needed to keep them from falling below their present standard, and he greatly desired to engage them as fellow-helpers in his Melanesian work, which was afterwards done in some degree, as will be seen in the sequel.

## CHAPTER XI.

IN June, 1856, the Bishop and Mrs. Selwyn, and Mr. Patteson, left Auckland in the Southern Cross. Mrs. Selwyn was to be left at Norfolk Island, with the Pitcairners, just arrived at their new home, while her husband and Mr. Patteson went on to Melanesia. The following sketches from her pen give a graphic account of her visit:—

"We paid our visit to Norfolk Island on our way to Sydney, in June, 1856; but the Pitcairners, who were to be removed thither, because they have out-grown their own island, had not then arrived. The Bishop's hopes of finding the Governor-General of Australia favourable to his wish of making Norfolk Island the head-quarters of his Melanesian work were not fulfilled, as Sir W. Denison did not feel himself at liberty to accede to it: it therefore stands over for the present. Meantime it is consolatory to know that our Melanesian work cannot now be held responsible for any changes which, in their altered estate, may be observed among the Pitcairners; for, however much to be desired, it is hardly to be [97/98] expected that they will always retain that peculiar childlike character which has hitherto made them a praise upon earth.

"After leaving Sydney, the Southern Cross returned to Norfolk Island, and was off the settlement on the 4th of July. Not discovering any signs of life on shore, we were about to stand out to sea again, when a boat put off from shore, and a party of Pitcairners:

came on board. They had, it seems, arrived three weeks since, and having been promised by the officers of H.M.S. Juno, who superintended their departure, from Pitcairn's, an early visit from the Bishop, they had been looking out daily for his arrival. They were rather a foreign set in appearance—cheerful in manner, and miscellaneous in attire. Mr. Patteson accompanied them on shore, one of the party remaining on board to give information on various points; but very little was taken by this motion, for, on standing out to sea again, it became so rough, that our friend John Quintall had to retire from public life before he had made much progress in the statistics of his people.

"On the next morning we went on shore in the public whale-boat, which was carefully piloted over the bar, and through the surf, by men who seemed to be as much at home in a high sea as is a Thames waterman on his smooth river. We were received by a large party, including Mr. Nobbs, the chaplain; [98/99] and found that the people had, only two days before, drawn lots, after their manner, for the numerous empty houses (formerly those of the officers, and those who were connected with the convict establishment,) in which they were just settled. The huge prisons and barracks are reserved for public, though happily not now for their original purposes. In Government House, another reservation, but in their keeping, rooms were assigned for our use—somewhat grand apartments, as to height and proportions, commanding what would be a pretty view, but that the huge unsightly prisons spoil it to the eyes both of mind and body.

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"The bell called us at ten on the next day, Sunday, to assemble in the chapel: a large, melancholy building, within the precincts of one of the great prisons. The contrast was striking between the present and the last congregation assembled here; those hardened, sin-stained men, who we may hope did, some of them, find pardon and peace, and this child-like flock. They were nearly all present: at one end a school of nice looking children, the men at the other—the women the middle; a musical division of the people, the basses, the firsts, and the seconds being in separate groups. All but the very young and the very old take part in the singing, and the effect is very fine. Still finer, however, is that produced by the universal responses [99/100]—the beautiful cadence they make in it, and the perfect time they keep. I do not suppose that they ever heard a word about intoning, or the like; but they show how natural it is in having, untaught, a most pleasing form of it, which it is hoped they will never lose, but engraft upon a choral service—a thing that would be perfect among them, in that it would be congregational. Notice was given of a confirmation the Bishop hoped to hold upon his return, he desiring them to make careful preparation in the interim, which some were, indeed, most careful not to forget.

"It was settled the next day, upon the people seconding the proposal, that I should remain, with a warm invitation that I was to be left while the Southern Cross goes on to Melanesia into the hot latitudes. A special work was open—the preparation of the young people under Mr. Nobbs' direction for confirmation, besides the daily school, which was soon to be recommenced. Other ways of usefulness were before any one who should be competent, to put the women in the way of using all their novelties, and to bring them on in orderly household ways, which tell so much upon the character of a community. A methodical housewife, learned in all matters of domestic economy, would be invaluable to the women at this fresh start, but I hardly felt equal to the

occasion. However, so [100/101] it was to be, and the Southern Cross was to sail upon the morrow. The Bishop walked over the island then with some others, but all in seven-leagued boots, which prevented my joining them and admiring with them the pretty little island with its wonderful vegetation. There is no great variety of wood: the pine is universal, and rather wearisome when unmixed with other trees; lemons, also, are in abundance, and in the valleys the tree-fern adds much to the beauty of the scenery.

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"When the Pitcairners first came to Norfolk Island they were received by a select body of the former staff, who had been left in charge of the property, and partly to instruct the new comers in the use of it. A flock of sheep, a herd of cattle, ploughs, teams, and carts, were made over to them. Accordingly, each selected his pursuit. Some took to the sheep, some to butchering, some to farming, some to the dairy. Gardening was not included; and as they do not seem to have notions themselves beyond a yam plantation or a potato ground (how should they?) the gardens, formerly the glory of this island, began to look most deplorable. As yet however, they hardly look at home in their new abodes, and perhaps, being that they are an out-of-door generation, and not very sensitive about appearances, they never will. The houses are detached, nearly all of stone: the vestibule opens into four dark and empty rooms, whose chief furniture is neat beds covered with tapa, and the store of children who sleep in the same. Every one, young and old, gives you a peculiarly pleasant greeting if he meets you, and the heartiest welcome if you go into the house. Towards evening the preparation for the great evening meal is going on—a serious affair, for they have but two in the day, and at this more beef is disposed of than a labouring man in Devonshire sees in his house from year's end to year's end. Still, the elderly people are to be pitied a little in the change they have made, the women especially: they miss their almost tropical sun, they long for yams, and do not like the beef; moreover, they cannot hear one another in the lofty rooms; and they miss the concentration of their society which they enjoyed at Pitcairn's.

"There are only eight surnames among them: five of the 'Bounty stock,' and three new comers. The whole of the original set, of course, are dead, but eight of the second generation remain, and more than 190 souls besides. There are about forty-four children at the school, and a considerable small fry at home, too young to come. The nomenclature gradually increases in splendour, from the Dollys and Dinahs of early days, up to the Lorenzos and Alfonsos, Evangelines and Victorias, of the present [102/103] time. But truly, while the Quintalls and Christians are so numerous, it is well to have a distinguishing pendant in the first name; and, from their numerous intermarriages, they all seem to be in a state of relationship which it is beyond a stranger to disentangle. The families are so large that they may soon outgrow this island also, and if they continue to carry on their former plan of subdividing property among all, the portions will soon be no bigger than a pinch of snuff a-piece. No children can be more pleasing than these; in that they often have but one garment, and are barefoot, and sit upon their heels, they so often remind one of Maories, that it is a continual surprise to find them so ready to answer and so respectful. But then they have advantages unknown to our poor little natives, for they are trained to be obedient, and are corrected when they do wrong, and are kept in subjection to their elders. They are chiefly pale, dark-eyed little mortals, though some have more of the English type about them. The women wear, generally, a dark-coloured petticoat, and over that a short; loose frock,

gathered into a band round the throat, and usually white; their glossy hair is always neat, braided in front, and made up into a peculiar knot of their own invention behind. On Sundays several nice gowns are to be seen, and a small sprinkling of bonnets. They looked so much nicer without [103/104] anything, or with the white handkerchief they otherwise wear, that, as the fashionable world seems to be fast learning to do without bonnets, it is a pity that the Pitcairners should now take to them to their own disadvantage.

"English is spoken after a fashion of their own, which is not absolutely after ours: a stranger would often be at fault in a narrative from them, and still less could he follow their meaning when they were talking one to another. It is curious to hear our nautical phrases in the mouth of an old woman, from whom, by her looks, you would expect no English at all—nautical English least of all. I was trying to console one for leaving Pitcairn's, where her asthma was so much better than it is here, when she asked me if I had ever been home again. I said 'Yes.' 'Ah, that is the way you get to windward of us, you see, for I shall never see home again. When my asthma is as bad there, I just *lun lound* t'other side of the island: you come after, and you can never know the person you saw was me, I am so well.' It is observable that no one, to prove, perhaps, their Tahitian descent, says the letter 's' at the end of a word if it can be avoided; but this is balanced by a vigorous demonstration of their English origin, in their saying 'mischievious,' and 'substract,' as pleasantly and naturally as children in any national school will do.

"The men had just brought in a supply of fish, and the whole place looked like a 'Kaénga Maori' a great pot boiling out of doors, an old women cooking, children scattered about, and every one talking at the top of their voices. One other article of food (besides beef, biscuit, and fish) they have in the milk, which is quite new to them, and much approved. My stock of provisions were sent out from the vessel, excepting the beef and milk; the kind people, indeed, desired to serve out rations of everything for my use out of the common store, as if I had been one of themselves. It is opened once a week by the magistrate, and tea, sugar, biscuit, and flour equitably dispensed to all, the butchers and dairymen doing their part daily. Bread is a luxury they have little knowledge of.

"The people, after their manner, cast lots for the houses, and no jealousies or discontent were apparent among them because some were better housed than others, though one poor woman with many children, who had drawn the Engineer Office, did say it was not altogether convenient. Poor Peggy might as readily think it not adapted to the wants of a small family as the woman in Dickens, who says the same of the heel of a Dutch cheese; but she did not complain.

"The school opened in the large barracks on the 14th of July. The great whitewashed barrack-room [105/106] is excellent for the purpose; and here Mr. Nobbs and his son Francis keep school from nine till two, five days in the week, the younger children being allowed one hour out of this time in which to run about and eat sugar-cane and lemons, which are to them what lollipops and apples are to the junior branches of the English nation. A mid-day meal is not the fashion, so there are no dinner-bags hung round the room: the children wait complacently till six o'clock. The girls often come with a pretty wreath of flowers or a string of beads round their shining braided hair, and always with pleasant smiling looks. Their somewhat tropical movements give little foretaste of the brightness and intelligence there is among them, for they would walk in

as if they were following a funeral; yet the heartiness of their amusement at any fun that came in the course of the lesson was a temptation to make plenty of it.

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"The foundation of John Adams' teaching was the Bible and Prayer Book, which, followed up as it has been by the instruction of an ordained minister, has hitherto kept them free from any dissenting bias. They use, indeed, an American hymn-book left to them, as nearly all their treasures have been, by some whaling captain; but this, however it may have impaired their taste in sacred poetry and music, has not weakened their adherence [106/107] to their own Church. Certainly it is not to be expected that taste will improve upon very solemn words set to very cheerful tunes, with such names as Bethesda, Orion, Kentucky, the Old Ship of Zion, and the like. But though it is very much to be wished that they should have a little guidance and help in these ways, there was nothing in their way of singing them at all painful; it was done with no irreverent spirit, and with the simplicity of those who did not perceive the incongruity,

"On the 30th July, a third daughter was born to the young couple in charge of Government House. After their custom, all the nursing mothers in the place were alternately in attendance for the first few days, and babies abounded both by night and day. It was a most lively time, indeed; but the mother was attended as carefully, though far less quietly, as an English lady might be. The grandmother of the young mother came early in the day to see her descendant: considering that she was a great grandmother before she was sixty, she might live to see another generation still. Her mother also came into residence, with her twin babies, the youngest of sixteen children; and the daily attendance of aunts and great aunts, with sisters and uncles (quite young people), was something quite surprising. The sound of so many little voices playing round the house, with a remarkable absence of disputing or [107/108] crying, was very pleasant. A tropical version, altered to suit their ignorance of gooseberries, of 'Here we go round the gooseberry bush,' into 'Here we go round the cocoa-nut tree,' was highly popular, the elders joining in it with as much glee as the children.

"My companions seem to be always on the watch to learn; and, either from natural disposition, or from its being a national trait, any hint given is instantly carried out into practice. After describing an English kitchen, and the dealings with pots and pans, henceforth all under their care were kept as nicely as could be; and, to further orderly ways, a store-room and larder were cleared out for our use with great zeal. Our chief feat, however, was the making of bread. With soda on my part, and buttermilk on theirs, we made a scone, and from that got on to leaven, and thence, by the aid of potatoes (a rare treasure) and sugar, to a bottle of yeast, concocted upon principles innocent of any attention to chemistry. It was, however, kind enough to overlook this defect, and it proclaimed its excellence shortly after by a loud explosion, after which a superior batch of bread was made as good, that is, as the stale convict flour would allow. Some time after that a vessel touched at the island, from which we got some that was good, and made larger batches, dispensing to our neighbours, with the hope of promoting a taste for the staff of life.

[109] Coming home one beautiful evening, I met some girls going down to the jetty to see fish which had been caught this calm day. It was a pretty sight, indeed, in the brief twilight, the gay-looking fish lying on the stones, the water, where the great waves

were not rolling furiously in, coloured by the glowing sky. Some of my companions longed to jump in. 'What, into those great breakers?' 'That's the fun,' whispered a young girl at my side. At Pitcairn's, it seems, 'the fun' was to swim out to sea, pushing a surf-board before you, and then to come gaily back with it on the top of a huge roller. 'You can swim?' asked a delicate-looking young mother of me, as we stood together; and when I owned my ignorance, the compassionate, half-contemptuous tone of her reply was very funny. Men, women, and children here take to the water like so many ducks. The girls think it a great pity that I, who am 'such a seafaring lady,' do not know how, and offer to teach me. 'You should soon learn from me,' said one, a noble-looking creature, reported, I could believe justly, to be the best swimmer of the party. These fine days promote a great desire for bathing. It would be pleasant before the sun was so hot as to blister them, which it seems it did dreadfully at Pitcairn's in the Christmas holidays; and no wonder, as they were chiefly spent in the water. Fortunately they were [109/110] short, as, for six hours at a time, would these mermaids remain in, with their surf-boards, swimming races. The great piece of fun was for one to keep possession of a rock in the middle of Bounty Bay, whence the rest would try to pull her down, and whence she would fling them off into the water. It sounded most cool and brilliant, and as if they ought all to have been named 'Undine.' A Christmas tree would be rather poor after this sport.

"Sometimes by invitation, sometimes in answer to a 'come in,' to a tap of the door in the evening, a stream of young girls will often enter—happily for me, ready to be amused with small appliances. 'Tip' was the most popular game among the boys, and 'Birds, Beasts, and Fishes' among the girls, sometimes followed by a wise talk about the animals, their use and habits; sometimes by anecdotes of monkeys and dogs which were much more approved of; and when there was no more to say the girls would sing. Sometimes the boys came instead; they arrived stately for writing out confirmation papers, and besides the class itself three or four satellites also followed, to come in for what they could get when the work was over—uncles and nephews, generally every one. Occasionally it is only a conversation: a talk ensues upon the respective merits of Norfolk Island and Pitcairn's; opinions are divided, questions asked, 'Whether [110/111] the cows are not a great advance upon cocoa-nuts?' Answer, by a zealous Pitcairnite, 'Cocoa-nuts are the best of cows.' There is a total ignorance of everything like a nursery song or ditty: it was very amusing to find my stock of them received as entertaining novelties; and as the children in the house—Maria, Edith, and Evangeline Ophelia—were too shy to learn them, I was forced to get an older audience. Nursery tales of the stalest kind are received with great *éclat*, and 'Froggy would a-wooing go,' with shouts of laughter, by the singing of which I covered myself with glory and renown, and was considered, to my amazement, as a good comic singer!

"Their position has been so happy in some ways, in all so peculiar, that it is curiously different from teaching other people. They know very little of the world and its wicked ways; they never saw a poor person; and though they may have passing disputes, we do not hear of great quarrels. John Adams' precept of not allowing the sun to go down upon their wrath is not a dead letter; and in having all things common, they are brethren beyond most other communities; too much, therefore, that is matter of ordinary experience with others cannot be appealed to with them, though doubtless enough remains of the infirmities belonging to all the sons of Adam, to illustrate and, bring home a subject to their hearts."

## CHAPTER XII.

SHORTLY after Mrs. Selwyn arrived at Norfolk Island, the Southern Cross was pursuing its kindly mission among the islands to the northward. In order to make our readers more fully understand the method pursued by those who presided over the Melanesian Mission, it will be necessary to enter rather more into details respecting this voyage than we shall have to do about the succeeding ones, making use, as we do so, of the journal of an eye-witness of the scenes he describes.

"On the 17th of July, 1856, the Mission party reached Anaiteum, which has already been mentioned as occupied by Mr. Geddie, a Presbyterian Missionary from Nova Scotia, assisted by Mr. Inglis, whom the Bishop had brought to the island in 1852. Nine years before, in 1847, Anaiteum had been in a state of complete heathenism: now, out of a population of 4,000, only 200 or 300 still remained heathen. Schools were established all over the island, under the management of native teachers; large chapels had been built at the two principal stations, and [112/113] boarding-houses for young men and women, under the superintendence of the Missionaries. It was an encouraging sight to meet with at the commencement of the voyage of the Southern Cross, and the Bishop's party, after a friendly visit to the Anaiteum Missionaries, left the island, heartily wishing these noble-hearted and devoted men God-speed in their work.

"*July 17.* The Southern Cross left Anaiteum, intending to sail for the Loyalty Islands, but the wind proving unfavourable, the Bishop resolved to visit the most distant islands first, and to call at the nearer groups when he came home.

"*July 19.* At nine A.M. this morning we sighted 'Fate,' or Sandwich Island. Beautiful beyond description are the masses of forest, the tropical vegetation, the sandy beaches, undulating slopes, and upland scenery; but, alas! the character of the inhabitants is sadly at variance with all these outward advantages of situation and climate. We knew that they had killed the Samoan native teachers, and that cannibalism was practised more systematically here than in almost any island of these seas—chiefs sending presents of *bodies* to one another, like baskets of game; consequently we were cautious, sailed to the land, but stopped the way of the vessel when about a mile from shore. The first canoe that came off had five men on board—girdles of beautifully plaited [113/114] cocoa-nut mat fibre round their waists were their only clothing, but some had wreaths of flowers and green round their heads, and most of them wore mother-o'-pearl shells, beads, &c., round their necks, and in their ears."

Little could be done at this island. Two of the men chose to remain on board, and were taken up to cruise among the other islands, in the Southern Cross: a short taste of civilised life, which has often been found useful in inducing the people to trust themselves with the Bishop for a longer sojourn.

"*July 21.* The Southern Cross reached Spirito Santa,—another of the New Hebrides group." The description of these islanders makes one think of the account of the Do-as-you-likes, in the "Waterbabies:" let us hope that the moral of that charming fable may not be fulfilled in them, and that the influence of the Melanesian Mission may prevent their race becoming extinct in 500 years.



"On we rowed, about half-a-mile farther to shore. Such a lovely scene; a bend in the coral reef made a beautiful boat-harbour, and into it we rowed. Clear as crystal was the water—bright as tropical sun could make it was the foliage on the shore—numbers of children and boys playing in the water, or running about on the rocks and sands; several men about, all of course naked, for, as they lead an amphibious life, they find it convenient. They work little. [114/115] Bread-fruit trees, cocoa-nut trees, and bananas grow naturally, and the yam and tara cultivation are weeded and tended by the women. They have nothing to do but eat, drink, and sleep, and lie on the warm coral rock, and bathe in the surf. There was no shyness on the part of the children, dear little fellows of from six to ten clustering around me, unable to understand my coat with pockets, and what my socks could be. I seemed to them to have two or three skins." The chief and principal men, however, were absent, attending a great feast at some distant village, and without their consent none of these children could be taken to New Zealand for education.

"We walked into the bush, to see a native village. Ten minutes' walk brought us to it. Cottages, all of bamboo, tied together with cocoa-nut fibre, thatched with leaves, a ridge-pole and sloping roof on either side, reaching to the ground—no upright poles or side-walls. They were quite open at the two ends, and from twenty to forty feet long. I cut down two bamboo canes: they grow to a height of thirty or forty feet. The people here bring their fresh water from the hills in bamboo canes, divided in half longitudinally, and supported on cross sticks, so making an aqueduct through the woods for a great distance. We went to see one, and drank from it with no little satisfaction. They fill a hollow bamboo, about nine feet long, with water, and, having stuffed up [115/116] the ends with grass, carry away the water to their houses."

*July 24.* In the afternoon the Southern Cross was lying becalmed off the south-western shores of Bauro, or San Cristoval, a lovely island of considerable size in the Solomon group. "Oh the beauty of the deep clefts in the coral reef: lined with coral, blue, purple, scarlet, green, and white; the little blue fishes, the bright blue star-fish, the white land-crabs, walking away with other people's shells! But who can show you the bright line of surf breaking the blue of this truly pacific ocean, and the tropical sun piercing the masses of foliage which nothing less dazzling could penetrate? How lovely it was! There were the coral crags, the masses of forest trees; the creepers, literally hundreds of feet long, crawling along and hanging from the cliffs; the cocoa-nut trees, and bananas, and palms; the dark figures on the edge of the rocks looking down upon us from among the trees; the people assembling on the bright beach—coral-dust it may be called, for it was as fine as sand; cottages among the trees, and a pond of fresh water close beside them, winding away round the cliff, till hidden by a bank of wood."

This island, however, was not actually visited for some days, as the Bishop liked to have his Sundays quiet, and therefore stood out from Bauro, and on the following day visited two Maori-speaking islands, [116/117] Rennell and Bellona, both very small. On the 30th of July they went to Mata, a village at the north-west of Bauro. Iri, an old acquaintance, was chief of this part of the island.

"First we went to Iri's boat-house, where we saw three new canoes, all of exquisite workmanship, inlaid with mother-o'-pearl, about forty feet long, and as beautifully made as, I think, any workman with all the tools in the world could have done it. Then

we went to Iri's house, the council hall—long, low, open at both ends, and much like those at Spirito Santo, but with a very low side-wall of wattles. Along the ridge-pole was fastened twenty-seven skulls—two but recently placed there, and not yet darkened with smoke; and I remember they told us there had been fighting not far off. There we sat down, and the Bishop, who had brought his book of their language on shore, talked to them, and gave almost a little lecture in this Golgotha, alluding plainly to such unsightly ornaments, and saying that the great God hated wars and fighting, and all such customs." Returning to the boat-house, they were feasted with cocoa-nuts, and then walked to their boat. Four lads had already made up their minds to come away with them, and one young man was already on board the vessel, with the same intention. The people crowded to the beach to see them off, Iri walking up to his waist in the water.

The next island visited was Gera, called by Europeans Guadalcanar. In appearance it was like Bauro, and the two languages, though different, were similar in some respects, so that the lads from each island could comprehend the speech of the other. "The people came off at once with yams, and no bows and arrows. Soon we had twenty or thirty on deck, and a brisk traffic for yams was going on with those in the canoes. These were not so graceful as those at Bauro, though of the same race. Here they wear more ornaments, many of them having plugs of wood crammed into their noses, and one man having half-a-dozen small skewers branching out from each side of his nose, like a cat's whiskers." Two Gera lads came away with the Bishop, making in all seven from the Solomon Islands.

"*August 2nd.* To-morrow we hope to call at Malanta, and if we find that the language of Bauro is understood there also, it will open a great field for Missionary labour indeed. Three islands, each about seventy miles long, very fertile and very populous, wholly heathen, and no one claiming any prior right to them than the Church of England. I suppose we may safely assume the population of these islands alone to be at least 20,000; possibly much more.

"These people (of Gera) tattoo very little—their faces not at all. Their ornaments are really handsome—splendid pieces of mother-o'-pearl; they do not like [118/119] to part with them, however, and they string beads of small white shells in thousands. We made a calculation that in one girdle there were upwards of 3,000 shell hoops. Some of the men had small eyelet-holes of mother-o'-pearl worked into the tip of the nose, and into this they fix the nose ornaments, while the nose-ring goes under it. When Mr. Patteson showed an adze there was such a clatter to get it that he had to sing out—'Going, going, gone!' In fact, a regular auction was going on. We don't let them go below at all. You will wonder how we prevent it; but as long as we are cool and determined with them, all is well. Just putting one's hand on the shoulder and saying 'on't do that; come hither,' is sufficient."

For two days the Southern Cross sailed slowly up the western coast of Malanta, making boat excursions inside the lagoons, within the coral reef. They saw few people, although there were many signs of cultivation of the land, and it appeared as if a large population must be living inland—probably driven thither by attacks upon the sea-coast villages. They went ashore to fill their water casks at a river which flowed into a deep bay in the north of the island. "Sea and river alike fringed with the richest foliage, birds flying about—(I saw a large blue bird, a parrot, I suppose)—fish jumping, the perfectly

still water, the mysteriously smoke of a fire or two, the call of a man heard in the bush; just enough of [119/120] novelty to quicken one to the enjoyment of such a lovely bay as no English eyes but ours have ever seen. Such exquisite scenery! Canoes coming off, and people on shore, sitting under their cocoa-nuts. Two canoes came to us, very shy, the men calling out, 'You don't kill men?' We shouted, 'Don't fear, this is a good ship; come on!' and they just recognised the Bauro words enough. Still they came on very slowly, one man acting a scene of a man being struck and killed; but all in full chorus shouted to them to come on. Our Gera men, speaking a language intelligible to them, had a regular parley with them. It took us a long time to induce one man to come on board. The Bishop at the wheel, Mr. Patteson tying red tape round the man's head, giving him fish-hooks, &c., which he instantly hung in the hole through his nose (and of course, as they are stark naked, and have no pockets, their noses and ears are convenient pegs for hooks or rolls of leaves)."

A conclusive proof that Bishop Selwyn was the first thoroughly to navigate these seas, was the fact that in the chart Malanta was put down as two islands, and the bay where they filled their water-casks as the strait between the two. However, happily for him, he was so constituted as to be able to carry a complete chart in his memory, which more than once saved the Southern Cross from severe disaster.

The ship's course was now turned eastward towards the Santa Cruz group, one in which the inhabitants are proverbially less to be trusted and more treacherous than the Solomon Islanders. "Santa Cruz is a large and very fine island, thickly peopled. The Bishop has been here once before, but the canoes were so thick about the vessel that he could not hold any communication with them, but was forced to keep the vessel under sail and dodge them. They wore all the usual armlets, necklaces, &c.—no more rings and plugs—and strips of a kind of cloth made of reeds, closely woven. Their headgear is most elaborate; they have plastered their hair white with coral dust, some yellow, some red. Some shave half the head—and, considering that they have only sharp shells to operate with, very well they do it—so that two stubby ridges of hair stand up on a closely-shorn crown. All use betel-nut to excess, which blackens and destroys the teeth, and stains the mouth and lips. They bargain very honestly, but there are too many of them to do any quiet work; the island being so populous, there is scarcely a chance of getting hold of a few people quietly. They come off in crowds; so we hope to get a footing in one of the neighbouring islands, and so to operate upon Santa Cruz.

"It is very amusing to watch the natives criticising one another: our Fate, Bauro, and Gera fellows [121/122] were all lost in admiration of the elaborately plastered hair, the arrows and clubs of these Santa Cruz people; while offers of an exchange of necklaces, &c., took place, as if the fashions were studied here as much as at Paris."

At night, leaving Santa Cruz, they sailed round Volcano Island, a magnificent cone, in full eruption, rising almost perpendicularly out of the sea at the height of between 2,000 and 3,000 feet. It is one of the outlets of the volcanic force at work in the Melanesian Islands, to which it is supposed that the reefs of coral owe their gradual upheaval—the work of countless ages. "It was a glorious sight to see the great stones leaping and bounding down the sides of the cone, clearing 300 or 400 feet at a jump, and springing up many yards into the air, finally plunging into the sea with a roar, and the splash of the foam and hiss of the steam combined." Still pursuing her course to the southward,

the Southern Cross reached the Banks Islands, inhabited by a quieter and milder race than the Santa Cruz group.

"A large canoe, with seven men, came alongside; they would not come on board, but Mr. Patteson went down and clambered into their canoe. These islands—Saddle Island, Mota, and Santa Maria—are scarcely marked in the chart, but yet are of considerable size. Great Banks Island is twenty miles long, and very populous, and the beauty of them is [122/123] quite indescribable. Fancy a cliff sloping away into a bank about 250 feet high, a narrow coral beach, and from the cliff a waterfall of 100 feet roaring away into a basin of rock covered with foliage, trees, and creepers, so that there is a grand rush of fresh water ten yards from the sea."

At both Saddle Island and Mota they were struck with the intelligent appearance of the natives, though they could not get any boys to accompany them to the vessel. At Santa Maria they rowed to two different bays, where large numbers of people assembled to meet them; they all behaved in a very friendly manner, "in spite" of the small parties of young men who displayed the spirit of malice or of fun by shooting arrows at them, which, however, did not fall within twenty yards of the boat. At a third place they again went ashore, and were well treated by the natives, several of whom waded back with them to the boat, and helped them out when they stumbled into the deep clefts of the coral reef.

The Bishop had hoped to revisit Spirito Santo, where the merry little lads had been seen playing in the surf; but the wind was from the south, and the surf was too heavy for them to land. Having landed, without being able to do much, at Aurora and Whitsuntide Islands, they arrived on the 27th of August at Mallicolo—the scene of the attack upon the Bishop in 1852. Sisinia, the chief, who had led the [123/124] attack upon him, and who had since carried him ashore upon his shoulders, was not there, nor to be heard of. Hakhai, the survivor of the two boys who had been at the College at Auckland, had been killed in war; and though one lad was very anxious to return with them to New Zealand, his father would not allow it. In every other respect the people were friendly, and seemed well disposed.

On the 1st of September they reached Nengonè. Early in the morning they went ashore at Neche, the station where Mr. Nihill had laboured and died. Mark, the native teacher from Rarotonga, met them on their way from the schooner to the beach, and returned with them. Their first act was to visit Mr. Nihill's house, church, and grave; on the last the Bishop put up a wooden cross, which had been brought for the purpose from New Zealand, upon which was carved, in the Nengonè language, "I am the Resurrection and the Life." Mr. Nihill had yet a home in the hearts of the people among whom yet had laboured, and many were the inquiries about his widow and little girl. Seven persons from Nengone—Caroline Wabisane, poor George Siapo's destined bride, who had married a man named Simeona, and her friend Sarah, now become her sister-in-law, with their husbands, and three other men—eagerly accepted the Bishop's offer of taking them back to New Zealand to see Mrs. Nihill, and to be instructed [124/125] by the Bishop. This made fourteen Melanesians—fifteen, if we count Caroline and Simeona's baby, who accompanied them.

The appearance of these Melanesian islanders at Norfolk Island, whither the Bishop next went to hold a confirmation, and to bring back Mrs. Selwyn, was a sight of great

interest to the Pitcairners. The kindly people were extremely anxious to do all that was in their power to help on the Mission; they even offered to take some of the boys into their houses, and to treat them as their own children. The Bishop was more than ever convinced that Norfolk Island was the right place for the Missionary College; but since, as we have said, the authorities had decided otherwise, he did not resist, but submitted, and bided his time.

Having been away about two months, the Southern Cross returned to Auckland.

### CHAPTER XIII.

THE party of Melanesians who were at Auckland from September, 1856, to April, 1857, made fair progress in their education during that time. Mr. Patteson's presence in the school, to which he gave his full attention, set the Bishop free to pursue his many other duties; and the education of the two young women from Nengonè was cared for by Mrs. Nihill, who continued to work in the cause in which her husband had died.

The religious instruction imparted to these lads had to be illustrated as much as possible by action and gesture. Thus, after a short sketch of Bible history, Mr. Patteson would take two books, or anything else, and say, "This one is God and that is man; they are far apart because man is so bad and God is so good, but Jesus Christ comes into the middle between them and joins them together. He is God and He is man too, and in Him God and man meet."

During the seven months they remained at the College, the seven lads from the Solomon Islands [126/127] got on well in reading and writing, and, at the end of that time, could answer simple questions on the most important articles of the Christian faith. One of them, Hiriha by name, was a very quick, bright boy, and the others showed quite as much diligence and ability as would be considered satisfactory in an English school. The two young women, and the four young men from Nengonè, had received a fair education before they came. Wadokal and the two young women had been at New Zealand before, in 1853. This Nengonè party was extremely hopeful. "They had had good teaching for three or four years; but you would hardly be prepared for indications of real goodness and earnestness such as these: 'Sir, may we stay with you always? We see this teaching is right; may we be always with you at Norfolk Island, or here? By and bye we might be able to teach some other people.' One day Kowine, a lad of seventeen, as yet unbaptized, brought the following prayer, written entirely of his own accord: 'O God! Thou strengthenest us, Thou lovest us. We have come from a distant land, and no evil has happened to us, for Thou lovest us. Thou hast provided us with a Missionary to live here with us. Give us strength from Thee every day. We are men who have done evil before Thee, but Thou watchest over us, and savest us from the hands of Satan. We do not wish to follow him, but to be Thy servants, O Jesus, and [127/128] the servants of Thy great Father, and of the Holy Spirit, who givest us life for evermore.'"

One night Wadokal came to Mr. Patteson, and said, "I have heard all kinds of words used, Faith, Repentance, Praise, Prayer, and I don't clearly understand what is the real great thing, the chief thing of all. They used these words confusedly, and I feel puzzled. Then I read that the Pharisees knew a great deal about the law, and so did the Scribes, and yet they were not good. Now *I* know something of the Bible, and *I* can write, and *I*

fear, very much, I am very much afraid, I am not good, I am not *doing* anything good." Upon which recital of the lad's perplexities, Mr. Patteson talked to him about the comfort of having definite work to do, and after a while put him in authority over a class of lads, which at once employed his energies and satisfied his aspirations.

Another time Mr. Patteson quite unintentionally excited Wadokal's grief by saying, "Come, put on the good trousers I gave you, these are so shabby; you want to keep the good ones to go to Nengonè in." A little while after a slate was put into his hand, upon which Wadokal had poured out his griefs. "Mr. Patteson, this is my word; I am unhappy because of the word you said to me, that I wished for clothes to go to Nengonè in. I do not wish for the clothes; what is the use of clothes? can my spirit [128/129] be clothed with clothes for the body? Therefore my heart is greatly afraid, because you said I greatly wished for clothes which I do not care for. Therefore I fear, and I confess and say to you, it is not the things for the body I want, but the one thing I want is the clothing of the soul for Jesus Christ's sake our Lord."

The Bauro boys said: "We only know a very little about God, and Jesus Christ, and the Holy Spirit; but we can teach our people that, and by and by come and live with you and learn more. Plenty of boys will come away with you this year: we shall tell them all about you and the Bishop." When Mr. Patteson, writing down a prayer in the Bauro language, in which were these words, "Enlighten the minds and renew the hearts of the men of Bauro, and Gera, and Mara, and of all men who have not known Thee," called Hiriha to him to ask whether the words were good Bauro, the boy's face brightened at the idea, and he said eagerly, "Very, very good."

The day was ordinarily spent in this way. At daybreak the boys got up, washed and dressed themselves; at 7.30 they went to chapel, then to breakfast. After breakfast they swept and cleaned their rooms, being taught how by Mr. Patteson, who invariably led the way in every menial employment to which the boys had to be set, so that they might not think any work below their dignity. From ten to twelve they [129/130] were in school, the Solomon Islanders learning to read, write, reckon, and being taught the elementary truths of Christianity; while the Nengonè lads answered questions set to them in writing, and joined in translating into their own language portions of the Scriptures and Prayer Book. At 1.30 they dined in the College Hall, and the afternoon was spent in various ways—walking, printing, weaving nets, cricketing, or basking in the sun, which is too congenial a habit to tropical natures to be readily given up. At 5.30 they met once more in the hall for tea. Prayers with the Solomon Islanders, and some serious conversation closed the day for them; and the Nengonè lads then had their turn for reading the Bible, catechising, and prayers; and then, after the rest had gone to bed, one or two of the most forward of the young men remained with their teacher until ten o'clock, engaged in helping him in his work of translation.

There was but little deviation from this course throughout the time that the Melanesians passed at Auckland. Sometimes they walked to Auckland to see the soldiers, or to Kohimarama in the hay-making season; and the last three weeks were chiefly passed in printing, in order to get the translations finished for the lads before they left New Zealand. The Nengonè lads were all ready to work; but it was not thought well to force them too much to do so, as it [130/131] might have made their stay at the College irksome, and rendered them less willing to return.

The lads began to find out what were the pleasures of work, as well as of idleness. Without a word said to them by any one, they picked some of the New Zealand flax plant, twisted the thread, made their meshes, and proceeded to make beautiful and serviceable nets. Their favourite amusements were throwing light reeds or canes, such as many of us may have seen who have witnessed the sports of the Australian aborigines, as shown, at least, by the eleven who have lately been playing cricket in this country; and also careering about the field mounted on a donkey of independent character, upon which none could retain his seat more than two minutes. However, they all fell like cats upon their legs amid roars of laughter. The donkey usually steered straight for some small scrubby tree, and then kicked or plunged, or else rubbed their legs against the side of the house, while all the rest of the boys were leaping about the one who was mounted, and the fun was great.

At the approach of the cold weather, in April, Mr. Patteson put them on board the Southern Cross, and sailed for Nengonè. The Bishop was not able this time to accompany him, in consequence of the meeting of the Church Congress at Auckland; and as it was only in order to return the lads to their [131/132] islands—not to obtain more scholars—that this voyage was made, his absence was less felt than it would otherwise have been.

Six days brought the vessel to Nengonè, where the lads were returned to their friends amid a general welcome; six more to Bauro, where the five lads who had come from thence were landed. The scenery of this island was marvellously lovely. At one point Mr. Patteson came suddenly out of the bush, on the extreme slope of the precipitous coral rock facing due west, where the tropical sun was about to set in a flood of burning fire, with cloudless sky and calm sea. The first object that his eyes rested upon was the top of the cocoa-nut trees far below, with the calm ripple of the sea upon the beach seen through the slowly-waving palm branches.

"As soon," writes one of the party, "as the Bishop's flag was recognised, thirty-one canoes came out to meet us, and soon we were busily engaged, asking and telling one another what had occurred during our absence. Having the chief on board, and being entirely satisfied of the goodwill of the people, we determined to drop our anchor in the middle of the small bay, and to spend the next day filling our water casks and visiting the people, or rather, suffering them to visit us. It was a beautiful sight, as the schooner very slowly moved from her anchorage, the flotilla of canoes surrounding her, and the beautiful [132/133] bay in front lighted up by the setting sun behind us. As it grew dark, the people were sent on shore, with the exception of the two principal men of the village, and some of the relatives of our own lads. We passed the evening looking at and explaining Scripture prints, and speaking to them of the great truths of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. At eight P.M. they were all present at prayers, and seemed to listen with attention to what they heard."

Mr. Patteson heard old Iri telling a man who came up when he was sitting silent, and asked if there was not a man speaking Bauro staying with him, "Yes, and he said men were not like pigs and dogs, and birds and fish, because they can't speak or think. They all die, and no one knows anything more about it; but he says we shall not die like that, we shall rise again." At which point Mr. Patteson thought fit to break in and take up the conversation. It was especially gratifying to hear two or three of our own scholars taking up their teacher's words, and enforcing and applying them to their own people.

The next morning, as soon as it was light, they began filling the water casks, and by ten A.M. all the work was finished. All day the vessel was crowded with visitors, coming with presents of yams, cocoanuts, &c.; many children also came on board, and the most perfectly good understanding prevailed. Some of the party went ashore and visited the different [133/134] cottages, receiving everywhere a hearty welcome, explaining the reason why they came to the island, and urging the people to have some lads in readiness to accompany the Mission vessel to New Zealand in the course of three or four months.

At Gera the reception given was equally friendly and hearty; but here the Southern Cross narrowly escaped a great danger. She had dropped anchor in the bay without sufficient knowledge of the nature of the bottom, and in the attempt to heave anchor the cable broke, and in the force of the rebound moved the vessel towards a reef about three or four hundred yards distant. The vessel, in consequence of a strong under-current, refused to obey the helm, and slowly approached the reef. One moment of intense anxiety—the next, gently touching upon an outlying rock, without injuring herself, she swung round into deep water, and the danger was over. Had it been otherwise, the Southern Cross must have gone to pieces upon the reef.

The next voyage of the Southern Cross, after her return to Auckland, was to Canterbury; and after her return thence, Bishop Selwyn started in her for another Melanesian voyage. Again Mrs. Selwyn was left at Norfolk Island, much to the joy of the people, and the Bishop and Mr. Patteson proceeded to visit the islands, much in the same order as they had taken them in the previous year; but now [134/135] visiting many others which had been passed by before.

Among these last was Erromango, the island where John Williams, the devoted Independent Missionary, had been killed many years before. It was this island which had produced the little Umao, the sick sailor's nurse, who had died at sea in 1853; and the other boys who had then been at St. John's College recognised the Bishop, and showed him that they had not forgotten their reading. Further on they sailed round to Dillon's Bay, where, being rowed to the shore by five of the Pitcairn lads who had accompanied the expedition, they saw with pleasure a white Mission house standing on the right bank of the river, just opposite the spot where John Williams was killed.

"It was, indeed," writes the Bishop, "a happy, change to row quietly up the pretty river, as far as it is navigable; to land among smiling and bright faces; and then to be welcomed by the young missionary and his wife (a Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, of the Presbyterian Mission, which had brought forth so much fruit at Anaiteum), who have come from Nova Scotia to devote themselves to the care of this more injured than injurious people. A pleasant walk up the coral crags, by a path which Mr. and Mrs. Gordon have already improved, a friendly conversation ending in family prayer, and then a quiet row [135/136] back to the vessel in the face of a gloriously-setting sun, were the moral and natural pleasures of mind and sight which gladdened my fifth visit to Erromango."

There is something sad in reading this glad, hopeful description of the Erromango Mission, when we think of the sequel of the history of this good man and his wife. Erromango was, indeed, in accordance with the Bishop's own regulations, taken out of the hands of the Melanesian Mission, by the fact of its occupation by another religious



body; but he regularly called there in the Southern Cross in his succeeding voyages, and enjoyed much friendly intercourse with Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, and they had much consultation together about the best means of carrying on their common work. For some time the prospects of this Mission seemed hopeful, though never as much so as that at Anaiteum. But three years after this time, when Mr. Ashwell, then accompanying Mr. Patteson in the Southern Cross, called at Erromango to see whether Mr. and Mrs. Gordon were in need of any assistance that could be given them, he found the sky already overcast with clouds. A few months before, a sandal-wood trader had purchased from the natives a quantity of sandalwood; he had then crossed over to a neighbouring island, and had thence procured a large number of persons to accompany him to Erromango, to bring [136/137] the sandal-wood to the beach. Arrived there, he told them that he had no food for them, but that they must take what they wanted from the gardens of the Erromango people. The trader accompanying them with his musket, they destroyed four or five villages near the Mission Station, and took their food; the Erromango men retaliated, and drove the invaders, with the trader, from the island. This, as might be expected, changed the disposition of many who had hitherto been well-disposed towards the Mission. A terrible epidemic—measles, followed by dysentery—also was brought to the island; by a ship from Sydney, and raged there with a virulence equalled among European races by nothing but Asiatic cholera. The heathen priests, Mr. Gordon said, accused him and his wife of being the cause of the epidemic, and were doing all they could to oppose and thwart them: Mr. Gordon accompanied the Mission party down to the ship: it was a glorious moonlight night, and he pointed out to them the scene of Williams's murder, and told them how, on the Bishop's first visit to the spot, when all around was unmitigated heathenism, he had knelt down there and prayed that the blood of the martyrs might be the seed of the Church. Had Mr. Gordon any foreboding that more of that precious seed might be needed in Erromango, before the glorious harvest time appeared?

The prospects of the mission in Erromango grew [137/138] darker. Fewer and fewer came to listen to Mr. Gordon's teaching. He felt that his life was in danger, but he stayed at his post. He did not compromise matters, but spoke strongly to them about their idolatries and murders; and his having said to them, that a judgment would fall upon them if they did not leave off their evil ways, was remembered as a proof that he had brought the epidemic upon them. He still went about fearlessly among them, however, doing his duty like a brave and earnest man. On the 7th of June, 1861, Mr. (now Bishop) Patteson landed at Erromango, and found that the worst had befallen his friends. A fortnight before they had both been murdered by the natives, and all that Bishop Patteson could do was to read the funeral service over their graves, some thirty Erromangan lads, men, and women standing round the grave and weeping. "So once more," writes Bishop Patteson, "I remember the old saying, 'The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church.'"

Returning, however, to Bishop Selwyn's voyage of 1857, the point from which we started upon this digression. Among other islands of the New Hebrides group he visited Mai, whence he brought two young men, named Petere and Laure. They engaged to stay ten months with the Bishop, as, of course, all who volunteered to join him were [138/139] obliged to do; but the natural effect of sea-sickness was to produce violent home-sickness, and when the Bishop had been visiting a neighbouring island he found these two lads standing up on deck and shouting with all their might to a canoe at a little distance, to be taken back to Mai. Soon after they came to the Bishop, who had

told them that he would be their father, and they his children, saying, "If you love us as a father loves his children, take us back to our own country." After a time, however, they became contented on board, and said that when they went home they must "talk, talk, talk; night, night, night; day, day, day," in order to tell their own people of all the wonderful things that they had seen.

At Whitsuntide Island the Bishop writes: "We rowed to the shore, to the mouth of a fine stream running into the-sea, over sand and rocks, with deep water close to the mouth. Here we found a most friendly party, sixty in number, with a chief named Mankau at their head. It may be remarked generally that we do not find that aristocracy has that withering and blighting effect which journalists in England impute to it. We are glad to find out a chief, because we can then conduct our intercourse with the tribe with much more safety to ourselves and benefit to them. Several times at other places we have been obliged to [139/140] retire altogether, not from any fear of the people or suspicion of unfriendliness, but because they all rushed to our boat and crowded round us, each trying to be the first to exchange his yam or his club. The present instance was an example of a really gentlemanlike interview, ending in a traffic, conducted with all the regularity of civilised people. Mankau first met us in the water up to his knees, and presented me with his branch of bright colours: a compliment which I acknowledged by the gift of a hatchet. Mr. Patteson and I then stepped into the water, and walked with him to the mouth of the stream. We then explained, by the usual signs, that we wanted water, and having learned the words for 'sit down' in Ambrym, we tried the effect of them here. The words 'mura ravauna' were taken up and repeated, and the whole party sat quietly down upon the beach, while Mr. Patteson handed to the party in the boat as many buckets full of water as filled three casks. We then produced our stores, which, at first, disturbed the equilibrium of the party; but we soon succeeded in explaining that we wished the chief to conduct the exchanges; upon which every man came forward quietly and gave his yams and cocoanuts to the chief, and received the payment through him. When this was over, we wrote down names, and exchanged those expressive looks which supply [140/141] the want of words, and which are so effectual that in a circle of perfect strangers you may see every dark brow lifted up, and every dark eye glisten, when some look of ours has convinced them that we come to them as friends."

One of the most friendly islands visited by the Southern Cross was Mota, or Sugarloaf Island, in the Banks group. "This island," writes the Bishop, "is of a peculiar form, having a volcanic cone in the centre, resting upon a flat base, as if an eruption of igneous rock from below had pierced through a flat coral reef, raising it fifty or sixty feet above the water, without altering its level. The face of the old coral reef is now covered with festoons of creeping plants, above which the cone rises, covered in the same manner with the richest foliage. It is in islands like this that we grow out of conceit with Heber's Missionary Hymn, because every prospect pleases, and man is not vile."

At Mota the Bishop and Mr. Patteson did not land; not from any fear of the people, but simply because he thought it might be difficult to get away from the hugging that would ensue without giving offence. Two hundred were assembled on the beach, without tattoo or any other ornament or garment. They were quite friendly, swimming off to the boat with yams and cocoa-nuts. The surrounding scenery was lovely; first a steep wall of coral about forty or [141/142] fifty feet high, and covered with foliage, the parasites and creepers giving to the trees a regular dense roof, so that the luxuriance of

the foliage, said Mr. Patteson, was scarcely capable of being realised by any one who had not seen it: then the sugarloaf peak and a backbone running from it, towering above the coral wall, so steep that it could be seen from the beach itself, and all covered with trees, cocoa-nuts, bread-fruits, &c.; a bright coral beach, and 250 clear, tawny-coloured forms running, jumping, bathing, swimming, chattering, and laughing.

The Bishop paid satisfactory visits to Bauro and Gera, bringing several lads from either island. He then directed the vessel's course for New Caledonia, a large island, where the French had lately made a settlement.

It was at Yehen, one of the northern districts of this island, that the Bishop was especially anxious to renew his visit with Bassan, the chief of that part of the country, who several years before had begged him most earnestly to send an English Missionary to instruct himself and his people. He rowed into the harbour, and there learnt that Bassan was at his house about two miles up the river. Accordingly he pulled up the stream in search of him, admiring the neatness and regularity of the cultivations which on either side of the river sloped down the hills to the [142/143] water's edge. He found Bassan stretched on the grass before his house, with a good many men round him. His first remark was, "Ah, Bishop! long time you no come see me;" and then, pointing to the well-built houses, he added, "You see, plenty house here all ready; all men want to learn; what for no man come to teach?"

It was easy to satisfy poor Bassan that the Bishop's absence had not been owing to want of will, but to want of power; but it was a painful task to have to tell him that after making many inquiries, no one had been found willing to live with him, and to teach his people. He was so eager upon the subject that the Bishop invited him to come with him to Auckland, to use his influence with the clergymen there; but it was the time of year for the planting of his yams, or he would have accepted the offer. However, he determined to follow in the next vessel which might put in at Yehen; and sent a little orphan boy named Kauambat, to be educated at Auckland.\* [Footnote: \* It would have been well for poor Bassan had he gone with the Bishop; for the French, who had just taken possession of New Caledonia, construed his refusal to receive a Roman Catholic priest into an act of rebellion, and carried him away a prisoner to Tahiti.] The little fellow sat quietly in the boat until he saw some other natives, who had also spent some time on board, prepare to leave, when he got frightened, and sprang into the water to swim ashore.

We were about half a mile from the land, and the [143/144] other two swimmers were at some distance. After calling in vain for him to return, we were obliged to give chase; but he doubled, dodged, and dived, like a little duck, and, as fast as we turned the boat's head towards him, he doubled and dived again. But, fortunately for him, our habits were as aquatic as his own. So, instead of sitting like an old hen clucking in vain after her lost duckling, I asked John Quintall (one of the Pitcairn lads) to jump in after him; and he soon caught him in his arms, and brought him, all trembling and shivering, back to the boat. He had not been an hour on board before he was quite at his ease; and ever since he arrived at Auckland he has been the merriest little companion to Mrs. Selwyn, very quick at his daily lessons, and very apt at imparting his own language. The great joke between us now is, to give his name to a runaway pony, which will not allow itself to be caught; at which he bursts into one of his mirthful peals of laughter.

From Lifu, one of the Loyalty Islands, the Bishop brought away his old scholar, the young chief, John Cho, and his wife. Both here and at Nengonè the people were very anxious for a resident Missionary; but, at the latter island, it was thought better not to interfere with the working of the London Mission, whose minister had only left the island for a time. At Lifu it was resolved to send some one to remain [144/145] during a portion at least of the next year upon the island; and this was eventually done.

The Southern Cross, after calling at Norfolk Island for Mrs. Selwyn, went back to Auckland, which she reached on Sunday, November 15. During the sixteen weeks of her voyage she had called at sixty-six islands; the Bishop and Mr. Patteson had effected eighty-one various landings; and thirty-three pupils had been brought to New Zealand from nine different islands. It had been a more successful voyage than had yet been known, and Mr. Patteson closed his report of this year's affairs with the words, "Favourable openings for the introduction of Missionaries are in many islands presenting themselves—the fields seem to be whitening to the harvest. May God grant that this be not too hopeful a view of the present prospects of the Melanesian Mission! Whether it may please Him to send trials and reverses, or whether the time be indeed coming soon when He will gather the multitude of the islands into the fold of Christ, His alone is the work, and to Him be the thanks and praise."

#### CHAPTER XIV.

THE quiet course of the summer education at St. John's College, Auckland, was disturbed by but few events worthy of notice. One boy from Bauro died, in consequence of a prick which he had accidentally given himself with a poisoned arrow, and which produced tetanus—a frequent disease among the natives of the Pacific Islands, including the Pitcairners. His place was supplied within a few days by our old acquaintance William Didimang,—or Meste as he used to be called by the sailors, who came originally from the same village as the poor boy who had just died. Nothing had been heard of him since he had been taken back to his own island in 1853; but he said that having been away from home when the Southern Cross called at Bauro, in 1856, he had gone in a trading vessel, intending to work his way to New Zealand, accompanied by the son of Iri, the chief. The two lads, however, had been taken to China, where Didimang's companion had died; and subsequently he had been brought to Sydney, whence he had worked his way to Auckland. The authorities of the College were at first doubtful as to the habits [146/147] and language he might import among his companions, but they did not find that he taught them any harm, although he did not take as much pains to improve himself as he might have done.

"Our time," says the Report for this year, "was spent in regular attendance in chapel, school, and hall, making clothes, printing, &c. The pupils generally progressed rapidly in writing, more slowly in reading: their power of imitating anything put before them as a copy having often been noticed. The daily school presented a singular appearance. Groups from various islands assembled in one class, where rows of men, learning letters like little children, coming meekly to put E Y E, and H A N D, together, and doing sums upon a black board, did not suggest to the mind any thought of wild savages, while their cheerfulness and merriment kept themselves and their teachers alive. Those who had made any progress were sharp enough on the others who lingered behind, and would nudge and shout to a dull schoolfellow, without mercy. The teaching to read can hardly at first be regarded as a means to a direct end, but rather as a sifting

process, in which the larger number will fall through; but some may be left who may be seedling Missionaries, and are as such worthy of diligent training."

Those who had made a little progress, however, were often seized with a vehement desire to get on, [147/148] keeping their books by them to spell out at odd times, and amusing themselves with the novelty of this intellectual exercise. They were all very quick in adopting the new social usages to which they were introduced, their imitative faculty, before noticed, here coming in to help them. They sat quietly at table, eating with forks and spoons, and drinking tea, as if accustomed to it all their lives, and soon learned to keep their rooms and clothes neat, although in many cases it was only a few weeks since they had been introduced to such luxuries.

The Loyalty Islanders were found to be much more promising pupils in many ways than the Solomon Islanders. They had a less relaxing climate at home, and a soil which needed hard work to make it supply them with food; and they had thus been trained in habits of energy and industry. Missionaries, also, either of the Church of England, or of the London Society, had been living in Nengonè for some years, and had superintended the teachers on the other islands. Nevertheless, the Nengonè lads could, some of them, be very trying to their teachers: with the conceit that comes of a small amount of superior knowledge, they enjoyed teasing and laughing at the Bauro boys for their ignorance, and had to be impressed several times a day with the moral of the parable of the Pharisee and Publican.

Among the other lads who had been taken for the [148/149] first time from their state of heathenism, a long time was required to root out the effects of their early training; and success in this matter had to be measured less by their intellectual progress, or by their fluency of expression on religious subjects, than by their passage from idleness and dirt to cleanly and diligent habits. The first shows no moral effort—the second does; and one moral effort is worth much more than any amount of intellectual quickness or power of talk. "They are delicate subjects," said Mr. Patteson, and "require delicate handling, morally and physically. The strength of passion and weakness of constitution which belong to their tropical nature require careful training; but if they can be acclimatised mentally as well as physically, and taught to unite the energy and perseverance of the inhabitants of a temperate region with their own fervour and impetuosity of character, there can be little doubt that they will prove most efficient teachers and Missionaries to their own people, when once the grace of God's Spirit shall have shined into their hearts."

The first impression produced upon one of these lads, newly brought from a heathen island, is that of wonder at the new and strange persons and practices with whom he is surrounded. He may not make much progress in his learning—his dormant intellect will have enough to do in taking in the wonders which he sees around him. Order and discipline, [149/150] steadiness and regularity, make his life very different from anything he has known before: he contrasts law with lawlessness. Having arrived at this point, it is probable that he returns to his own country. He finds that he is conscious of a want which he never knew before; he will wish to return again to New Zealand. Then his mind will enlarge—some great truth will present itself to him, the first ray of dawn in the darkness; and then, little by little, when once this truth is grasped, the mists of heathenism will gradually give way before it. To watch this process—to know by the brightening eye, the look of intelligence, the changing expression, that the heart is

expanding and the mind awakening to the love of God and man, "this is the blessing not seldom granted to those whose happy lot it is to live with natives of the Melanesian Islands."

The following letters, translated from Nengonè (written, however, some few months later than the date at which we have at present arrived), may give some idea of the progress of the Nengonè scholars. They were written by Simeona and Wapai to their old friend Mrs. Nihill, who had returned to England:—

*"New Zealand, Nov. 16, 1858.*

"For Mrs. Nihill and Lissey.

"This is the word of me, George Simeona, and Carry Wabisane, and John Patteson, our son, to you, [150/151] Mrs. Nihill, and Lissey. What we have to say to you is, that we have come from New Zealand again from Nengonè, and are at this time living at the College, with Mr. Patteson. A great many of us have come—forty-three are the boys and men, three women, and two children; if you put them all together, it makes forty-eight. Now I will tell you the names of those who have come from Nengonè. Carry, John, Wadokal, William Nihill Wapai, Harper Malo, and myself, George Simeona, altogether. From Lifu, eight; from Toka, three. The names of the boys from the other islands I am unable to tell you.

"This is again another word that I wish to say to you two; Carry and John and I think of you, and love you, and mourn for you every day, because we shall never see the faces of you two again, nor can you see our faces. Just now we have been made very glad, and rejoice greatly, because nurse has told us you have grown strong and are not ill, as you used to be: that is the reason of our rejoicing. Carry is always thinking of you and Lissey. We are very grieved to think we have nothing to send you two. This is finished.

"Now, again, I have something to say: John has grown quite large, and is beginning to walk; he is a fine boy, and the same colour as the Maories.

"There is another word I have to tell you. The house that Mr. Nihill told us to build long ago is [151/152] finished: it is a stone house; four are the rooms in it—one a very large one; there are six windows in the house, just like doors—this is my thought. Good is this house of Carry's and mine, but there is one thing that is bad—there is nothing nice to put in it; but very good, indeed, is this dwelling of ours.

"Mrs. Nihill, this is another word to you: it will be very good for you to think of us every day and every year, because Carry and I never forget you and Lissey. And because Mr. Patteson and we are to live together always, never to be separated for ever and ever: my wish to you is that if ever you have a letter, or any presents for us, that you will send them to Mr. Patteson, and he will bring them to us this is my desire to you.

"Now I want to tell you about the reading and writing in Nengonè. The boys and girls learn very well—not so the men and women: their learning is not quite good, though Mr. Creagh and his wife do teach well. Mr. Creagh's house is such a very good one,

just as good as if it had been built by English people, and everything in every room is so good too. This word also is ended.

"But here again is another: the boy John, my son and Carry's, is growing ill here in New Zealand: his illness has grown very much, and we don't know what it is; but nurse is very learned, and she knows, so we are staying with her. All we who have wives [152/153] are living in Mrs. Abraham's house: the rest are living with Mr. Patteson in the house we lived in formerly. This is all.

"SIMEONA."

"This is the letter of me, William Nihill Wapai, to you, Mrs. Nihill, lady. We two lived together formerly in Nengonè. This is now the second time that I have come to New Zealand to see you, because I loved Mr. Nihill. I have heard you are ill, and that makes me love you. It is now a long time since we parted, and it will be very good for you to write me a letter, that I may rejoice; because we used to live together, and now we are separated. It will be for God to take care of each of us, these years, and months, and days.

"When I lived in Nengonè, I was not baptized; but now I am. Mr. Patteson baptized me, and I have taken the name of William—the name of my elder brother, who taught me so well. I mourn for him every day; but God will take care of me and teach me, and lead me in the way I should go."

Some of the pupils were now considered far enough advanced in their education to be put in training for the occupation which it was the aim of the Mission to fit them to pursue—that of teaching; and here the authorities were especially careful in the [153/154] selection of their men, since it is not every one, however earnest and estimable in his life, who possesses the gift of teaching, and attains to sufficient grasp and clearness of thought to make him capable of communicating to others what he himself has been taught. They found it the best test of a man's fitness for the work to set him over a certain number of boys, and to see whether he was capable of the drudgery of teaching, or whether he mistook the nature of his work, and supposed that the daily morning and evening school might be exchanged for a loose rambling address twice or thrice a week, giving him no trouble, and his pupils no instruction.

This system of training answered admirably. Later on, Mr. Patteson wrote:—"If you were to come in this evening to see our school, I think you would be most pleased of all to see these young people teaching their own friends. Every evening one of the first class is set to teach six or seven of the less advanced scholars; it is capital training for them, and you know our great object is to teach these young men to be teachers. We are all astonished to find them so 'apt to teach;' it is really surprising to hear and see how very well they understand their business: no mere loose talk about the matter in hand, but real catechising, explaining, and then questioning out of the boys what [154/155] had been explained. This is the most hopeful sign of all."

Of the Nengonè lads, two, Wadokal and Harper Malo, eventually proved to be remarkably good teachers, and were marked out as probably the future native pastors of their islands.

## CHAPTER XV.

THIS year, 1858, it was proposed to introduce a novelty into the programme of the voyage, by holding a winter school on one of the Loyalty Islands. John Cho, the regent of the greater part of the island, had spent the preceding summer at Auckland with his wife, who had been baptized by the name of Margaret; and they had had a little daughter born to them at the College. Lifu was one of the islands which had been taken under the charge of the London Mission Society, which had placed Samoan and Rarotongan teachers there, but had been unable to supply a Missionary. These Samoan teachers, though earnest and devoted men, lacked the intellectual education to do all that was needed in the island; they had no translations of any part of the Bible into the Lifu language, and of course were unable to supply themselves. The people of the island requested the Bishop to supply them with a resident Missionary; but he told them that his plan was to raise up native teachers and Missionaries from the people of each island, and invited the chief to [156/157] come with him in the Mission ship to see his plan of work, proposing on his return to leave Mr. Patteson at Lifu during the winter months, with ten or twelve lads from some of the other islands.

Leaving Lifu, the Southern Cross pursued her voyage as usual. At Mai, in the New Hebrides, Petere and Laure, the two pupils who had been brought thence the year before, gave such a glowing account of what they had seen in New Zealand, and of what they had been taught to believe, that five young men and lads volunteered on the spot to accompany the Mission party to Lifu, and many, others subsequently wished to join them. At Mota and Vanua Lava, they had, as usual, a hearty reception, and brought away two scholars. Their visit to Bauro this year merits a longer notice.

On May 26th, canoes from this place came off as, early as two in the morning; and at daylight a party went ashore, as is usual here, in order to fill their water-casks. While the Bishop was thus engaged, Mr. Patteson was fully occupied with a large party on board. In the afternoon the Bishop took him on shore with his party of scholars, all nicely dressed, and looking very orderly and respectable. Of two out of the number they had good hopes that they would continue to advance. Of course the greater number fall back into their native ways; but they always remain friendly, if not improved in any [157/158] higher respect. Mr. Patteson slept on shore, and had some interesting conversation with the principal chief, Iri, who seemed only to lack energy to take some decided step in favour of Christianity.

His only son had left Bauro many months before, with William Didimang, and had died in China, and the silent grief of the father was most touching to witness. While the men of the village were breaking a plank out of his son's canoe, and the women alternately wailing and singing about their young chief, cut off so early in a far-distant land, the father sat apart on the beach, with a large mother-'o-pearl ornament in his hand, which had belonged to his son. He took no part in any of the loud expressions of sorrow which were being uttered around him; and even when a man, fully armed, rushed out of the crowd, brandishing his spear, and, wildly imprecating vengeance against some unknown person who was assumed for the occasion to be accountable for the young man's death, hurled his spear at a party of men, who, being prepared for such an exhibition, of course easily avoided it, Iri took no notice, and said not a word. At last he moved slowly away to his own house, and not long afterwards came and took his place among the circle of men who were sitting round Mr. Patteson. Then a long



conversation took place, in which Mr. Patteson tried to make them understand that it was time for them to consider [158/159] carefully the meaning of the frequent visits they had paid them, the object they had in view in taking away young men and educating them in New Zealand, and in speaking to them so frequently on subjects which they ought now to know were of vital importance to them.

"It is not our intention," he said, "to be always coming hither merely to give you fish-hooks and a few hatchets, and to give some of your young men an opportunity of seeing other lands. Our object is to teach you the knowledge of the Great Father in heaven, and of His Son Jesus Christ, and of the Holy Spirit of God. This is what some of your own young men can tell you now; and this is the only way in which you can learn to be happy now and hereafter. You have heard often that when you die you will not be destroyed and pass away into nothing, as the beasts and birds perish, which cannot think, and talk, and understand about the Great God. You will all rise up again from the dead, and if you learn to love and obey the Great God now, He will take you to live for ever with Him in heaven; but if you go on fighting and hating one another, and stealing, and lying, and leading impure lives, the Great Father, who loved you so much that He gave His own Son to die for you, will never let you be happy, will never let you live with Him in light; but your hearts will always be dark now, and you will dwell in darkness hereafter for ever."

[160] A dead silence followed this short sketch of what they ought now to be prepared to embrace as their rule of life. It is not till a real change of habits is proposed to the heathen that the real antagonism of evil to good becomes at all evident. Hospitable, friendly, and good-tempered as they are, nothing is easier than to pass the time pleasantly with them, while they are not called upon to take a decided step, which involves the abandonment of old habits, and the acceptance of something as yet but very faintly understood, and apparently very difficult to practise.

It was clear enough that the very great majority present were by no means prepared to be very gracious to one who told them that it was time to come to some understanding as to whether they were disposed to let him take away and educate some of their young men for the express purpose of enabling them to hear, through their agency, the great truths of Christianity, or whether they wished merely to carry on a friendly intercourse which should stop short of attempting the great object which he had in view.

In conclusion, they were asked whether they would put up some house in which every one might assemble, who desired to hear from those who had been under instruction the teaching they had received. Iri, speaking for his people, said that they would do so: and so [160/161] ended this attempt at making the people aware of the necessity of making up their minds on a matter affecting their temporal and eternal welfare. A considerable amount of excitement was caused by this discussion; for though but little was said by the men assembled at the time, it appeared subsequently that they had afterwards been talking about what they had heard.

That same night, Mr. Patteson, lying by Iri's side on the ground in his hut, was suddenly addressed by him—"Do you think I shall see him again ever?" It was something striking, in the dark night, to hear such words from the mouth of the heathen chief. His heart had been softened by the death of his only son, and it seemed as if the great truth of the resurrection, of which he had several times been told, presented itself to him now as a

real fact in which he had a personal interest. It may be supposed that a long conversation followed upon such a favourable opening as this, when the learner was asking questions, as it seemed, not from curiosity only, but with a real wish to obtain light and knowledge.

The next day, when the Bishop and Mr. Patteson prepared to get into their boat, they found Iri and his wife already seated there, intending to forsake their own country and to go to Gera, and it was with difficulty that they were dissuaded from their purpose.

Calling at Gera and Malanta, the Southern Cross [161/162] made its way to Lifu, where Mr. Patteson was left with twelve boys for his winter school.

The circumstances of Lifu just at this time made this visit almost necessary for the welfare of the island. The Loyalty Islands had just been annexed by the French as an appendage of New Caledonia, and French Roman Catholic Missionaries had here, as well as in poor Bassan's territory, come to occupy their outlying stations. In the working of the Melanesian Mission it was always found that while the Missions of all Protestant bodies were willing to acknowledge and help on the Missions of the Church of England, the Roman Catholics alone persisted in treating them as enemies. The priests at Lifu, though with Mr. Patteson in particular they had none but amicable dealings, did not seem to make much way in the affections of the natives. The French love of centralisation has always prevented their becoming good colonists, and they constantly resorted to intimidation, and brought the words "man of war" into every discussion with the natives. Mr. Patteson, afraid lest the people of Lifu should be led to rebel against this treatment, did all he could to keep matters quiet, to point out to the natives the uselessness of any opposition, and to induce the French to deal more gently with the inhabitants, and reserve for them the free exercise of their Protestant belief.

In some respects Lifu is not well suited for the [162/163] Melanesian winter school: the island is merely an upheaved coral reef, in the ragged clefts of which soil has now accumulated to a sufficient depth to allow of the growth of very large yams. Cocoa-nuts are abundant, and taro is grown in small quantities. But the natives of the more northern island miss their own bananas, bread-fruit and sugar-cane. Water is scarce, and fish is not caught there; and the Melanesian lads, on returning to their homes, reported—"Lifu people very kind; but no water, no bread-fruit, no: banana, no fish! very good go to New Zealand." Besides, they liked new sights and sounds—cows, horses, and soldiers—which were not to be seen nearer than Auckland; so that perhaps their discontent with Lifu was not to be wondered at.

The climate, during the four months that Mr. Patteson lived there, was beautiful: but little rain; fell, the sky was almost constantly unclouded, and the trade wind, night and day, was rustling in the cocoanut trees. It was never very hot, and no inconvenience was felt from walking from morning to night for several days successively on various occasions. On the other hand, it was often so cold that clothing was rendered necessary on the score of health; the people certainly were not the better for the large fires which, without outlet for the smoke, they kept: in their close huts by night and day.

The diseases which are found among them may be [163/164] accounted for by the rapid alternation of temperature through which they pass, going from their close huts into the cold air, and back again. When a person is ill, the favourite remedy is to place him

close to a glowing log of wood, while friends and relations crowd round and keep out the air, of course increasing the inward fever. The Lifu people are disposed to consumption, and at first they seemed sadly disappointed that the Missionary had not the power of miraculously curing them; but they ended by entertaining a less exaggerated idea of his wisdom and skill.

The position of Missionary among a people such as that of Lifu, with their own system of government and their own laws, requires great tact and judgment. At first the new converts to Christianity look up to their white teacher as the greatest and wisest of men; they are ready to transfer to him the allegiance which they have always given to their chief, and to obey him implicitly in anything which he commands them.

If all this reverence and respect be carefully directed to the source of all authority, and wisdom, and truth; if the plain distinction between God's moral law and man's positive injunction is carefully pointed out; if natives are taught that such and such a course is right, not because the Missionary says so, but because it is declared by the Word of God; the blessed result may be, that, having a real standard of truth [164/165] and purity before them, and not depending upon any man's example, they may become a reverent, humble-minded, God-fearing people. On the other hand, if advantage be taken of the implicit confidence placed by the natives of any island in a Missionary, to turn them into servants, and to make them regard the Missionary rather as a chief than as their servant for Christ's sake; if certain regulations are dictated to them and enforced by an arbitrary withdrawal of spiritual privileges in case of disobedience; if, in short, the fact is made apparent to them in many ways that the Missionary is the great man, and that the natives can never be regarded as upon an equality with him, and that their natural vocation is to minister to his wants; then it is almost certain that a reaction will set in sooner or later, that the once venerated man will become an object of dislike, and that, having begun by doing everything for him out of pure goodwill, they will end by refusing to do anything which might be very fairly required of them.

Following these principles, Mr. Patteson always paid the natives for any work done for himself, while he encouraged them (but did not insist even upon this) in each performing his share of any public work, such as a chapel or school, without requiring remuneration. In civil and political matters he left the control of affairs entirely to the chief, only striving to bring his influence to bear upon him to incline them towards [165/166] constitutional government, not tyranny. Owing to his clear-sightedness in these respects, he has rarely found any change in the goodwill which the people of any place have manifested towards him.

Mr. Patteson spent three months and three weeks at Lifu; and though, as has been said, Lifu was not popular as a winter school, yet his sojourn there did much for the islanders themselves. He had kept school, had a class of twenty-five men who wished to learn reading and writing, and had conducted services, visited the sick, and made tours round the island to ascertain the state of the people near the different stations.

On the 30th September the Southern Cross called at Lifu, and Mr. Patteson and his twelve pupils embarked in her for another voyage to the northward.

The brightest spots on the Mission field were, as usual, two of the Banks Islands, Vanua Lava, and Mota. These two islands have the same language, though with

different dialects. Their inhabitants seemed to be simple-minded and friendly, resembling rather the ideal savages of the last century than the less pleasing reality which usually meets the eye of the Missionary. Here is Mr. Patteson's account of their visit:—

"We dropped our anchor in our favourite corner (in the harbour of Vanua Lava) just before sunset, [166/167] and were instantly visited by many of our old friends, delighted to see their two young men safely returned to them. Indeed, as these were probably the first natives of this group who had ever been so long away from home, it was a matter of especial thankfulness that we were permitted to bring them home safe and well. Poor Wonfras had lost his father during the winter. We saw him, soon after his friends came on board, sitting by himself and crying; and upon asking him quietly what he was crying about, he told us very simply the sad news he had heard. There was no violent expression of grief, but a more subdued and therefore in all probability a more real sorrow. Eleven men and lads slept on board, among them some of those who had from the first especially attached themselves to us. On the next day we were visited by a large party from shore, and some canoes from the neighbouring island of Mota came across to us. Much of the day was spent on shore among our old friends, being introduced to the relations of our pupil Sarawia, looking at their yam grounds, &c. We set up three oars as a triangle on the beach, and weighed out all the yams and taro which we wanted to purchase, giving them the value of their produce in hatchets and fish-hooks, according to a regular scale, reckoning a ton of vegetables to be worth two pounds. It was amusing to see how entirely the people acquiesced in the fairness of this [167/168] arrangement. One man, for instance, whose basket of yams did not come up to the weight required, would borrow a yam of some neighbour, without a word being said by us, as soon as he saw that his basket was too light; while a murmur expressive of strong approbation ran round the circle when we, in our turn, returned any yams to the lucky owner of a basket which was over weight.

"Seldom can it have been the lot of any person," wrote Mr. Patteson, "to meet with a people so simple and friendly. Much, no doubt, is going on among them which may, by God's grace, be remedied before long; but they know nothing of war, they have no fear of each other, and are soon won by kindness to become confiding, and fearless with strangers.

"One story they have, of one of their ancestors having been killed a long time ago by a white man. Two or three canoes had started to go off to a large vessel seen at some distance from Mota, and one of the men had been killed by some unknown person on board. They say they have seen ships at a distance from time to time, but that they have never paddled off to them: the story which they have received from their fathers taught them to be afraid of them.

"But when once they saw that the strangers treated them kindly, nothing could exceed their simple joy and happiness. There is no wish to be [168/169] exclusive, and to keep apart from others: on the contrary, they are constantly interchanging visits among each other. They are just like happy children, amused and pleased with any act of kindness, and not afraid of suffering themselves to show that they are pleased. We had no difficulty now in obtaining scholars. Four lads, of apparently about seventeen or eighteen years of age, slept on board on Thursday evening, and sailed away with us the

next day: one of them having from the time of our first visit considered himself as specially belonging to us."

At Bauro, the lecture which Mr. Patteson had given a few months before had so far effected its object, that he was allowed to take away two old scholars, as well as two other lads. At Gera he had to repeat the lecture which he had given to the Bauro people, with some variation. Crowds of men wanted to come away, but, as usual, the Bishop and Mr. Patteson only wished to take those whom they thought promising; and the friends and relations of these lads began, as they had done before, to lay hold on them, and pull them forcibly out of the boat. This was soon stopped, and the people were told that unless they chose to conduct themselves quietly, and to leave the selection to the Bishop, who would afterwards consult with their parents, the Mission party would not take the trouble of paying them [169/170] such frequent visits. This lecture somewhat disconcerted them, but had its effect: they brought forward lads to be inspected, and eight were chosen to go to New Zealand.

Gera was more democratic, and therefore more lawless and difficult to deal with than many of the other islands; the chiefs seemed to have no power over their people, who are continually at war with one another. At Gera it is necessary to use more caution than at Bauro, though even there Mr. Patteson is able to go into the huts and sleep ashore.

They next sailed to Malanta. The northern end of Bauro, the eastern end of Gera, and the southern point of Malanta, formed a triangle, in the centre of which the Southern Cross lay becalmed for one afternoon. It was a grand sight to look along these three large mountainous islands, with their dark forests and high ridges standing against the clear sky, and to watch the changing light upon them as the sun went down, hot and fiery to the last, and the soft evening breeze came whispering over the smooth transparent sea.

Malanta appears to be inhabited by two perfectly distinct populations; a scattered one on the sea coast, speaking a dialect of the Gera language; and a denser one in the centre of the island, who hold no communication with the coast, and are separated from it by thick tangled growths of forest, which clothe [170/171] the sides of the mountains. The Mission has never, as yet, been able to reach this inland nation; but those who live on the coast are more attainable, and the chief of Ioroha, a village opposite to Gera, came away in the Southern Cross, to spend the summer in New Zealand.

After visiting Lifu and Nengonè, the Southern Cross returned to New Zealand with forty-five scholars and two babies on board. The Bishop had had it built so as to be capable of accommodating this number, with double tiers of beds, made of a frame of galvanised iron, with a piece of canvass stretched tightly over it; this could be put up or down at will, like the flap of a table; and thus they completed the voyage without difficulty. On the 16th of November they arrived at Auckland, and the regular course of school life recommenced.

## CHAPTER XVI.

THE readers of these papers must now be able to imagine for themselves the course of the year 1859. It passed tranquilly, without much incident; as the winter drew on, Mr.

Patteson took back his boys to the islands, and returned for them in the spring. Those who remember the letters written by George Simeona and his wife Carry to Mrs. Nihill, will be sorry to hear that poor Carry died three weeks after her return to Nengonè; and her husband returned to Auckland in the spring, also a dying man, and knowing well that he would never see his home again. But they had a better home to look forward to than that which they had described with such pride to Mrs. Nihill—"four-roomed and six-windowed;" and they left their little boy, Mr. Patteson's godson and namesake, to his charge.

The kindness of the author of the *Daisy Chain*, who devoted its whole proceeds to the cause, had provided the Melanesian Mission with funds for a college of its own, and an excellent site was found [172/173] for it at Kohimarama, on an estate which had long been the property of the Mission. There is a small bay at Kohimarama, which looks northward, and is sheltered from cold winds by low hills on either side. Here, in a sheltered place, lay the Mission schooner; at one end of the beach were small cottages for her master and mate, and one married seaman; and the school buildings were at the other and more sheltered end. The kitchen, store-rooms, and hall, were of stone; the school-room, chapel, and dormitories of wood, removed from St. John's College at Auckland. There was accommodation for forty scholars; and three or four English people, among whom was Mr. Patteson, lived in little wooden huts near, taking meals and living in common with the Melanesian lads. It received the name of St. Andrew's College.

No winter school was attempted during this year; but the Mission was gradually working itself into a more defined shape than had been possible while all was new ground.

In April, 1860, Mr. Patteson—now accompanied by two assistants in the Mission, Mr. Dudley and Mr. Kerr, and also by a New Zealand Missionary, Mr. Ashwell—sailed with his thirty-seven scholars from Auckland. Mr. Patteson and the Bishop had for a long time been thinking about holding a winter school at Mota: the surrounding Banks Islands, always prolific in scholars, would of themselves supply [173/174] a sufficient number of pupils for a winter school, and it was hoped that some continuous Missionary work might during these months be done in the island.

The Southern Cross visited Nengonè, Taka, Mai—the most promising of the new Hebrides group—Aurora, and Mara Tava, leaving the natives of those islands at their homes. The boys from the Solomon Islands were to remain at Mota during the summer, as the Southern Cross was not to undertake so long a voyage till her second visit in the spring. On the 24th of May they reached Mota, and when the inhabitants understood that Mr. Patteson was come to stay for some time with them, their joy was unbounded. The vessel was soon surrounded: some carried the frame which was to compose the Mission-house ashore, and others brought baskets of bread-fruit, cocoas, and yams, for which they declined to receive any payment.

The next few days were spent by the whole party at Mota and the neighbouring islands; the house was put up, and many of the Mota people, in their zeal for Mr. Patteson, unroofed their own huts, in order to thatch his. As many as a hundred were at work upon it, and it was quickly finished. Their chief desire was for pieces of iron, and empty glass bottles, which they broke to pieces, and used for shaving. Mr. Ashwell

walked alone to several villages, and was made welcome everywhere, and offered fruit: [174/175] in fact nothing could be pleasanter, or more friendly, than the behaviour of these kindly people, who seemed as yet to have been preserved from many of the worst evils of heathenism. The Mission-house here was situated in a lovely spot, whence, looking across the sea, you could see five islands; it was surrounded by bread fruit and cocoa trees, and near it grew a huge banyan forty-five yards in circumference. On the Tuesday the house was finished, and Mr. Ashwell and Mr. Kerr bade farewell to their friends, and re-embarked in the Southern Cross. It was the last time that Mr. Patteson ever saw the good little vessel which had served him so faithfully, and which he looked upon as an old friend.

The Southern Cross, after calling at Erromango, experienced a continuance of heavy gales and rain. However, she pursued her homeward course, manfully rising to the high waves, and shipping but little water. On Sunday, the 23rd of June, the weather became very thick, with heavy rain, and as they had sighted land for some time, they hoped to reach Auckland on the morrow. The wind shifted from the north-east to the south-east, providentially for the Southern Cross, else she would have gone aground on a rocky beach, when all her crew must have been lost. As it was, having lost their reckoning, from the fog and rain, they found themselves aground, with a [175/176] heavy surf beating over the deck of the ship. They did not know where they were, but imagined that deep water lay beyond the breakers; and the captain, fearing that they might be carried by the wind into this deep water, took an axe to cut away the masts. He laid it down for an instant, but when he wished to take it up again it was not to be found, and the masts were left standing.

When the ship struck the seamen gave themselves up for lost. Mr. Kerr came into the cuddy, where Mr. Ashwell was, and said, "We must trust in God—nothing more can be done." In a quarter of an hour the cuddy filled, and they were up to the waist in water. They went to the main cabin, but that too soon became unsafe, as a heavy sea broke over the deck, putting out the lights and filling the cabin. The two clergymen, fearing to be swept off the deck, took shelter under the lee of the anchor, but soon all were obliged to take to the rigging, which, owing to the captain's loss of his axe, was still available. The boats were soon washed away, and from two o'clock in the morning to daybreak all remained in suspense, awaiting death. Mr. Ashwell spoke to the sailors, referring to their imminent peril, and then to his Maori friends, who were with him; after which they remained for three hours clinging to the rigging, but holding on with difficulty, and benumbed with cold and wet.

[177] Slowly the long night passed. At last morning light appeared, and the shipwrecked men perceived that their situation was less hopeless than they had thought. They were in a bay with a low sandy shore, and it was nearly high water—they also saw European houses at a little distance, and felt that if they could reach the shore they would be able to find shelter and food. Taniora, Mr. Ashwell's Maori teacher, was the first to try to swim to shore with a rope, but the tide was ebbing, and the outward current was so strong, that he was glad to swim back to the wreck. An hour later the tide had gone down so far, that he volunteered to try again, and, with one of the sailors, succeeded in carrying a rope to the shore, and the whole of the party were, one by one, drawn through the surf to the land, after seven hours in the rigging. As soon as they were all ashore, they knelt down on the beach, and thanked God for their unexpected deliverance.

The place where the shipwreck had occurred was an English settlement called Ngunguru, and here the whole party were hospitably sheltered and entertained. A few days afterwards they reached Auckland, where they found the Bishop so thankful that their lives had been saved, that he let no regrets appear for the loss of the vessel—a great loss, indeed, to him, for she had not been insured, as the premium demanded upon a vessel sailing among the Coral [177/178] Islands was so great, that the original cost of the schooner would have been paid before this time. It was at first thought that she might be recovered and repaired, but this was found impossible, and reluctantly it was decided that the gallant little schooner must be left to her fate. However, if a ship has anything like such a personality as her sailors attribute to her, the Southern Cross might be comforted by knowing that she had done good work during her short career.

## CHAPTER XVII.

AS might have been expected, Mr. Patteson's residence at Mota induced him somewhat to modify the rose-coloured view which he had at first taken of its inhabitants. They remained, indeed, friendly towards himself; but he found that though cannibalism was unknown, quarrelling and fighting were by no means uncommon among them, and that there was not less need of his teaching here than elsewhere.

The people of Mota have for their chief god one Ikpat, whom they believe to have made earth and men, night and day, to have had many brothers, who were continually tricking him, among whom one seems to be the representative of evil. One day Ikpat sailed away in a ship built by a man named Marauva, taking with him the best of everything. The people of Mota believe in a future state: they hold that the spirits of the dead range the island in the night, striking with madness all who see them; while in the day-time they go to a region called Panui, whence a wind blows through a crevice in a [179/180] mountain peak. When Mr. Patteson landed, they doubted whether he was a spirit or a man; and some thought that he and his party were the brothers of Ikpat—they had never seen a white man before. Then they doubted whether he were not some dead man come back; and decided that Mr. Patteson must be one Porisris, who had died, because it was into his house that he had entered. At last the conviction seized one man that this was only an instance of a general rule; and he cried, "I see how it is; when I die I shall go to New Zealand, and come back again to Mota."

When a person dies, his spirit is supposed to retire within his body. On the fourth night it comes forth, and is driven away by trumpets sounded over the grave and in different parts of the village; and on the next day the yams, pigs, &c., of the deceased are eaten by his friends and relations in the village. Let us hope that in them they find some consolation for his loss.

When enraged or in pain the people of Mota think little of committing suicide, especially on one side of the island, where there is a steep cliff of 200 feet high from which to spring. On the other side the shore is flat, and they seek death by swimming out to sea; but the motion, and perhaps the coolness, of the water, moderates their fury, and when they have gone far enough they turn and swim back to land.

[181] Every piece of land cleared of bush belongs to some individual at Mota; and every person—man, woman, or boy—has his allotted portion of ground, where he can grow yams and his own cocoa-nut trees. Of course, as under the factory system in



England, this is not advantageous to family rule: a child of seven or eight years old is as independent of his parents as a grown man.

It is a custom at Mota, and in the other Banks Islands, for people to have special friends, called *pulsalas*. They are bound to assist each other, and to supply each other, when need requires, with food and lodging (no great tax in a tropical climate). The Mota scholars chose boys from distant islands as their *pulsalas*, and treated them, in many cases, with most disinterested kindness, knowing that they could never expect to be repaid.

There is a curious sort of freemasonry in existence in these islands, binding men together in a solemn compact, the exact force of which has not been exactly discovered. Almost all the men are initiated into this at various times; and there are a number of various ranks, distinctly marked, in the association, the only qualification for entrance, or for rising to a higher rank, being payment. Little boys, with well-to-do parents, often enter early, and rise high while quite young.

Each rank has its own mess, and to cook or eat [181/182] above his own place would bring a man sudden and terrible punishment. There is a public eating-house, divided into compartments, each with its separate hearth, for the different ranks of members. If a man rises above the rank held by any other man in the village, a new compartment is built for him at the end of the house. When Mr. Patteson first went to Mota in the winter of 1860 (our summer), the initiation in this ceremony was going on, and the work of the Mission was considerably hindered by it. He could obtain no boys from any other village in the island: he could only collect a few from that village, and visit other parts of the island, and talk to the people, without seeing much result from his work.

Mr. Patteson's party consisted of Mr. Dudley and two or three Nengonè and Lifa men, among whom were Wadokal and Harper Malo, who now began to exercise their talents in teaching. When the school was started there, Mr. Patteson, leaving his friends, went off with some of his Mota acquaintances in his boat to the other islands. The plan which he adopted when visiting quite new islands was to take absolutely nothing with him except a book for writing names and words of the languages, which he kept in his hat as the only waterproof receptacle about him, so much of what he did being done by the assistance of wading and swimming. He returned at intervals to his friends at Mota; and thus, without much incident or visible result, the winter passed away.

[183] We will now go forward a little in our chronology, so as to show what the winter school in Mota eventually became.

In 1861, Mr. Patteson, with Mr. Pritt, Mr. Kerr, and Wadokal, who had just married, and had brought his young wife with him, again landed at Mota. Several of the boys whom he had had as scholars the previous year had spent the summer in New Zealand, and had made progress in their education. The winter opened hopefully, with beautiful weather; and the only drawback seemed to be that there was a severe epidemic of influenza in some of the neighbouring islands visited by Mr. Patteson, which, as in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, the people were inclined to attribute to the new teaching. At one place a man drew his bow at Mr. Patteson, but did not let fly his arrow. Then Mr. Patteson himself, was attacked by illness, Wadokal by ague, and a lad from Lifa by

inflammation of the brain, from which he died. Here is an extract from a letter written by him at this time:—

"*July 28th.*—I have much anxiety just now. At this moment Wadokal is in an ague fit: five or six of my party are kept going by quinine and port wine, and one or other sickening almost daily.

"*July 31st.*—Henry died on Sunday, about 4 p.m. Wadokal is better; the boys are all better. I had much comfort in the midst of the sadness. Wadokal [183/184] took his ague attacks like a man. The boys were patient and good; and I verily believe that Henry died trusting in the mercy of God, through Jesus Christ, for pardon and peace. He was sensible the night before he died, at one time, and was most clear and explicit in his statement of belief in God, and had a clear perception of his own state. Just before he died I summoned Mr. Pritt and Mr. Kerr Wadokal crept in from his blanket, where he had been shivering in an ague fit; and I think his spirit passed away as I read the Commendatory Prayer in Nengonè. After an interval I went and talked to the Mota people, who were crowding round the little bit of an house, of the resurrection of the dead and the life everlasting.

"*August 1st.*—The new month begins well, as I hope: While sitting with my Bauro boys, writing answers to my questions about the Lord's Prayer, a large party of men and women from the other side of the island made their appearance, headed by a man dressed, as to his shoulders, in a native scarf. They brought food with them, and they came to let me see that they really did eat with the women. Now this seems a small thing, and indeed it is a very different thing from accepting our teaching; but it means this, that one firmly-established custom has been given up, not merely a social usage, but a social usage supposed by them to be derived from, and certainly connected [184/185] with, their whole religious system. No Banks Islander ever dreamed of touching food cooked by a woman, or of eating in the same place with them. It is, in short, a giving up of caste in the matter of food."

Mr., or, as we should now say, Bishop Patteson—for he had been consecrated a few months before this—being still very unwell, was recommended to take the opportunity of a cruise in the war steamer Cordelia, commanded by Captain Hume, in the course of which he was enabled to return several of his scholars to their more northerly homes. He returned to Mota recovered in health, and in October a schooner, navigated by Mr. Dudley, arrived to fetch them away. Mr. Pritt and Mr. Kerr had suffered from fever, as well as the boys: notwithstanding these drawbacks, however, the report of the work was encouraging. Lads from many parts of the island had been allowed to remain with them, and they carried a goodly party back to New Zealand.

In 1862 Mr. Pritt and Mr. Dudley spent three months at Mota. During this time fifty scholars were fed, clothed, and taught at the Mission station; more than seventy persons attended the daily school; and a feeling of thorough goodwill towards the Mission party prevailed throughout the island. From many villages of Mota, and from six adjacent islands, boys were brought to this central school; [185/186] and men and women, coming freely from every quarter, saw and heard what was going on. All the cooking, washing, fetching wood and water for these scholars, was done by the lads who had been in New Zealand, and by the boys whom they had talked and worked with. It was entirely voluntary labour, though done in sight of their heathen countrymen idling

about, and showed that the teaching they had received had had more effect than could at first have been imagined. They also employed themselves in teaching and working up the languages of the boys they had to instruct, and proved themselves possessed of more steadiness, perseverance, and energy than those who had not seen them could have imagined inherent in "black savages from the tropics."

"The change on this island of Mota," writes Bishop Patteson, "is so great, that we contemplate it with a feeling hard to be described. The verse is perpetually in our minds, 'Thine heart shall fear, and be enlarged.' Now men may walk where they please in Mota, and, unless there be some special quarrel between two villages, there is scarcely a bow or a club to be seen. There is no reluctance shown now in sending boys to Alomak, the name of our station, and no fear is entertained of their being ill-treated by the people of the place.

"Think what it is to land at Mota, with the certainty of being relieved from the trouble of many [186/187] things that we must otherwise attend to by our band of Mota scholars. When we landed there the other day, after an unusually long absence of nearly nine months, the good people carried all our things up the steep ascent to our house, and the cooks for the week set to work at once to cook yams and to make tea, without a word being said; and this was the first hour they were spending on their own island after nearly nine months' absence. Of course we would not dream of requiring a boy to do such a thing they *like* to do it, because they are really fellows of the right sort, and partly because they see that we are their servants just as much as, and I hope more than, they are ours."

When Bishop Patteson, after a short expedition among the other islands, returned in this year to Mota, an incident which had occurred showed what had been done there. The people of a neighbouring village had come out to fight with the people of the village where the Mission station was. None of the young men who had been attending the school went out to fight, and most of the older men also remained at home. Mr. Pritt went out and reasoned with the attacking party, and they retired peacefully.

This is a specimen of the actual effects of the Melanesian Mission, when carried out in its fulness, even in so short a time as three years. What may not Mota become in future days?

## CHAPTER XVIII.

WE must now return, from the digression in the last chapter, to the beginning of the year 1861, when a most important event for Melanesia took place.

Ever since Bishop Selwyn's visit to England, it had been in contemplation that, at some future time, the islands of Melanesia might require a Bishop of their own; and he had then collected funds towards the endowment of such a Bishopric, when the time should come for its formation. In 1860, Bishop Selwyn had written to the Government, to ask for the requisite permission, with the view of consecrating Mr. Patteson to this high office.

Few persons could have been found so eminently qualified as Mr. Patteson for his peculiar work. Bishop Selwyn, in this year, wrote of him, "I look upon myself now as

only an occasional volunteer in the cause, and that the real work and responsibility rests with him. For a short time I considered, rather than doubted, whether I should resign New Zealand, and undertake Melanesia; but now that I have had five years' experience of Mr. Patteson's [188/189] greater fitness for the island duties, in respect of youth and facility in acquiring foreign languages, added to a peculiar gentleness combined with firmness—the *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*, which is specially required in dealing with native races—I have cast away every shade of doubt; and have written in all confidence to the Duke of Newcastle, to request him to procure the sanction of the Crown and the Archbishop to the consecration, in New Zealand, of the Rev. J. C. Patteson, as Bishop of the Western Isles.

"A most valuable coadjutor has just joined the Mission—Mr. Kerr, formerly Master in H.M. Surveying Brig "Pandora;" so, as I am resigning my spiritual functions to Mr. Patteson, I shall also abdicate my nautical office in favour of Mr. Kerr; retiring myself into a field still spacious enough for powers which must become day by day more and more inadequate for the work. You will not accuse me of desertion, when you consider that I have not withdrawn from the duty until it pleased God to supply fitter men. All my feelings now lead me to put myself on the shelf, and to point to Mr. Patteson as my adopted successor, and as the special object of your future interest, of your alms, and of your prayers. I wish that you could all see him in the midst of his thirty-eight scholars, at Kohimarama, with thirteen dialects buzzing round him, with a [189/190] cheerful look and a cheerful word for every one teaching A B C with as much gusto as if they were the X Y Z of some deep problem; or marshalling a field of black cricketers as if he were still the captain of the eleven in the upper shooting fields at Eton; and, when school and play are over, conducting his polyglot service in the Mission chapel."

Mr. Patteson, a little later, writes: "For myself, how can I ever be sufficiently thankful for the unusual opportunities that I have enjoyed of learning from the Bishop his method of commencing and carrying on this peculiar work. It is, indeed, a great privilege to have lived with him so long; but it is because I do know him so well, and can tell better than any man what he has been to this Mission and to me—it is because I know that, under God, everything has depended upon his wisdom and energy, and personal character—that I am full of anxious thoughts now, when I must go forth without him who is like a father to me.

"The more immediate management of the Mission devolves, therefore, upon me, but the Primate will really be almost as closely connected with it as he has been of late. He will not, indeed, make voyages so frequently to the islands, but he will always be ready to give his advice, to suggest plans, to point out my mistakes and the remedies for them; and the fact that he has trained me, and accustomed me to [190/191] understand and act upon his method of carrying out the Mission, gives, I trust, some ground for hoping that there will be no real alteration in the character of the work, though he cannot personally superintend it, as he has done hitherto.

"The general principles upon which he has proceeded have so entirely approved themselves to us all, as thoroughly wise and practical, that it is very unlikely that any alteration should take place. It is a remarkable proof of the foresight and careful consideration which he employed, that up to the present time no departure has been made from the original plan proposed by him for the conduct of the Mission: all that

has been done, has been but the fulfilment and natural expression of the idea entertained by him at the first.

"But, in the working out these principles, I, who best know the feeling of confidence which his presence on board the schooner or in the boat infused into us all, can but tell how sadly we shall miss him. So much depends upon the individual judgment and decision of character, even upon the physical qualifications which the leader should possess. It was not only the cool calculation which planned the operation of a voyage, but the experience of sea-life which enabled him to take the wheel in a gale of wind, or to be the first to detect a coral patch from his perch on the fore-yard, and the long practice which had [191/192] taught him to handle his boat in a heavy sea-way or in a rolling surf; and the quick eye which detected the natives lurking in the bush, or secretly snatching up bow or spear; and the strong arm, which could wrench their hands off the boat. These are some of the comparatively small matters, as they may seem, which assume a considerable magnitude in such a work as this, and these qualifications he possessed in an extraordinary degree; and who possesses them now?

"Not a day but I shall feel 'How different it would be if the Bishop were here now! he would not have been undecided, as I am: he would have seen what was the right thing to do, and have done it.'"

Surely no two fellow-labourers in the same field ever had more love and reverence for each other than George Augustus Selwyn and John Coleridge Patteson.

The Feast of St. Matthias (which falls, be it remembered, in the New Zealand summer) was as bright and glorious a day as could be wished for.

At three o'clock in the afternoon the service was held in St. Paul's Church, Auckland, which was crowded. This church has no chancel, and within the rail were the three Bishops of New Zealand, Wellington, and Nelson: Mr. Patteson seated in a chair in front, with ten of his island boys near him. [192/193] Bishop Selwyn preached the sermon, taken from the Epistle for the day: "And they prayed, and said, Thou, Lord, who knowest the hearts of all men, show whether of these two Thou hast chosen."

"This," he said, "was a season of special prayer, even as it was with the Apostles before the election of St. Matthias to fill the place of Judas. First, for the consecrating Bishops. The office of the Apostles was in these days laid upon men who did not possess the special gifts and graces of the Apostolic age. What were they, that they should have power to carry on the Lord's Word in obedience to His commandment?

"Is the promise yet fulfilled," he asked, "that in Abraham and his seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed? Has Christ already received all the heathen for His inheritance, and all the uttermost parts of the earth for His possession? Is there no wilderness which has still to blossom as the rose? No islands that still wait for the Lord? No kingdoms that must become His? Are all idols utterly abolished? The vastness of the scope of the prophetic visions at once humbles and enlarges the mind. However little our work may be, it is part of that purpose of God which can never fail. We pray for our little one in fear and humility, and while we pray it becomes a thousand: it is but a drop in the ocean; but that ocean is the fulness of God."

[194] In this case, too, the Bishop went on to say, a new cause of fear arose, lest their partial love should deceive them in their choice. "We were all," he said, as his eye glanced round on Bishop Abraham and Bishop Hobhouse, and centred on Mr. Patteson—all his fellow-Etonians: "we were all trained in the same place of education; united in the same circle of friends; in boyhood, in youth, in manhood, we have shared the same sorrows, and joys, and fears. I received this my son in the ministry of Christ Jesus from the hands of a father, of whose old age he was the comfort; he sent him forth without a murmur, nay, rather with joy and thankfulness, to these distant parts of the earth. He never asked even to see him again; but gave him up without reserve for the Lord's work. Pray, dear brethren, for your Bishops, that our partial love may not deceive us in this choice; for we cannot so strive against natural affection as to be quite impartial.

"And yet," the Bishop went on, "nothing in their own conscience had ever warned any of them to forbear making this choice; and, after much conference and much prayer, they had become more and more resolved to go forward in the name of God, and in the full belief that this was indeed His work, and this His chosen servant."

Next, he asked their prayers for him who was to be consecrated: not only because he would, like [194/195] others of his brethren, have the care of many churches, the stewardship of the mysteries of Christ but especially "because he will go forth to sow beside many waters; to cultivate an unknown field; to range from island to island, himself unknown, and coming in the name of an unknown God. He will have to land alone and unarmed among heathen tribes, where every man's hand is against his neighbour; and bid them lay down their spears and arrows, and meet him as the messenger of peace. He will have to persuade them, by the language of signs, to give up their children to his care; and while he teaches them the simplest elements which are taught in our infant schools, to learn from them a new language for every new island. Surely then, dear brethren, we must pray earnestly that this our brother may have a large measure of the Apostolic' gifts; a power to acquire divers languages; and also boldness, with fervent zeal, constantly to preach the Gospel to all the nations now to be committed to his charge.

"One duty," the Bishop went on, "yet remains: to commend our dear brother to the work to which we believe God has called him.

"It was the privilege of the Apostles to elect Matthias out of the number of those 'who had companied with them all the time that the Lord Jesus went in and out among them, beginning from the [195/196] baptism of John unto the same day that he was taken up.' Our privilege, though different in degree, may be the same in kind; for faith supplies what is denied to sight.

"So may every step of thy life, dear brother, be in company with the Lord Jesus.

"May the baptism of John be in thee, to fill thee with that godly sorrow which worketh repentance not to be repented of: a foretaste of that comfort which will be given to them that mourn, by the baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire.

"May Christ be with thee, as a light to lighten the Gentiles; may He work out in thee his spiritual miracles; may He, through thee, give sight to the blind, to see the glories of the

God invisible; and open the ears of the deaf, to hear and receive the preaching of His word; and loose the tongues of the dumb, to sing His praise; and raise to new life the dead in trespasses and sins.

"May Christ be with you, when you go forth in His name and for His sake to those poor and needy people; to those 'strangers destitute of help'—to those mingled races who still show forth the curse of Babel, and wait for the coming of another Pentecost: poor alike in all worldly and spiritual goods, naked to be clothed, prisoners to be loosed, lepers to be cleansed. To you is committed Christ's own ministry, to seek for His sheep that are dispersed abroad; to [196/197] hold up the weak, to heal the sick, to bind up the broken, to bring again the outcasts, to seek the lost. Your office is, in the widest sense, to preach the Gospel to the poor.

"May Christ be ever with you; may you feel His presence in the lonely wilderness, on the mountain top, on the troubled sea. May He go before you, with His fan in His hand, to purge His floor. He will not stay His hand till the idols are utterly abolished.

"May Christ be ever with thee to give thee utterance, to open thy mouth boldly to make known the mystery of the Gospel. Dwelling in the midst of a people of unclean lips, thou wilt feel Him present with thee, to touch thy lips with a live coal from His own altar, that many strangers of every race may hear in their own tongue the wonderful work of God.

"May Christ be ever with you; may you sorrow with Him in His agony, and be crucified with Him in His death, be buried with Him in His grave, rise with Him to newness of life, and ascend with Him in heart to the same place whither He has gone before, and feel that He ever liveth to make intercession for thee, 'that thy faith fail not.'"

"It was most touching and thrilling," said a spectator of the scene, writing to friends at home; "but I cannot make you see the two countenances—[197/198] the look of heart-felt confidence and love and joy with which the Metropolitan gazed upon Mr. Patteson as he spoke these deep words of counsel and encouragement, and committed him in his loneliness to the Lord and Master who had promised to be with him always; nor that upward, answering glance which ever and anon was cast, with steadfast, earnest eye, upon his 'Father in God,' as though he would drink in the fullest meaning of those words, which assured one that he could bear it all in the strength of quietness and confidence."

Then followed the actual moment of consecration. The Metropolitan stood in the midst, with the Bishops of Wellington and Nelson on either side. The ten island boys, under the leadership of Mr. Kerr, were just in front of the rails, and one of them, Tagalava, was sent to hold up the great Prayer Book for the Bishop to read from, making a living lectern for the occasion. Afterwards the Holy Communion was administered to 220 persons, ten of the bishops and clergy officiating.

A day or two later Bishop Patteson was duly installed in the little chapel of St. Andrew's College, Kohimarama; and, after the service, he and Bishop Selwyn planted a Norfolk Island pine in memory of the occasion: to be, they hoped, typical of "the tree planted by the waterside to bring forth fruit in due season."

[199] In the year 1861, the loss of the Southern Cross not having been repaired, Bishop Patteson chartered the schooner *Sea Breeze*. The party was two months later than usual in starting, owing to the difficulty of finding a vessel suitable for the voyage; but at last the search was successful, and the schooner started on her way.

The voyage of 1861 had few events to show. The sojourn at Mota in this year has been already described; but, perhaps, our readers may like to hear Bishop Patteson's own Robinson Crusoe-like description of his temporary home there.

"We think little here of cutting down banana leaves, four feet long and twenty inches wide, of a bright pale green, just to wrap up a cooked yam or two. Then, through the branches of a mighty banyan—thirty-five of my paces round close to the, trunk—and through the branches of the bread-fruit and almond trees, I look out to the N.N.W. upon Valua, due west upon Vanua Lava; and Umparapara is seen in the distance between the two. The ground, sloping gradually down to the sea, dotted with breadfruit trees, is just steep enough to admit of being thrown into terraces for garden and kitchen garden. Our pine apples and vines have struck well; oranges and cotton we shall plant to-day, most likely.

"Our first step was to land the frame of our house, which is twenty feet in length by eleven in [199/200] breadth; then we carried it up the ascent from the beach to the level land, which constitutes the habitable part of the island, between the central sugar-loaf hill and the fringing coral beach. We soon got it all up, and Dudley, who has had some apprenticeship at this kind of thing, soon managed to get this frame up. The heavy posts on which the plates were laid I cut with the Loyalty islanders at Vanua Lava, and brought them over in our boat on Monday morning; then we got natives to thatch in the roof. They take a cocoa-nut leaf and bind the small separate parts of the leaf together, and arrange them very neatly so as to form a very waterproof roof. The rain has been excessively heavy since we have been here, and we have tested it well. The next thing was to get a lot of bamboo canes: some I had brought from Vanua Lava, but was really driven away from the bamboo grove there by the swarms of mosquitoes; we had some trouble in getting them. Your notion of a bamboo may connect itself with a walking-stick, but these canes are sometimes forty feet high and pretty heavy; many of them are dragged for a mile or so through the tangled bush or along native paths. In three days natives have been placing split bamboos in and out between the upright slips of bamboo which they have tied up against the upright canes. This makes a cross work of narrow strips of bamboo, which is a good protection against the rain; the peeled strips [200/201] are put together for five or six layers, on them come as many layers of green strips, so that it makes a pattern rather pretty, and the whole thing is sufficiently strong. We had many things to stow away, for our party consisted of thirteen, and each of these fellows had his own treasures: besides, we had flour, sugar, coffee, biscuit, &c. The next day we made a kind of frame over a part of the rooms—for house it could hardly be called—and so we stored the biscuit, flour, &c., out of the way; then we put hooks and nails all round the wall plates, and on these we hung our kits, knapsacks, &c., so that the whole floor, with the exception of the space occupied by some boxes, was available for sleeping.

"This small island is abundantly supplied with food; this morning I sent a boy up one of the breadfruit trees standing almost over the house; he shook down four or five, laid them on the ashes, and there was our breakfast in a short time. The island is full of this



beautiful tree, with its large, deeply digitated leaves, the next to the cocoa-nut among all God's gifts to the Melanesians.

"I am just returned from a village one and a-half miles off, called Tamate, where one of their religious ceremonies took place this morning. The village contains upwards of twenty houses, built at the edge of the bush, which consists here almost exclusively of fruit-bearing trees-cocoa-nuts, bananas, bread-fruit [201/202] and large almond trees are everywhere the most conspicuous. The sea-view, looking south, is very beautiful, and may be seen by any one sitting in the village. I walked thither alone, having heard that a feast was to be held there. As I came close to the spot I heard the hum of many voices, and the dull booming sound of the native drum, which is struck by wooden mallets. Some few people ran off as we appeared, but many of them had seen me before. The women, about thirty in number, were sitting on the ground together in front of one of the houses, which enclose an open circular space; in front of another house were many children and young people. In the long narrow house which forms the general cookery and lounging rooms of the men of each village, and the sleeping room of the bachelors, were many people preparing large messes of grated yam and cocoa-nut in flat wooden dishes. At the long oblong-shaped drum sat three performers: two young men each with two short sticks to perform the kettledrum part of the business, and an older man in the centre whose art consisted in bringing out deep hollow tones from his wooden instrument. Around them stood some thirty men, two of whom I noticed especially decked out with red leaves and feathers in their hair. Near this party, and close to the long narrow house at the end of which I stood, was a newly-raised platform of, earth supported on stones; [202/203] on the corner stone were laid six or eight pigs' jaws with the large curling tusks left in them: this was a sacred stone. In front of the platform were three poles covered with flowers, red leaves, &c. For about an hour and a-half the men at and around the drum kept up an almost incessant shouting, screaming, and whistling, moving their arms and legs in time; not with any wild gesticulations, but occasionally with some little violence, the drums all the time being struck incessantly. About the middle of the ceremony an old, tall, thin man, with a red handkerchief (our gift at some time) round his waist, stuck full of long red leaves, began ambling round the open space in the middle of the houses, carrying a boar's skull in his hand; this performance he repeated three times. Then a man jumped up upon the platform, and, moving quickly about on it and gesticulating wildly, delivered a short speech, after which the drum and the shouting were louder than ever. Then came another speech from the same man; and then—the rain evidently hastening matters to an end—the whole thing ended without any ceremony of consecrating the stone, as I had expected. In the long room, afterwards, I had the opportunity of saying quietly what I had said to those about me during the ceremony: the same story of the love of God, in giving Jesus Christ to turn men from darkness to light."

[204] One or two new islands were visited this year, as well as many of the old ones, which had of late been dropped out of reckoning by the press of business.

"I think you would be pleased," wrote Bishop Patteson, on his return from this voyage, "if you could see our present party at school and chapel. More than half our party (thirty in all) read and write their own language well, to the extent of taking my MS. questions and making out and writing the answers, day by day, as a regular part of their school work. I can catechise my first Banks Island class much as I could and do catechise an intelligent class in an ordinary Sunday-school. They can't quote texts as

well, because very few have been taught them, but their practical application of the facts taught to their own circumstances is very hopeful. I feel very sanguine about the next winter's work, if it so please God."

One of the cleverest and most promising of the Loyalty Islanders was Harper Malo, from Nengonè. A young man from Santa Maria, in the Banks group, was put under his charge, and in a short time Harper had acquired enough of his language to be able to translate one of the elementary books into it, so as to need but very few corrections from Bishop Patteson. Any one who will consider how he would set to work to reduce an unknown language to writing, will feel some respect for the intellectual power of this quondam "Melanesian savage."

[205] Harper brought back with him a young girl to be educated, hereafter, he hoped, to become his wife. On Christmas Day, little Mary, who was only fourteen, was baptized; two days after she and Harper were married; in March she died of consumption; another hopeful blossom cut off.

One of the boys from the Banks Islands, Utakilava, had shown signs of great promise the year before this: he was the boy who had acted as lectern during Bishop Patteson's consecration, and they thought very well of him, but the influences of his old heathenism were too strong for him, even though the Bishop was at this time residing at Mota; and, though not without apparent struggle, he left them, and did not return to New Zealand. His place, however, was supplied by a young man from Vanua Lava, named Sarawia, who had once before been to New Zealand, and had made great progress there, but had since held aloof, and, as they feared, relapsed into heathenism. This last year, however, he had come to see the Bishop, and had explained his conduct to him; and since then he had gone on more than usually well. He built himself a house of two storeys, the first ever seen in Vanua Lava; the upper storey he inhabited with his wife, while in the lower he regularly assembled the lads of his village for school. When the party returned to New Zealand he regularly took an oar in the boat during the voyage back, and evidently took [205/206] an interest in the whole work, trying by signs and by scraps which he had picked up of the various dialects, to induce other lads to join them. These were the sort of arguments he would use: "Very good; you, me, go New Zealand; you see ship there, very good; no fight; Bishop here, very good; plenty moons me stop with him; suppose you like to go to New Zealand, seven, eight moons me come back here. What for you afraid? you see me stop with them; they no fight me; they give me clothes, plenty food, hatchets, plenty good things; come along."

One lad from Mota, named Baratu, brought his little wife with him, a girl of ten years old, named Irotuvag. She was extremely bright and anxious to learn, but more like a boy than a girl, not much subdued by her matronly dignity. However, in six months she was able to read and write her own language readily—a considerable feat, as any one will acknowledge who has tried to teach a neglected child of the same age or older in England.

"Our first Mota class," wrote Mr. Dudley, "is a very pleasant one; it now numbers seven, but will, I hope, be increased. We find it difficult to supply them fast enough with books at present. Now that they have learnt to read with tolerable ease, nothing escapes them; if only a piece of manuscript with a few Mota sentences written by some of us is found lying about, it is seized on at once as a great [206/207] treasure, and read

through and through again until, almost known by heart. They are now beginning to learn to read English, and to translate it into their own language."

In June, 1862, the Sea Breeze was again chartered for four months. Of this voyage Bishop Patteson wrote afterwards, "I never remember so remarkable a voyage as this last. I do not mean that any new method was adopted in visiting islands, or communicating with the natives. God gave to the Bishop of New Zealand wisdom to see and carry out, from the first, the plan which more and more approves itself as the best and perhaps the only feasible plan for such peculiar work. But all through this voyage, both in re-visiting islands well known to us, and in recommencing the work in other islands, where, amidst the multitude of the Primate's engagements, it had been impossible to keep up our acquaintance with the people; and in opening the way in islands now visited for the first time; from the beginning to the end, it pleased God to prosper us, beyond our hopes. I was not only able to land on many places where, as far as I know, no white man had set foot before, but to go inland, to inspect the houses, canoes, &c., in crowded villages (as at Santa Cruz), or to sit for two hours alone amidst a crowd of people (as at Pentecost Island), or to walk two and a-half miles inland (as at Tasiko or Apec). [207/208] From no less than eight islands have we, for the first time, received young people for our school here; and fifty-one Melanesian men, women, and young lads, are now with us, gathered from twenty-four islands, exclusive of the Loyalty Group. When you remember that at Santa Cruz, for example, I had never landed before, and that this voyage I was permitted to go ashore at seven different places in one day, during which I saw about 1,200 men; that in all these islands the inhabitants are, to look at, wild, naked, armed with spears and clubs, or bows and poisoned arrows; that every man's hand is against his neighbour, and scenes of violence and bloodshed among themselves of frequent occurrence; and that throughout this voyage (during which I landed between seventy and eighty times) not one hand was lifted up against me, not one sign of ill-will exhibited; you will see why I speak and think with real amazement and thankfulness of a voyage accompanied with results so wholly unexpected. I say *results*—for the effecting a safe landing on an island, and, much more, the receiving a native lad from it, is in this sense a result that the great step has been made of commencing an acquaintance with the people. If I live to make another voyage, I shall no longer go ashore as a stranger. I know the names of some of the men; I can, by signs, remind them of some little present made, some little occurrence which [208/209] took place; we have already something in common, and, as far as they know me at all, they know me as a friend. Then some lad is given up to us, the language learned, and a real hold on the island obtained."

It may be remembered, that from one of the islands in the New Hebrides, called Mai, Bishop Patteson had at one time brought away two lads named Petere and Laure. They had been returned to their island, and had since been always friendly to the Mission party; and since that time their place had been supplied by other scholars, several of whom had learnt to read and write.

This year Bishop Patteson landed here, as usual, among a large number of old acquaintances, but missed Petere's face, generally the first to welcome him. On asking for him, he was told that Petere was not well; and, a little while after, that he was dead of dysentery. Still the Bishop thought that there was something strange in their manner, but what was the cause he could not make out; so he walked on with them till he reached Petere's village, where a large party had assembled, and were lamenting and

crying before it. When a pause came in the noise, the Bishop spoke, and told them how sorry he was to hear of Petere's death, but they still looked suspicious and wary, and one of the party who was unused to the kind of work, did not like the look of [209/210] the people, or the bows and spears. At last one, an old scholar, came forward and said, "The people here do not wish to deceive you; they know that you loved Petere, and they will not hide the truth. Petere was killed by a man in a ship—a white man, who shot him in the forehead. The Bishop made minute inquiries as to the ship, the number of masts, the appearance of the crew, &c., but the same story was told by all.

Meanwhile Mr. Dudley and Wadokal had been sitting in the boat, at a short distance from the beach: they, too, suspected, from the manner of the people, that something unusual had occurred. Presently they saw some men rush down to the beach, from the village where the assembly had been held, and distribute "kava" to the people, who immediately became friendly, changed their manner, and soon dispersed. A discussion had evidently taken place in-shore as to the treatment which the Mission party were to receive; and it had been decided, in consequence of old friendship, not to revenge the death of Petere upon them. Had they been strangers, they would have been killed at once.

After this, Bishop Patteson, wishing to restore mutual confidence, went back and slept ashore in Petere's village, happily without ill effects. Trust often succeeds, where suspicion fails.

Many pleasant little incidents took place on this [210/211] voyage. In one place a lad came out to the Bishop in his canoe, without giving him the trouble of swimming ashore at all. In another, he was allowed to pick out two lads from a party of thirty-six going on a fighting expedition in a grand war-canoe. In another, the young chief came on board with a white cockatoo instead of a hawk on his wrist, which he gracefully presented to Bishop Patteson. Above all was the joy of watching the progress of the work in Mota, already described, which was much owing to the efforts of the new member of the Mission, Mr. Pritt.

Mr. Pritt had been used to deal with boys before he came to Kohimarama, and turned his knowledge of boy-character to good account. He had a great genius for industrial management, and set to work immediately to try to reduce the expenses of the College, by making it, as far as possible, self-supporting: dispensing with all hired labour, both in the College and farm. In order to do this, it was necessary to make the boys clearly understand that there was nothing derogatory to their dignity in doing menial work; and, as the readiest way to prove it, Bishop Patteson and Mr. Pritt, and the other clergy of the Mission, took it in turn to help in the cooking, shoe-cleaning, &c., lest the lads should fancy that they were merely to be fags to the white men. "Most of the failures," said Bishop Patteson, "that [211/212] had occurred in the attempt to improve the native races, had arisen from not treating the black race just like the white. Why should the chief of a Melanesian island be told that he is to be the fag of an English boy?"

At length the long inconvenience caused by the want of a Mission vessel came to an end. The necessary funds had been raised in England, and a new schooner, rather larger than the old one, built under the Bishop's directions and sent over. On the 28th February, 1863, on a dark, rainy morning, as Bishop Patteson dismissed the boys after early school, himself remaining to finish something he had to do, he heard them saying,

"There is a vessel—like ours, perhaps." The Bishop took his glass, and said, "It must be the schooner!" whereat rose polyglot cries of delight from fifty Melanesians. "It is everything to us," wrote the Bishop—"home, means of communication with the islands, floating-school—to say nothing of its being like a pet child of our own. No more anxiety about boys pining in the cold climate, as winter draws on, and there is no vessel for charter; no more divided authority between master and owner; no more bad example for the boys."

The Bishop was far too much delighted with the sight of the new Southern Cross to remain ashore, and notwithstanding a heavy surf and drenching rain [212/213] he launched his boat, and, unincumbered with anything more than shirt and trousers, reached the ship wet through. She answered all his expectations, being fast, dry, and safe, and able to carry a large number of Melanesians.

Except the loss of Mr. Dudley, whose health had given way under his work, and who was obliged to return to a more bracing climate, there seemed at this time to be no drawback to the prosperity of the Mission. One of Bishop Patteson's friends wrote at this time: "It is pleasant to see how completely all is blessed to him, and how these Melanesians really are everything to him: the promise fulfilled, father, and sisters, and brothers, a hundred-fold—a continual halo of hope brightening all! He tells us wonderful things about the capabilities and progress of the boys; wonderful things of their reception and comprehension of Christian doctrine. Certain it is, I should suppose, that few people in such a stage have ever been so taught before—I mean in these later days, judging by all that we have seen and known of ordinary teaching. Thus, they have two first-rate men always working upon them. It is time only that can test these things—the first stages of a Mission are so different from the second: one almost sees and feels the special outpouring of the Spirit. Afterwards, when it settles into the ordinary condition of all works done by Him, the trial comes—[213/214] slackness, and lukewarmness, and all things that choke the good seed. It is the beauty of early childhood, in the first instance—the love, and reverence, and confidingness, and docility which make it so picturesque and pleasant."

## CHAPTER XIX.

ONE fortnight after the arrival of the Southern Cross, and the radiant sky was heavily overcast: her first use was not to sail gaily over the leaping waves with a happy party on board, but to lie in Kohimarama Bay, and serve as a quarantine ship. A terrible form of dysentery broke out in the College, defying all remedies, and pursuing its victims steadily until they died. On the 22nd of March the Bishop wrote: "I write from the dining-hall (now our hospital), with eleven Melanesians lying round me in extremity of peril. I buried two to-day in one grave, and I baptized another, now dying by my side, yesterday. There are in the hall (the hospital now) at this moment eleven; eleven more in the little quadrangle—better, but in as anxious a state as can be; and two more not at all well."

Night and day these devoted men attended to and nursed the sufferers, among such scenes as few but those who have had experience of such things can imagine. No office of kindness was too menial or distasteful for their Christian love. Mr. Pritt and Mr. [215/216] Palmer spent their time in preparing puddings and nourishing food such as the poor invalids could take. Bishop Patteson undertook the office of head-nurse, being

relieved only for six hours out of the twenty-four. His presence, indeed, was more necessary than any one's, from the number of patients whose language he alone knew how to talk, and whom he alone could persuade to take their food or medicine, or do anything which was distasteful to them.

No precautions—nothing seemed to stop the progress of the disease. Day after day fresh lads drooped, and had to be sent ashore off the schooner. On one occasion, as the Bishop had been sitting absolutely still for some hours lest he should disturb those who were sleeping round him, on going to the bed of one of them he found him dead.

Passion Week, a month after the outbreak of the disease, found little of its virulence abated. The poor boys were almost all of them patient and obedient, thankful and appreciative of the care and love with which they were tended; and Bishop Patteson was comforted in watching their patience and absence of anything like fretfulness and waywardness, even when worn out with pain and restlessness, and felt that many a lesson might be learnt from them by others, who know far more of Christian truth than they.

For himself, Bishop Patteson said, he had for [216/217] some time thought they could not always sail with a fair wind, and that some trial or other must soon come. But what was this to the falling away of any of their baptized scholars? He felt that they were all in the hands of One who loved them better than he did, and though he felt it a piteous sight to see them suffer and not be able to alleviate their pain, he could yet trust that all was for the best. In Easter week fifty out of fifty-two Melanesians had been attacked by the disease, and six had died. None of the English, and only Fisher Young out of the Norfolk Island party, had suffered from it. At last came a change for the better: a lessening of the virulence of the disease, a less haggard look about the faces of the sufferers. With what thankfulness it was welcomed by the Bishop may be imagined.

As soon as the convalescents could be moved they were taken on board the Southern Cross, and the schooner sailed for the islands. They slowly, but steadily improved, and the voyage proceeded without further anxiety. However, notwithstanding that the new Southern Cross proved fully equal to her predecessor, the voyage proved less successful than the last in some respects. The scholars were all safely taken back to their homes, and the winter school was begun at Mota by Mr. Pritt, Mr. Palmer, and four Norfolk Island and native teachers. The Bishop, as his custom was, meanwhile was cruising [217/218] about among the neighbouring islands; after the first fortnight's voyage he found all well, but upon his next return he found that a severe epidemic of influenza and dysentery had broken out at Mota, and thought it necessary to remove the whole party. Having so many on board, some of whom were unwell, and the captain also having been attacked by sickness, the Bishop reluctantly gave up the plan of visiting the Solomon and New Hebrides Islands, which had afforded such remarkable openings the year before, and took back thirty-five scholars, all from the Banks Islands and a few from Ysabel. The old scholars, with their wives, now looked upon returning as a matter of course, and they arrived at Kohimarama in August.

The cold weather (for August, it must be remembered, is in New Zealand like our February) did not injure the health of the scholars; and again everything went on brightly and happily for some months. As there were not so many fresh dialects to learn, there was more time for working up the languages which the Bishop had already

acquired; and he wrote in this year's report that "grammars and native stories, with translations, were being printed in seventeen or twenty languages, and that others were under consideration."

In March, 1864, the Bishop accepted an invitation from the Australian Dioceses to go there and tell [218/219] them about his work. While he was there, the same terrible disease again attacked the Melanesian scholars. Sir George Grey, the Governor, kindly allowed them to move down to a small island belonging to him, about twenty-five miles from Auckland; and there the same scenes of suffering and anxiety again took place. One lad had already died of consumption and one of dysentery during this year; when Bishop Patteson returned to Kohimarama, he found that six more scholars had passed away.

"We have been so tried," wrote the Bishop. "Fourteen scholars have died in twelve months. Often we had thought that some trial must come soon; and God sent it in the most merciful way. We may be tried—He only knows—by the far more bitter sorrow of seeing old scholars fall away, and the early faith of young converts grow cold. The trial—and it is a heavy one—has been given in the way in which we could best bear it now; and with the trial we, of all others, ought most to acknowledge that we have received a blessing."

## CHAPTER XX.

IN March, 1864, Bishop Patteson left New Zealand for Australia; and during the next six weeks he was busily engaged in advocating the claims of his Mission. He visited Adelaide, Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane, and at each place spoke to large and attentive audiences. The address delivered at Sydney is so interesting, and so characteristic of the speaker, that a few extracts from it are here given.

The Bishop began by saying that, while every Church ought to be a Missionary Church, the Church of Australia was specially bound, first to the aborigines of the country, and then to the heathen of the neighbouring islands. The islands of the Western Pacific were little known to the world in general; the southernmost of them (the Loyalty Islands) were occupied by the London Mission, and a few round Anaiteum by the Scotch Mission; northward of these, there was no Missionary agency whatever at work until you come to Borneo.

Then he described the Bishop of New Zealand's work among the islands, with the loyal fear that [220/221] always possessed him, lest people should attribute to him any credit which was the due of the Primate. He spoke of the plan, originated by Bishop Selwyn, of educating lads from these islands to be the future teachers of their countrymen; and he said that the reason why little publicity had been as yet given to this Mission was, that they wished to try fairly and quietly this method of operation, which had not been tried before. The plan had succeeded, and now he was in a position to come and speak to them about it, because he had tested it, and found it to be sound.

"The plan is this: here are very many islands, inhabited, you will remember, by people speaking different languages—they are a wild, barbarous people, living the most

savage lives that men can lead, and the practices common among them are almost indescribable. I will not dwell upon that state, because we are naturally too much disposed to dwell on the dark side of the picture. It is not, therefore, necessary that I should speak much about their depravity, as there would not be much good in dwelling upon it, and we are apt to forget that it is owing to God's grace and mercy that we are not similarly circumstanced; and perhaps, notwithstanding our privileges and advantages, we are not so much better after all. When we look at the apathy, the careless indifference in the discharge of duties, and the want of anything like self-denial on the part [221/222] of many people, and then remember that we have received for several centuries the heritage of Christianity, I do not think that, on the whole, we have any right to talk of the Melanesian savages as being such fearfully depraved specimens of the human race. I do not like to hear this language; knowing as I do this people so well, I sometimes feel it as a personal insult. Amongst them I have met some whom I might fairly speak of as thorough gentlemen.

"I do not deny that evil practices are going on; but the point to which I wish to direct your attention is not so much the moral depravity of all those races as their capacity for being taken out of that state of sinfulness, and brought from their blindness and ignorance into a state of purity, knowledge, and holiness. What we want to testify to you is this, that as God has made of one blood all the nations of the earth, it stands to reason that there is no human being incapable of receiving the blessings that God has bestowed upon us, as members of the common race of mankind collectively. If any one denies that the Australian black, or the Melanesian savage, is a man at all, I meet him on the simple ground of physiology; that will answer the question whether he is a man or not. But if you allow him to be a human being at all, see the inference that is to be drawn from that fact. If he is a human being, he is a partaker of that nature which our Blessed Lord took upon Himself when He [222/223] came down to earth to suffer and die for us, because He took a nature common to us all—His Divine Person. And now, let any Christian man tell me that a man who shares that common nature which the Lord of Glory took in His Divine Person is incapable of being taught what our Lord came down from heaven to teach. I know that no Christian man will dare to say that.

"Now, I hope that once for all every child will have a proper answer to give to that uncharitable and unchristian way of talking, about the incapacity of any race under heaven of being saved. Never listen to such talk again. It is utterly untrue, and opposed to the whole spirit of Christianity. Every single man, because he is a man, is a partaker of that nature which is common to all, and that is the nature which, at the right hand of God, is united to the divine nature in the Person of Christ. You will understand that there is no answer to that argument.

"Well, let us consider it to have been established, that every human being is capable of being taught that which is necessary for his salvation. I do not say that every man who is capable of learning would be able to teach others; it is not every spark that is capable of being fanned into a flame. But the capacity for learning is there—that is the point I am contending for; and it is because we know it to be there that our plan of operations has been directed [223/224] in the way I am now attempting to describe to you. I do earnestly trust that we do not go to the heathen man in any spirit of Pharisaical pity or contempt for him; we do not denounce him for being a wild heathen savage; we do not treat him with contemptuous pity, as if he stood outside the bounds of God's universal



love; but we go to him, assuming that there is in him a capacity for receiving that message that is sent to every creature under heaven.

"We know it is there: the difficulty is in calling out that latent faculty; and in that consists the skill of the Christian teacher, to try, as it were, and discover what is latent in the heart of a man to whom he is trying to teach the doctrines of Christianity—what it is he can lay hold of, and by which he may draw the man gradually into a region of light and truth and knowledge, which he seemed, at one point, to be utterly incapable of entering into."

Then Bishop Patteson described how he went ashore upon a new island; how his confidence and defencelessness begat confidence in the natives; how the lads whom he persuaded to come with him to New Zealand learnt the first lessons of civilisation, which is the fruit of Christianity, long before their minds were ripe for doctrinal truth; and how, of fifty scholars, half might be trained as possible Missionaries to their countrymen, while the other half would have fulfilled their mission in returning to [224/225] their islands and making way for a friendly reception of the Missionary whenever he would visit them. If the plan of the Mission were ever actually carried out in its fulness, the winter, when the scholars returned to their own homes, would be the time for the residence of an English Missionary in the central island of each cluster, to keep up the influence begun by the New Zealand College. But this plan they had as yet only been able to carry into effect in the Banks cluster of islands.

"Until we visited the island of Mota the people never went about freely: everybody venturing al short distance from home was armed with bow and poisoned arrows. The first time I walked round the island, after I had been a few days upon it, as I was coming back along a narrow path to the spot where I had been obliged to put up our little boat, I was met by three men with their bows all drawn. I said, 'Shoot away; it is all right.' They said, 'We heard you had been killed at the other end of the island, and we were coming to bring you off.' This will give you some idea of their shrewdness and cunning. I saw through their object at once. They wanted to persuade me that the people at the other side of the island were very unfriendly, so that they might get for themselves beads and hatchets, and other things I had brought with me. I, of course, walked back. I said to them, 'I do not come here [225/226] to make friends with any one person, but with all. What I want to buy for food I mean to buy from them as well as from you. My business is to put down all your quarrelling and fighting.' Now, was not this a very good lesson for them? Long before I could begin to use anything like phrases, which would have been only vague and unmeaning to them, I gave them practical lessons of leading a life that is the same kind of life as a Christian leads. It would be easy to say to them afterwards, 'Now you are leading a happy, comfortable, pleasant life. In old times the inhabitants of the islands I came from were just as rude and savage as you are; and the way in which they came to lead a more peaceful life was just the same kind of process that I wish to put before you now.' Then they see at once what my object is, and they are taught to regard themselves as belonging to the great family of man. They say, 'Here are people who were once in just the same state as we were; but they have been taught to build great ships, to make nice clothes, and to build fine houses, and all by the way they want to teach us.' From being ignorant, foolish, and quarrelsome, they come to take their place in the general community, and they begin to entertain some ideas of progress; they show a little more self-respect; and these notions underlie the regular education of the whole people. I think you will come to understand

that we thus [226/227] exercise a real influence for good over the people at large, all of which, really and truly—as good can only come from the Author of all good—is the work of God. And inasmuch as we know that Christ alone is the Mediator between God and man, it must be the work of Christ and of His Spirit. I could teach these people to utter the sacred name of Christ, if I wanted; but what would be the good of that, if they did not attach the notion to it that rises up in our minds? And why does it rise up in our minds, but because we have heard in our infancy the reasons why Christ died upon the cross? And if we did not know the object that brought Him from heaven, who He was, what He did, and why He died, there would be no more use in our learning that name than in a parrot learning it. You must teach the associations and the thing, and then when your scholars understand the thing, you can take some word in their language, and appropriate that particular name to the expression of the particular association which really it is intended to convey to their minds.

"There is a special responsibility resting upon us, who are the sole witnesses of the truth among these people. Any mistake on our part—any hasty expression—may be injuring for ever, perhaps, some of these people, who are now regarding us as the only witnesses to the truth of the new religion that is [227/228] being brought to them; and if they cease to place confidence in us, in whom would they place confidence? and if we unnecessarily place obstacles in their minds to the reception of Christianity, just conceive the fearful injury that will be done to them. If we were to teach them a whole host of vague, unmeaning words, which, after a while, they might themselves see to be very inadequate exponents of the truths that underlie them; or find them to be applied by us to quite different ideas to those with which they had associated them, I do not think that we shall be fulfilling our duty to God or to them. Our duty is, as far as in us lies, to teach them the practical lessons of Christianity—love to God and to man—and to teach them that Christ is the Mediator between God and man; that every blessing from God comes through Him, and that every prayer and good thought naturally rises to heaven through Him. But the question is, how to teach it? and it is not to be taught by merely speaking about it, even did their language contain the words that would readily express these ideas.

"Our duty is first of all to show them what a Christian life is; and then, by carefully examining the language, to search for the most suitable words to express Christian ideas, and to appropriate them to those ideas already imparted: to teach them the meaning of repentance, of faith, of all those words [228/229] so common with us, but not on that account so well understood by us. For how often amongst us is the unfortunate use of words to which each attaches what he thinks the proper meaning, a fruitful source of controversy and dispute! I want each word that I use to convey a certain idea to them, and no other; and until I feel perfectly certain that that word really does convey that idea, I had better not use it at all; otherwise I might give a wrong turn to their religious belief.

"I do testify to you," concluded the Bishop, "that if you go the right way to work in dealing with the native races: if you treat them with entire confidence, assume the existence in them of those instincts which belong to them as human beings, and seek to elicit from them all their latent yearnings and cravings after something better than what they at present possess—recognising in them a sense and power of appreciating truth—not troubling yourself with arguments about their superstitious practices, but stating the positive truth, and trusting to that proof to win a power in their hearts—being careful of

everything you do in your intercourse with them—never taking any step beyond the correctly ascertained knowledge of subjects you speak about, and being content to proceed cautiously rather than aiming to produce speedy results; you may, under God's blessing, lay the sure foundation upon which native churches may be built in Melanesia to last for ever."

[230] These words, and their like, spoken at the chief towns of all the Australian provinces, were not without their effect. The Churches of Australia, including of course New Zealand, pledged themselves to support the Mission, so as, in a few years, to free it from the need of help from the mother country. A plan was discovered by which the Mission vessel could be insured, and thus the expense which had attended the wreck of the first Southern Cross lightened, should such a calamity again take place.

Thus, at the very time that the second sickness at the Melanesian College was causing so much anxiety, the Church of Australia, in Adelaide, Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane, was pledging itself to the support of the Mission. The sickness was a transient though a very great sorrow; the adoption of the Melanesian Mission as the special Mission work of the Church of Australia will, by the grace of God, prove a permanent source of gladness and blessing to millions in all ages.

## CHAPTER XXI.

IN May, 1864, the Southern Cross again sailed for the islands. This voyage was marked by a sad occurrence, which, though the only one of its kind yet experienced by the Melanesian Mission, had ever been before their eyes as a possibility, fully reckoned upon when they counted the cost of devoting themselves to the work.

The idea of making the Norfolk Islanders the future assistants of the Melanesian Mission had been acted upon, and from time to time lads from that island had spent the winter at Kohimarama. Among those who had been early devoted by his parents to the work was Fisher Young, who had been an especial pet of Mrs. Selwyn's during her stay in the island, and whose family returning to Pitcairn's Island, had given him into Bishop Patteson's charge. For two or three years he had been constantly with the Mission party, and was now about seventeen years old: a remarkably natural, simple-minded, conscientious boy, thoroughly devoted to Bishop Patteson, who abundantly returned his affection. Edwin Nobbs, the son of the clergyman of Norfolk [231/232] Island, who, it was hoped, would eventually succeed his father in his office, was another who accompanied the Southern Cross on this voyage: he was somewhat older than Fisher—a strong, handsome young man of twenty-one.

The Southern Cross cruised about for several weeks among the New Hebrides, and several little adventures occurred which had more than a spice of danger in them. At Tasiko, for instance, the Bishop went ashore to see the people, and to procure yams. The landing-place was a neutral ground between two villages: an undesirable circumstance, since the state of society in these islands is such that war, not peace, is the normal condition of any two neighbouring villages; and as the inhabitants of both are certain to rush down to the beach at the first hope of trading, the stranger who arrives there is likely to find himself between two fires. So it proved on the present occasion. The Bishop, as usual, hung up his steelyard upon a tree, and proceeded to buy

yams by their weight. When the basket was about half full a quarrel arose, from some unexplained cause, and the inhabitants of the two villages rushed off towards their homes, shooting vigorously at each other as they went. The Bishop was in the midst, and not liking to leave his steelyard behind him, remained for some little while under fire in order to detach it from the tree and to carry away [232/233] his yams; after which he made his way to the shore, mercifully unhurt.

At Leper's Island, where the Bishop had now regularly for some years gone ashore, he was sitting in the midst of a crowd of people, when a man came running towards him with uplifted club. Not wishing to show any want of confidence, the Bishop merely remained sitting, and held out a few fish-hooks; but one or two of the men near sprang up, and, seizing the assailant round the waist, forced him off. It proved that a native of this island had been shot dead there, two months before, by a white man, for stealing a piece of calico; and the wonder was, not that the friends of the murdered man should have wished to revenge his death after their manner upon the first white man they saw, but that the rest of the population should have been able to discriminate, and to protect the Bishop from harm.

But it was at Santa Cruz that that event occurred which showed that now, as ever, those who devote themselves to doing God's work must be prepared to give up even life itself, if need be, in His cause.

Two years before, Bishop Patteson had landed at seven places on Santa Cruz, and had been received with friendliness in all. The people had a bad name, as some of the most treacherous of the Pacific Islanders; but Bishop Patteson had seen no sign of the justice of the accusation, and was inclined to [233/234] believe that it was a fabrication concocted by people who had provoked them by injury or insult, and had then found themselves attacked. However, he took here his usual precaution of landing alone, so that his life only should be endangered; the boat remaining about twenty yards from the coral reef, with Fisher Young, Edwin Nobbs, and two Englishmen, Mr. Pearce and Mr. Atkins, in it. Nothing occurred while the Bishop was on shore, to give him any suspicion of unfriendliness; he went up to the village and sat among the people, and then returned to the boat, swimming out to it as usual; 300 or 400 natives stood upon the coral reef, and some, as usual, swam by the side, and there kept their hands, it was observed on the boat, and refused to detach them, so that the Bishop had some difficulty in getting clear of them. Suddenly an arrow flew by, and another, and another. The Bishop had not shipped the rudder, and held it up, hoping to ward off any arrow that came straight; but on looking round he saw arrows flying in all directions round him, Edwin Nobbs with an arrow in his cheek, and Pearce lying at the bottom of the boat with the shaft of an arrow in his chest. Suddenly Fisher Young, who was rowing, gave a faint scream as an arrow transfixed his wrist; but the brave boy still pulled on, and the Bishop and Mr. Atkins sustained no injury. As soon as possible the sail was put up, [234/235] and with a light breeze the Southern Cross, two miles off, was reached without further harm. The arrow wounds were dressed, though it was a work of difficulty to extract them, especially poor Fisher's; and then came days of suspense and anxiety—were the arrows poisoned, or not? If so, it seemed impossible that the Norfolk Island lads, who, like all Pacific Islanders, were especially subject to lockjaw, should escape. Five days after, as Fisher was sitting with the Bishop in the cabin, he said, "I can't tell what makes my jaw so stiff." From that time there was no hope: the poor fellow grew worse and worse, his body rigid, like an iron bar, with fearful convulsions

and spasms from time to time; but in his most terrible agony he never lost faith and patience. Simple-minded and humble, as he had always been, so he remained to the end, trusting that all things were ordered by his Heavenly Father for his good, and that the blow which thus struck him down in his early youth, while life was just opening before him, was but opening the gate of the glorious land beyond. Several times his mind seemed to revert to the men who had killed him, and he said, "Poor Santa Cruz people!—poor people!" His sufferings were mercifully ended on the Monday morning, when he passed away to his rest. Five days afterwards, Edwin Nobbs was attacked by symptoms of the same, terrible disease. His case [235/236] appeared to take a less acute form, and for some days it was hoped that he would recover; but after lingering for some time, during which he showed the same Christian faith and steadfast endurance, he also died, and was buried at sea.

Thus that precious "seed of the Church," without which few great works of Christian love have been brought to completion, was sown in the Church of England Mission in Melanesia. For the sufferers themselves—much as their ever-increasing present and visible usefulness was missed by their fellow-workers—there could be but one feeling: they were both so completely of the number of those

"Happy, who through this world of strife,  
And sin, and selfish care,  
Their Resurrection-mantle white  
And undefiled wear:

Happy, who through the gate of death,  
Glorious at last, and free,  
Unto their joyful rising pass,  
O Risen Lord with thee!"

The Bishop's next meeting with Edwin's and Fisher's relatives was a very sad one, as may be imagined. But they felt that the cause in which their children had died was a noble one, and worth the sacrifice: and Mr. Nobbs, together with others, offered to commit to the Bishop's care some more of their children, to be trained by him to follow in the same career. The chivalry of religion is not extinct in this our day, even among the isolated inhabitants [236/237] of a Pacific island, where there are no links with the past in the shape of grand cathedrals and families who derive their lineage from Crusaders: it is to be found wherever the love of God and of man has its due place in the heart.

The other wounded man, Edmund Pearce, recovered after a time; but his precarious state caused the Bishop to hasten back to a colder climate as soon as possible; and five old scholars, whom the Bishop had wished to take back with him, were thus unavoidably left behind. The Southern Cross returned home with a freight of forty-three persons, and the school at Kohimarama settled down quietly to its summer work.

## CHAPTER XXII.

A FEATURE of the Melanesian Mission, which has been hinted at before, but not fully described, now began to be more developed in its working. This was the establishment of the Mission School at Kohimarama, as not merely a place of moral and religious

instruction, but also as a thoroughly efficient industrial institution, in which the scholars were taught not only the principles of Christianity, but the civilisation necessary for its practice.

Much of the work necessary to carry out this idea devolved upon Mr. Pritt, whose organising power set to work a system of discipline and subordination which proved to have the best results. A great part of the difficulty found in dealing with those who have been brought up heathens is caused by the absolute want of disciplined habits in which they grow up: the little things which are a training to those who live within the radius of civilisation are absolutely wanting to them; and when a boy is entirely independent of his parents at seven years old, and his only external need is protection against the superior strength of others, it may easily be imagined how little self-control he learns to exercise.

[239] Those who have read that most interesting book, Mr. Maclear's *History of Christian Missions in the Middle Ages*, will see how the same difficulty was met in the conversion of the Teutonic tribes; though, happily for our forefathers, the necessities of race and climate, which made hard work needful to the struggle for existence, kept their minds alive to the need of discipline, and prevented any such utter absence of early control as is found in the tropics. Wilfrid and Boniface, Eligius and Columba, had their industrial institutions in their monasteries, to which they brought their converts for a temporary sojourn wherein to acquire some ideas of the practical working out of the principles of Christianity.

Every one who has tried to manage any number of children, small or great, knows how easy it is to keep them in good order when they are employed, and how hard when they are idle; and Dr. Watts' adage held good at Kohimarama, as elsewhere. Besides, it was hardly possible to judge of the character of the lads as long as they were only seen at school; it was when they were working in the garden, the kitchen, or the printing-room, that their true qualities came out, and it could be seen whether they were industrious and trustworthy, or whether the good answer given at school came only from the head, and had nothing to do with the heart.

"Under Mr. Pritt's management," wrote the [239/240] Bishop, "the school has in three or four years quite changed its character. At first we had to study popularity. We had no hold at all upon any set of islanders; and, if work was likely to be distasteful, we could not venture to insist upon it. But we always felt that a large share of industrial work was a necessary element in the school, and by degrees it has become a recognised accepted rule of the place. Now, not only is the household work done entirely among ourselves (we have not a single white person on the place, except the Mission staff, and we are all workers), but we are beginning to do something creditable in the way of farm-gardening. Mr. and Mrs. Pritt are invaluable. He seems to know everything about household or garden work, and can not only do it with his own hands, but give the reason for everything, and make others do it too.

"We live very simply, it is true: *e.g.*, we don't care for any pudding with our dinner, and that important business is transacted in about fifteen minutes, instead of lasting hours; but what we have is cooked so as to satisfy any person, however fastidious. How it is that no breakages seem ever to occur among the crockery, I don't know: we have rats

enough, I'm sure; but they never do, or very, very rarely. We are punctual to a minute; nothing ever seems to go wrong.

"We do differ from any institution I know of in [240/241] some matters, all growing out of the one fundamental rule. Each member of the Mission is treated according to the amount that he contributes to the general stock of usefulness. Even more; it must be a usefulness capable of being very soon appreciated by our scholars. Some few of the more intelligent might understand that a great savant, *e.g.*, a great astronomer (suppose such an one here), was an eminently useful man, for upon his calculations were founded our navigation tables, &c.; but he would be a very useless man in the eye of most of them; and, while they were working hard, he would seem to be an idler, and so his example would be mischievous. It may seem odd to some people that we have no servants—that we all live entirely together at a common table, six or eight Melanesians having precisely the same food as myself and others at the high table—others, mixed up with three or four Englishmen, at the next table—the great body of the scholars at their tables again. It may seem unnecessary that I should do what, of course, I never did, nor needed to be taught, in England, where difference of work does not imply degradation of race—brush my shoes, sweep my room, and all the rest of it. But how are we to raise a race, naturally disposed to be dismayed and saddened by the sight of our superior knowledge of things material, if we let them suppose that their place is to fag?

[242] "What I see here to encourage me is mainly this,—that our lads and young men are habitually filling responsible positions with faithfulness, industry, punctuality, and honesty. They know that we treat them with confidence; they see that they are respected—as men and youths conscious of their duty, and expected to fulfil it. Many of them are like Sixth form fellows at Eton: the tone and \_\_\_\_ of the place is good: they would not suffer among themselves things that are wrong. Hence, in a school of seventy Melanesians, of whom thirty are newly brought from wild, savage life, we never hear of quarrelling; and when a pair of scissors was missing, it was regarded as a very great matter; while of course what are called perquisites by certain people in England don't exist here, and would be called by a very different name, if the practice was discovered on the smallest scale. I mention these small matters—I could mention any number—because I am convinced that the reading and writing is the least important part of the training of these races. How many of the early Christians could read and write? I am not contending that Melanesians will. become great philosophers and book-worms; but simply that they can become good Christians, and capable of teaching others also. Of course our scholars can read and write, and some of them are good teachers; not mere indolent hearers of lessons, [242/243] but bright intelligent questioners and instructors: Yet only a small average of mankind possesses much intellectual power, while all can acquire habits of obedience, industry, faithfulness in fulfilling responsibilities. And so, while we are in school, technically so called, about three hours a day for all, and four, hours and a-half to five hours for the more advanced scholars, yet *all* and every one (including myself) are responsible for the employment of their time except in hours which are alike play hours for *all*. Morning school is over at 9.30 (for we are early folks here); but, till 1 p.m., gardening, farming, printing, &c., is going on under the charge of English or Melanesian, so to say Sixth Form lads—an English boy under a Melanesian boy, just as likely as the converse. I am the only one who do little or no manual work: I did it once, but now I work at languages, or preparing lessons, &c., all day, when not with classes, which take about six hours a day,

counting English and Melanesian. But there is an exception to every rule, they say, and, if I am the exception, it is understood that I am about Melanesian work.

"It is easy to stop short, content with the often indiscriminate, yet always warm affection of these islanders; it would be so easy to grow foolishly fond of them; but that would only result in making them amiable, useless fellows. I am quite sure that [243/244] nothing but a thorough love for them, a complete confidence in them, will be of any use. But I can see, too, that as they grow up into the knowledge of what our teaching means, they must be strengthened and hardened for hard work, by a treatment, not indeed less loving, but more suited for men. I think that the daily life of every one of our Sixth Form (so to say) involves some real self-denial; they have every day to do something that a lazy fellow would shirk, and that would prevent any but an earnest fellow from coming to us a second time. Not that we invent means of testing this, but they occur in the ordinary routine of every day: things that to lads utterly unaccustomed to any control, discipline, or regularity, must be irksome, meet them at every turn; and yet there is no system of espionage, and they see that all are treated alike. The bell rings, and we must all be in hall for breakfast. Well, if any one is late, he must go without his breakfast. It doesn't matter whether it is I or the smallest Melanesian boy, because the rule is for all alike. If the reasonableness, even the necessity of our mode of life be not apparent to one who has a fair trial of it, I think I should regard his want of perception as a sign that he would not do for this kind of work.

"It is because so much progress in all this kind of training has been made in the last year, that I have written at such length about it. I think that many [244/245] lads are being found 'faithful in a few things,' that they are accustomed to discharge certain duties with regularity, and to manage eight, ten, or twelve younger lads kindly and judiciously. They are already practising on a small scale what by-and-by they may have to do in their own homes on a much larger scale."

It might be objected to so minute a system of discipline as was carried on at Kohimarama, that those effects might be likely to follow which were found to ensue upon the system of the Jesuit Mission schools in Paraguay. The Paraguayan converts were found, when their teachers were removed, to be in a state of mental childishness, so accustomed to rely absolutely upon them that they could not stand alone, and fell back into barbarism when the system of minute regulations under which they had been used to live was swept away. Bishop Patteson took every precaution that this should not be the case: he aimed at making his scholars self-dependent, and able to act for themselves without him, and thus, whenever a lad proved fit to be trusted, he was put in authority over others—at first merely over three or four, then over more, as his experience increased. The Bishop always endeavoured to keep before their minds, in every conceivable manner, the fact that they, and not the wonderful white race, whom they were inclined to worship as barbarism always [245/246] worships civilisation, were the instruments chosen by God to bear the Gospel to their own people.

"When uncivilised races," said Bishop Patteson, "come in contact with civilised men, they must either be condemned to a hopeless position of inferiority, or they must be raised out of their state of ignorance and vice by appealing to those powers within them, which God intended them to use, and the use of which will place them, by His blessing, in possession of whatever good thing may be denoted by the words religion and civilisation.



"Either we may say to our Melanesian scholars—'you can't expect to be like us; you must not suppose that you can ever cease to be dependent upon us; you must be content always to do as you are told by us; to be like children, as in malice so in knowledge; you can never be *Missionaries*; you may become assistant *teachers* to English Missionaries, whom you must implicitly obey; you must do work, which it would not be our place to do; you must occupy all the lower and meaner offices of our society': or, if we do not *say* this (as, indeed, no man would be likely to *say* it), yet we may show by our treatment of our scholars that we think and mean it—or we may say what, *e.g.*, was said yesterday to a class of nineteen scholars who had just been reading the 9th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles: 'Did our Lord tell Saul all that he was to do?' [246/247] 'No.' 'What! not even when He appeared to him, in that wonderful way from heaven?' 'No.' 'What did the Lord say to him?' 'That he was to go into Damascus, and there it would be told him what he was to do:' 'What means did the Lord use to tell Saul what he was to do?' 'He sent a man to tell him?' 'Who was he?' 'Ananias.' 'Do we know much about him?' 'No: only that he was sent with a message to Saul to tell him the Lord's will concerning him, and to baptize him.' 'What means did the Lord employ to make known His will to Saul?' 'He sent a disciple to tell him.' 'Did he tell him Himself immediately?' 'No; He sent a man to tell him.' 'Mention another instance of God's working in the same way, recorded in the Acts.' 'The case of Cornelius, who was told by the angel to send for Peter.' 'The angel, then, was not sent to tell Cornelius the way of salvation?' 'No; God sent Peter to do that.' 'Jesus Christ began to do the same thing when He was on earth, did He not, even while He was Himself teaching and working miracles?' 'Yes; He sent the twelve Apostles and the seventy disciples.' 'But what is the greatest instance of all, the greatest proof to us that God chooses to declare His will to man through man?' 'God sent His own Son to become Man.' 'Could he not have converted the whole world in a moment to the obedience of faith by some other [247/248] way?' 'Yes' 'But what did He in His wisdom choose to do?' 'He sent His Son to be born of the Virgin Mary, to become man, and to walk on this earth as a real man, and to teach men, and to die for men.' 'What does Jesus Christ call us men?' 'His brethren.' 'Who is our Mediator?' 'The *Man* Christ Jesus.' 'What means does God employ to make known His will to us?' 'He uses men to teach men.' 'Can they do this by themselves?—'No; but God makes them able.' 'How have *you* heard the Gospel?' 'Because God sent you to us.' 'And now listen! how are all your people still in ignorance to hear it? What have I often told you, about that?' Whereupon the scholars looked shy, and some said softly, 'We must teach them.' 'Yes, indeed, you must;'" and so the lesson ended with questioning them as to the great duty and privilege of prayer for God's Holy Spirit to give them both the will and the power to do the work to which God was calling them.

"So we constantly tell them—'God has already been very merciful to you, in that He has called you out of darkness into His marvellous light. He has enabled you to receive the knowledge of His will and to understand your relations to Him; He has taught you to believe in Him, to pray to Him, to hope for salvation through the merits of His Son's death and resurrection. He has made you feel [248/249] something of the power of His love, and has taught you the duty of loving Him and loving your brother. He calls upon you now to rouse yourself to a sense of your true position, to use the gifts which He has given you to His glory and the good of your brethren. Don't suppose that you are unable to do this; you are unable to do it as you were unable to believe and love Him by yourselves; but He gives you strength for this very purpose that you may be able to do it. You can do it through Christ who strengtheneth you. Our fathers were not more able to teach their people once than you to teach your people now. God requires you to show

your love to Him. It is no good merely talking about it; it is no good for you to be able to read the Gospel in your own tongue, unless you act upon it; and Christ nowhere said that only white people and only people who live as we live and know the things that we know were to be enabled to carry His message of love throughout the world. Moreover, if you don't do it, who is to do it? We are few in number, and your languages are innumerable, and your customs strange, and your islands very unhealthy for us to live in, and we may die any day; is, then, this blessed work to stop because you will not believe it is the work which God has assigned to you, and which He will indeed give you strength to fulfil, if you earnestly pray for it through His dear Son?'

[250] "This, then, is the method we adopt and endeavour to work out in our daily life. Thus, *e.g.*, we make no distinction whatever between English and Melanesian members of the Mission as such. No Melanesian is excluded now from any office of trust, nor would he be deterred from occupying the position of most authority in the Mission if he were found fit to hold it. We aim at making the Mission wholly independent of foreign assistance some day, when Melanesian bishops, following Bishop Crowther in West Africa, may preside over native churches throughout the islands of the sea. It follows that as there is no distinction made with regard to those who have to do the work, so there is no distinction made with regard to the work itself. Every kind of work is simply regarded as necessary for the well-being of the school, and no classification is made of higher or lower kinds of work, of work befitting a white man, and work befitting a black man. Each one does that part of common work which he can do best, and so bring the largest amount of usefulness into the common stock. English and Melanesian scholars or teachers work together in the school, printing-office, dairy, kitchen, farm. The senior clergyman of the Mission labours most of all with his own hands at the work which is sometimes described as *menial* work; and it is contrary to the fundamental principle of the Mission [250/251] that any one should connect with the idea of a white man the right to *fag* a black boy, or that any one should refuse to do *any* thing which may be for the general good. How can a Melanesian be raised out of his natural acquiescence in his own inferiority if he sees that he is always treated as an inferior? Treat him as an inferior, and before long he will resent it by an ill-mannered, vulgar assertion of his independence; he will be insolent, because we have not taught him to be manly, and vain and headstrong, because we have not taught him self-respect; he will succeed only in imitating the worst points of our character; he will become selfish, conceited, obstinate, a drunkard, and a profligate. But treat him as an equal, take your full share of work with him, let him practically feel that he is not divided from you; and there is hope instead of discouragement, a brightness and activity instead of indolence and depression, and a consciousness of increasing powers of usefulness, and a sense of freedom and manliness and self-respect—qualities which belong to him by right of creation as well as to us, but which are easily repressed by unkindly and ungenerous treatment, and can scarcely struggle into existence unless they are enticed forth by kindness and love.

"Young men and lads now come to us and say, 'Let me do that; I can't write the languages, or do many things that you and Mr. Pritt and Mr. Palmer [251/252] do; so let me scrub your floor, or brush your shoes, or fetch some water.' And of course we let them do so, for the doing it is accompanied by no feeling of degradation in their minds; they have seen us always doing these things and not requiring them to do them, as if it were the natural work for them because they are black, and not proper work for us because we are white. The work has no injurious effect upon them; it does not now lead

them to think of themselves as just equal to that sort of employment, and unfitted for any other more important duties. It would have been foreign to our principle to let them do so at first: they would have accepted that kind of work as denoting the measure of their capacity for work, and drawn at once into their minds the fatal distinction of an inherent superiority and inferiority in the nature of white and black people as such.

"In all the complicated relations of civilised society various works and trades are carried on by different classes of men without instilling ideas of natural superiority or degradation. But the case is notoriously different when the civilised and uncivilised man are thrown together. The rude, ignorant man is oppressed and overwhelmed by the new sights and circumstances of civilised life; everything around him forces upon him the consideration of his inferiority to the wonderful people among [252/253] whom he is for the first time placed. Yet all these things are not essential to us as men in a state of probation moving onward to death and judgment; they are merely separable accidents from our peculiar position. And the Melanesian native must be taught to know this, lest he despair and give up as hopeless the idea of becoming what we are as *Christians* because he cannot become what we are as *Englishmen*. But what does it matter whether he can or cannot become a scholar, a statesman, a philosopher; or whether he can or cannot exhibit the marks of nineteenth century civilisation? The real point is, whether he can or cannot become a Christian; and God who created him and redeemed him has left us no doubt as to how to answer that question."

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

IN May, 1866; the Southern Cross again sailed for the Islands, leaving at Kohimarama Mr. Pritt with twenty-seven Melanesians, whose education it had been thought best not to interrupt. The first stage was, as usual, to Norfolk Island; then the New Hebrides were reached, landings made, and the usual work began. A few extracts from the journal of this voyage will give the best idea of it.

"On Monday we spent a hard-working morning in a manner very necessary for the success of our voyage, yet not corresponding exactly to the notion that people usually form of the duties of a Missionary. At seven A.M. the Bishop, Mr. Palmer, and Mr. Atkin, with three of our scholars, went off to a boat cove nearly two miles distant, where a large party of natives was assembled in great excitement, each man carrying yams, or sugar-cane, or a pig, or some other article of trade. The boat was of course surrounded in a moment, each man pressing forward to sell his goods. We succeeded in most places, after one or two visits, in making the people understand that we [254/255] must buy by weight, and not by the number of the yams, which of course vary greatly in size. So the Missionaries became yam and pig-dealers for the time; a steelyard is hung upon the nearest branch, and a hatchet is given for 70 lbs. or 80 lbs. of yams. The people deal honestly enough, bringing more yams to make up any deficiency in weight, and highly approving of our honesty when we return a yam from a basket above weight. The noise is deafening: every one is anxious to get rid of his produce; every one talks at the same time and at top of his voice; men shout, and women scream, and pigs squeal, and every one is wet through with wading, and covered with the fresh soil from which many of the yams have just been taken, and stained with the turmeric which covers the bodies and mats of the people. At last the boat, quite full of yams, and pigs, is shoved off, and then the excitement subsides; the people sit quietly round the Missionary, who remains on shore while the boat returns to the schooner. Pigs and yams are forgotten

for a while, and the talk is of their affairs in the island, and our customs in New Zealand; questions are asked about our motives in taking away some of their young people; many volunteer to come with us, and we have no difficulty in securing any amount of attention while we tell them, when we know the language sufficiently well, the old and new story, and contrast [255/256] a life of peace and happiness with their suspicious mode of life, their quarrellings, and fightings.

"These days are always fatiguing. It is necessary to be watchful without appearing to watch; to say a word here and there at the right time, to keep every one in good temper; the mere noise is distracting, and often, as to-day, two distinct languages but imperfectly known must be spoken at the same moment, to say nothing of directions in their languages to our own scholars from other islands assisting us in the boat, and the bartering hatchets, &c., for yams.

"Often, where we are not well known, these visits are attended with some risk. It is impossible to buy all the yams, and it tries a man's temper to have to carry back unsold a heavy weight, it may be a mile or two, to his village. Not unfrequently some reckless fellow sends an arrow after the boat's men who have not satisfied his longing for a hatchet; they have little idea of the value, and no idea of the sanctity of human life, and think no more of shooting at a man than a school-boy of throwing a stone at a bird. But for this very reason the boat ought not to be suffered to leave the vessel without some thoroughly responsible person, well acquainted with native habits; the Bishop invariably goes himself. The islanders, of course, seize upon the opportunity afforded by these visits to obtain hatchets, adzes, fish-hooks, &c., and we must barter with them, or give up all hopes [256/257] of obtaining a friendly introduction to them. Moreover, we must feed our large party on board. We can only redeem this 'barbarism of barter' by remembering that it is a necessary step to a more perfect acquaintance with each other.

"*June 21.*—To-day we lowered the boat in the early morning off Whitsuntide Island, where the Bishop is well known to many of the people. We stayed but a short while, however, as we only wished to tell them that we hoped to return in two or three months. The breeze was still very stormy, and it took but a short time to sail on to the north side of Leper's Island. This magnificent island is inhabited by a singularly fine race of people. Never was a place more completely misnamed. The natives live in a very sad, quarrelsome way among themselves, but they know us now in many parts of the island, and a visit to them has become far less anxious work than it once was. Yet to-day we saw a very good illustration of the character and habits of the people, their friendship to us, and their suspicious, uncertain behaviour to each other.

"We took our two scholars ashore, and on the way the father of one of them met us and got into the boat. He had, of course, some information to give of fighting among themselves and the neighbouring villages. One of the lads begged the Bishop to steer a little more to the eastward, as it [257/258] would be unsafe for him to land two hundred yards from the spot to which he directed us. A crowd of people met the boat, bringing presents of yams, taro, cocoa-nuts, native mats, &c. The Bishop was laid hold of, as usual, as he went ashore; pigs' tusks (a great ornament at this island) were thrust on his wrists, a bow and arrows, amongst other presents, put into his hand; men, women, and children were all thronging to touch his hand, and exhibiting every mark of welcome. They begged him to go in shore and eat some food, to sleep there, to stop among them;

but he was obliged to tell them that he had many scholars on board whom he wished to take without delay to their homes, and that he could not stay now, but would do so (D.V.) on his return. Then he waded back to the boat, calling out for some hatchets to give to these friendly islanders, when one of the lads whom he had just taken on shore hastily ran up to him with a frightened look, and said, 'Get into the boat; quick, quick; pull away directly; they are shooting here!' No one thought of shooting an arrow at us, but some quarrel had arisen among them in a moment, the women ran off, and so this pleasant visit broke off abruptly. This is a fair specimen of the reckless, lawless way of living throughout these islands. Any one mischievous person has it in his power to bring on at any moment a serious quarrel; the men join in on [258/259] one side or the other from impulse, from mere excitement, or from some feeling that, right or wrong, they must take the part of a kinsman or member of their village. Then some one is killed in the heat of the quarrel, and so the beginning is made of a series of retaliatory acts which may prolong the quarrel for years. A hundred yards from the shore we were again talking and exchanging articles of trade with the natives in their canoes as if nothing had happened. What a grand island this is! The long slopes of the lofty hills are literally covered with forests of cocoa-nut trees and bananas.

"We filled up our water-tanks the next day at a beautiful waterfall in Aurora Island, where the people sitting about us watched the bush anxiously, with arrows fitted to their bow-strings, expecting at any moment an attack from the neighbouring village, with which they were of course at war. The Bishop several times begged them to go away, saying, 'If you choose to quarrel, I don't want to have anything to do with it, and I feel pretty sure that there are faults on both sides. If the other people, who are stronger than you, come up and find me alone, it will be all right, because I am a friend of both. But I have no desire to be shot by either party in the *mélée*, with an arrow not intended for me.' However, our friends, though they left us for awhile, could not be restrained [259/260] from coming back to get a few fish-hooks and presents from us. We had a delicious bathe in the clear foaming stream.

"*June 23.*—We landed at eight A.M. at Mota. A large party met us on the beach expecting to meet their friends, and we were pleased to find that they received the news of twelve of their people remaining in New Zealand without a sign or word of dissatisfaction. Not that they did not express some disappointment, but they at once said, 'Quite right; we know what you keep them for.' The few things that Mr. Palmer needed for his three months' residence on the island were soon landed; and, after hearing a good account of the state of the people, and making necessary arrangements with our scholars, whom we had brought with us for a short visit to their home, we returned to the schooner and sailed across to Araa Island.

"Here we landed Henry Tagalana, Fisher Pantutun, and Wenlolo, and spent a pleasant hour or two with our old acquaintances. How different our feeling is with respect to these islands from what it was only a few years ago! There is now, thank God, so much hope mixed with the sorrow for evil customs still prevailing and the comparatively small progress already made.

"We left Araa at three P.M., set the square sail, and started with a fair sail for the Solomon Islands. [260/261] Sunday was a close rainy day, the thermometer marking 86°—hot enough for our mid-winter day! All our party on board well; and many of them dabbling about like ducks on deck, in the heavy rain. We were almost becalmed

for a day on our way down to the Solomon Islands, and we fell in with the close rainy weather, of which we have had so much experience of late years, as we made the first island of the group to which we were bound.

"We landed our island party in the early morning of Wednesday, June 27; and, in spite of light and baffling winds, managed to reach the village of our San Cristoval scholars on the same day, and took them on shore at 8.30. P.M. A pretty sight it was. Their friends had lighted a large fire under a tree, whose branches reached over the edge of the little boat cove. Their dark forms were grouped round the fire, blazing up into the branches of the tree, and the thick dark foliage behind contrasted with the white line of surf on either side of the narrow passage behind us.

"On the next day we reached Anudha Island, and landed our scholars. The feeling of the people here is becoming very friendly, and we hope to spend a short time with them soon; but we were anxious to take on our scholars to Ysabel Island without delay.

"The morning of Friday, June 29th, was unfavourable for working into our anchorage at Ysabel. Thick rain-squalls obliged us to give up the attempt [261/262] till after mid-day, when the weather improved; and by 2 P.M. we were once more at anchor. We have, indeed, much to be thankful for. Out of sixty-nine Melanesians with us last season, one only has been taken from us by death; twenty-seven remain at Kohimarama; but ten, who spent the former winter there, have now been taken home for a holiday; so that forty-one scholars have been returned in safety. How different our reception might have been if we had brought back diminished numbers, with sad tales of sickness and death. Thank God! we have been, spared this, and everything looks hopeful; though we learn each voyage not to expect to see any great or sudden change, but to be thankful for any appearance of improvement, where everything so greatly, so fearfully needs it.

"The south-east end of this great island is very mountainous. Each valley contains its small population: and, as a general rule, the inhabitants of one valley may be presumed to be at war with their neighbours. They cannot contrive to live close to each other without opportunities occurring of committing frequent depredations. Women, yams, pigs, are stolen; quarrels and deaths follow as a matter of course. But men and lads who belong to hostile tribes meet freely on board the Southern Cross, and have been with us in New Zealand. We came hither as the friends of all, and partisans of none; but the [262/263] insecurity of their mode of life shows also the extremely uncertain character of our work. A whole tribe with which we have become acquainted, whose language, after much labour, we have learned, may be driven away, dispersed, or even almost destroyed in a few days or weeks; and we are powerless to prevent these evils. We can, indeed, remonstrate, and urge the people strongly to lay aside their old jealousies and feuds; but we all hear of countries unsettled still, after centuries of so-called civilisation, and what must we expect here?

"The Bishop slept on shore last night at a most extraordinary habitation. A site for the village has been chosen on a hill surmounted by steep, almost perpendicular, coral rocks; the forest has been cleared for some space all round, so as to prevent any enemy from approaching unperceived; there is a wall of stones of considerable height on that side of the village where the rock is less precipitous, with one narrow entrance, approached only by a smooth, slippery trunk of a tree, laid at a somewhat steep inclination over a hollow below; but the tree-houses with which we made acquaintance

of old at this island are at this place on a scale almost incredible. Tall trees rising out of the steep slippery sides of the hill are chosen for these great bamboo nests, of which there are six at this one village. From the wall of the fort—for so the village may fairly be called—or [263/264] from the base, ladders are carried up to these tree-houses. It is surprising to see men, women, and children, passing up and down these ladders. The Bishop confessed that he was afraid to make the attempt in the dusk of the evening. It was his intention to sleep in one of these curious houses, but he says he had no idea of their real character at this particular place. A day or two afterwards, however, he went up into the highest tree-house, and, with Mr. Atkin, made careful measurements. The house in which the people wished him to sleep is built on the top of a tree which rises up, from the hollow before mentioned, near the fort. The top of the stone wall is on a level with the trunk, at a height of thirty-four feet from the ground. The ladder reaching from the fort to the tree-house had forty-two rungs at an average distance of eighteen inches from one another. The whole height of the house from the ground is ninety-four feet; its length is eighteen feet; breadth, ten feet; height, eight feet; all being inside measurement. Some of the trees were at a much greater distance from the fort, and the ladders at a proportionately greater angle. One woman, carrying a load, walked up one of these ladders without touching anything with her hand, with no balancing pole, after the fashion of our civilised performers, and without exciting the least remark or notice from the people standing about. [264/265] On the naked branches of these trees one man was walking about, hanging out his fishing net, without grasping anything with his hand, where one slip would have sent him down on to stones and stumps of trees ninety or one hundred feet below. Accustomed from childhood to these feats, they seem wholly unconscious of any danger, or indifferent to it. No accident occurred whilst they were making these houses, though to us it seemed an almost impossible undertaking to accomplish without the aid of wings.

"All this has been rendered necessary by their continued quarrels. They never heard of another mode of living. Insecurity of life and property causes no questioning and little uneasiness; it is simply the necessary condition of human life. They fear no attack when once safely lodged in their houses in the clouds. They say that no one would dare to attempt to burn or cut down the tree, for they keep a large stock of stones and spears aloft, and say that they could crush any men who attempted to come near the tree. There is a stage outside the house, and a trap-door in the bamboo flooring, from which they drop heavy stones; and, no doubt, the fighting-men run about on the branches, and throw their spears as fearlessly and securely as if they had a footing on firm ground.

"The next day the Bishop went to the other [265/266] villages, inhabited by the enemies of the people among whom he had passed the night. They possess a situation impassable by any persons not provided with cannon, and have no occasion to use tree-houses, for their villages are built on two projecting crags at the two horns of a shallow bay, which it is not altogether easy to climb with the help of the people, and which no one could hope to enter if they offered resistance. The height of these steep rocky cliffs, almost impending over the sea, is about 150 feet; and, in one case, the cliff is almost perpendicular on three sides, and on the land side, also, for a height of about twenty feet. A strip of bamboo affords some hold for the hand; but it would have been trying to the head, had not the precipitous face of the cliff been broken and cleared here and there by shrubs growing out of the rock.

"The Bishop spoke to the chief men, telling them that he was well aware of their feeling towards the inhabitants of the other villages, and entreated them to put an end to their continual fighting. He was told that they were all at present living in peace; but there is little dependence to be placed on what they said. Of course, neither party much liked his visiting their enemies, and his treating them all alike—that is, one day he had the chief man of one party at dinner in the cabin, and the same night the two young chiefs of the opposite party slept on board. [266/267] They all met apparently in a friendly way enough on board the schooner; but they have no intercourse with each other, according to their own account, at any other time."

Mr. Palmer had been left at Mota, while the Southern Cross proceeded on her voyage, and remained there eleven weeks, until he was taken up on her return. He was well acquainted with the language of the island, and from what he was able to do for it during even this short time, it was plain what an advantage it would be to the island when one of their own people, who could stand the climate, should be advanced enough to be placed among them as their Missionary.

At Wango, in San Cristoval, Bishop Patteson spent a week or ten days. He hired a small hut, for the rent of one hatchet, in which he with two scholars took up his abode. One of the lads, however, deserted him, but the other remained faithful, and always took charge of his few possessions when he went out. He spent his time in making friends with the people, and taking occasion, when he could, to talk to them about the object of his coming; and, though they did not seem very eager to hear, he, now and then, heard them talking among themselves in a way that showed that some impression had been made upon them. Thus, he heard one man telling the rest, how a man was not like a pig or a dog, [267/268] which died, and was buried, and came to an end; but that there was another part to a man, which he called "Adaro," which would live when the man's body died, and be judged for his good or evil deeds. The doctrine of moral responsibility and future judgment is that which has to precede all other teaching in the instruction of the heathen, as the Lesson of Advent Sunday precedes those of Christmas, Easter and Ascension-day.

The Southern Cross touched at Wango for the Bishop, and her course was turned homeward. She called for scholars at the various islands in her southerly voyage, and with a large number on board arrived at Norfolk Island, where Mr. Palmer, with sixteen Banks Islanders, was left to make the experiment of a summer school there. The rest of the party arrived safely at Kohimarama, where those who had been left with Mr. Pritt during the winter were found safe and well, and all gathered together in the little chapel for a service of thanksgiving for the blessings granted to them all.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

NOW began the last summer which was destined to be passed at Kohimarama—so long inseparably connected with the Melanesian Mission. For a long time—in fact, ever since 1856, when the Pitcairn population had been removed to Norfolk Island—Bishop Selwyn had wished to have some nearer point than Auckland for the central school, and more especially one whose climate would be less trying to the delicate tropical frames of the scholars. Bishop Patteson had long felt how great this advantage would be; more especially since the terrible visitation of sickness in 1863 and 1864; and he had now the offer of two sites—one on Curtis Island, in Queensland, Australia; the other on Norfolk



Island, which had once been refused to Bishop Selwyn. Climate and situation recommended Curtis Island; while character and population weighed in the balance for the abode of the Pitcairn people. Finally it was decided to make a trial of Norfolk Island, and Mr. Palmer, as we have before said, took up his abode there for the winter.

[270] Quietly and uneventfully the summer passed on, both at Kohimarama and Norfolk Island.

As this is the last time that we shall see the school at work, let us take a peep at it through the eyes of one who had long known and watched its progress—Mrs. Selwyn.

"Once more I am at Kohimarama, where the outward aspect of things has changed considerably for the better since I was last here. It is much more attractive to the eye now that the latest erections seem to complete the Quadrangle, and that the many gables of the old wooden buildings are covered with creepers. Basking is not the order of the day in this busy place, but groups of boys may be seen sunning themselves under the walls, making the air alive with their lively talk and very funny ejaculations. They come to learn, and habits of industry are daily enforced. But the teaching is in subservience to the precept about new bottles, which may refer to quantity as well as to quality. The wild things have time enough to amuse themselves in their own way, catching fish, cooking and eating it, throwing spears, &c., &c.

"So many lads have now come in succession from so many of the islands, that perhaps they know what to expect at Kohimarama; otherwise it must be a curious change to a little fellow who was following his tropical devices in his own wild way, to be [270/271] suddenly set down in a class with many things hitherto not dreamed of in his philosophy, in his hand—books, slates, copybooks. What can be the object of such articles? and why should he be solemnly kept to them at regular intervals! But the light dawns upon him as progress is made, for though the lads have the ignorance of children, they have the capacity of men (herein is one of the difficulties of the problem), and they learn readily enough; and in all that their fingers can accomplish, such as writing and sewing, they get on fast, being decidedly neat-handed. School is followed by some industrial work, for the benefit of the community; some go to print, some to cook, and some to till the ground. All serve in rotation as cooks and stewards; they have in succession been so well trained in this department that they can roast and boil and set out the table without any supervision. They also learn dairy work with a readiness that is surprising in people who have no quadruped on the island larger than a rat, and to whom hitherto cocoa nuts have been the only cows. The dairy is a temple of cleanliness, and the work is done with conscientious fidelity patiently; as you would say if you could see the gravity with which they will hang over a skimmer full of cream till the last particle of milk has dropped through. It is quite pleasant to see them so exact and faithful in that which is little, as it leads to the hope that they [271/272] may carry the same mind into that which is great. The garden, too, with its abundance of vegetables, which has supplied the commons for months, is also their care, chiefly that of one man, who has a decided taste for gardening, his natural genius having been developed by Mr. Pritt.

"A word, too, must be here said about the female department, on which so much depends. What will do more for any set of people than carefully trained mothers? for be the fathers what they may, instructed, wise and good, and as polished as you please;

ignorant, wild, unnurtured mothers will neutralise any advantage to the children. Mrs. Pritt's department, therefore, of training the women, stands in a high, almost in the first place, and to her chiefly is due the care which converts the raw material into a very useful fabric, with the orderly habits and neat ways that tell so much in domestic and social life. For the most part the women are wives of some of the scholars, and they learn in school like the rest, and in an industrial way become quick little seamstresses and tolerable washers and ironers. It is true that in this Institution man is the cooking animal, so the women do not learn much about kitchens, but they are busy enough it would seem.

"The printers stick to that work as to a trade, and already make themselves of great use. Lessons, [272/273] grammars, translations, are always going on; the varieties of dialects and the improvements in old translations always keeping up the supply.

"The teaching force here consists of the Bishop and Mr. Pritt, and Mr. Palmer, assisted by three or four young students. The elder and more instructed of the Melanesians also take their classes, thus beginning betimes to be exercised in that work which it is the one great object of their being brought here to fit them to be—teachers to their own people: and some prove themselves apt to teach as well as able to learn. The Bishop takes his full share from morning till night; not, indeed, the actual teaching in school, which Mr. Pritt conducts, but elementary and more advanced teaching in things Divine, according to the capacity of each class. Then, too, he has the constant teaching of the teachers, with the endeavour to make them in some degree masters of the principle of language, on the acquisition of which so much of their future usefulness depends. He has also daily readings with the young students who are in different stages of knowledge. But it is indeed to be hoped that some helper will come to take this division of labour with the English from off the Bishop's hands, in order to leave him free for his own especial part of the home life of the Mission, and which none but himself can do: the work, that is, of consolidating his stores of words and sentences [273/274] and constructions of each dialect, and putting them into such shape as that others may benefit by them hereafter. The like opportunities and the like capabilities will not probably meet again in the same man. There must be the delicate ear to catch the unwonted sounds; the ready tongue to express them; together with the ability to extract what is wanted from the Melanesians themselves. To put an unwritten language into form, to get hold of the names of abstract ideas, and again of the little words which link the speech together, and that out of people who certainly cannot guess what you are at, seems to an outsider, not versed in the business, a surprising success.

"The people differ very much as to the help they give to the Bishop, who, with pen in hand and ear intent, begins his questions to a group seated on the floor. First may come a set of Sesake lads, who will divulge very little of and about their mother tongue, and making it a matter of hard pumping to get at anything. To this party a printer will enter with a proof sheet of some other dialect, and the Sesake men go to sleep and rest their brains. By-and-bye a Mota set appears, and these, too, are quiet and silent, not to say dull. Now and then a meaning is given or a word used which seems to let in a ray of philological light upon researches into other tongues, to have affinities and open out vistas which [274/275] it is quite cheering to follow. The unlearned companion listens with admiring but ignorant attention to the hunting down of a word—a prefix or an affix it may be—up Polynesia, down Melanesia, till it comes to earth in Malay, and there it is left *en pays de connaissance* for future consideration.

"The Mota lads will be followed by a Mahaga set from Ysabel, bright, merry fellows, full of fun, talking and laughing, but not realising that when they have uttered a sound that nobody can speak and nobody can spell, it would be a help if they would but repeat it, instead thereof they constantly substitute another. Their sounds are truly wonderful, and seem to have but a remote connection with the old A B C of more familiar languages; yet the Bishop succeeds, after a while, in finding some letter, or combination of letters, which may express them sufficiently well, and so they appear in due course in manuscript, then in a printed form, till at last the lads read in their own words the great truths which they have first learnt orally. This is a most important part of the whole work, and one that one would gladly see the Bishop freed from other cares to pursue.

"And so all the work goes on, and grows by the addition of increments of knowledge; by the daily drilling of the people in habits of steady work, by the atmosphere of peace that surrounds them; and, above all, by the continual dew of the heavenly [275/276] blessing, for which it is comforting to think that many prayers are offered up by many friends, in many places at many times. Still it is not all *couleur de rose*. It is not a fancy piece, but an undertaking hallowed by the highest aims, yet subject in its working to all the flaws and weaknesses of human agency. To it belongs also the gradual and unequal progress which marks all human work, and its true record cannot be only of encouraging traits and lively anecdotes. It is not possible to cage so many wild birds without unceasing anxiety about their health. You cannot bring so many spirits, white and black, into close contact on this earth for months together without rubs. You cannot set a great machine going without expecting to hear it creak and strain, and you cannot keep it going without a continual effort; and what is there picturesque in all this?

"Moreover, the gathering in of much fruit is not to be looked for, still less to be the stimulus to exertion. Fruit is certainly the object; but the sight of it is not held out as the reward of the labourers, though they have the assurance that their labour cannot be in vain."

## CHAPTER XXV.

ON Easter Tuesday, 1867, the Southern Cross conveyed the bulk of the Mission School, with the Bishop, Mr. Codrington, and Mr. Bice, from Kohimarama to Norfolk Island. Mr. Palmer had spent the summer there, and Mr. Brooke and Mr. Atkin, with the boys under their charge, had been there for a month; so that when the Bishop arrived there, he found his new station in a fair state of preparation, enclosures and outhouses ready, and all in a state of sufficient forwardness to receive the large party who were there to be lodged. It had been intended to give it the name of St. Andrew's, after that of Kohimarama, but the Norfolk Island people had already given it the name of St. Barnabas, as it was upon that day that the Bishop decided upon the removal, and St. Barnabas continued to be its name.

Almost immediately after the Bishop's arrival at Norfolk Island, he started, with Mr. Brooke and Mr. Atkin, to take back his scholars to the islands; while Mr. Palmer, Mr. Codrington, Mr. Bice, and twenty boys from the Banks Islands, remained in Norfolk [277/278] Island, and spent the winter in finishing the necessary work for the Mission School.

One name will be missed in the catalogue of Bishop Patteson's clergy—that of Mr. Pritt, who had done so much towards the industrial development of the school. He had for some time been failing in health, and though equally regretting and regretted, he had at last been obliged to give up his connection with the Mission, and to take other work which did not demand so close and continuous a strain of attention. He and his wife were greatly missed, though the good effect of their work upon the school proved to be permanent.

The Bishop did not take back many fresh scholars, or visit many new islands during this voyage: he wished to have, during the ensuing summer, only those who were in some degree disciplined and accustomed to his ways, as the migration of the Mission School was in some ways a novel experiment, not without its dangers.

The following is an extract from a letter by Mr. Bice, written during the time of Bishop Patteson's absence among the islands:—

"Norfolk Island seems to hold out peculiar advantages as regards the working of the Mission. In the first place, it is only about 800 miles from the nearest group, the Banks Islands, where the people are most friendly, and from which a large number of [278/279] children come away every time; whereas from Kohimarama, in New Zealand, it was 1,400 miles, and the roughest part of the passage lies between this and New Zealand. And, again, here the climate is much nearer the climate of the islands; so that, while the boys can enjoy it, we are enabled to produce the fruits and vegetables of their own islands, which they infinitely prefer before English produce—a taste which is especially to be studied, as we do not wish to make them Englishmen in any particular, save in those of civilisation and Christianity, which go hand in hand.

"These advantages will counteract many things which at first appear dull and tedious to us white people; for instance, separation from the world in point of communication. But this one soon learns to give up, if the benefit will be great to the souls of one's fellow-creatures.

"Here we can keep a large school on less means than in New Zealand; besides which, probably, the health of the children will be less a matter of anxiety to the Bishop and those concerned in the Mission.

"We are left here now—Messrs. Palmer and Codrington (both in orders), myself, Hale, Nobbs, and about twenty-four boys from Banks Islands. I have got on very fairly with my Mota, and am now trusted with all the school in the afternoon, and a class in the evening. The morning is now devoted [279/280] to manual labour. Some of the bigger boys are quite Christianised, and about twenty have been baptized. Some five or six can now be trusted with classes in the school; and probably all those who have been baptized would be pretty ready with answers to fairly stiff Biblical questions. All in the school are taught to read and write their own language—no English entering the school at all; in some cases you will get a fairly voluminous account of things in general when you call for it. The school is now nearly self-working; everything can be done by the boys themselves, such as cooking, washing, planting, and things of every-day life. They are very quick at picking up things, and only require the white man to do a thing first and show them the way. At present everything connected with the Mission looks prosperous, and there is great cause for rejoicing that 'the multitude of the isles' are

beginning to pay heed to the message of the Gospel of Peace. The seed is being sown, I feel sure, in the young hearts here, and God, in His own good time, will give the increase.

"Soon, by God's blessing, I think we may hope to reap a harvest among the many islands from whence these youths come; for I do think there are some here in whose hearts the Spirit of God is working. They are all eager to be taught here, from small to great, and out of school hours may be [280/281] seen sitting about with their books, spelling out the words for themselves. Our translations, as yet, are for the most part in Mota, and that is principally learnt and spoken among the boys. How many languages are spoken here really I cannot say—certainly a very great number; but they all soon get to know one another, and converse in one language.

"And now a few words about Norfolk Island. My most sanguine expectations met with a perfect realisation when I had an opportunity of contemplating its beauty. The whole island is six miles in length, three in breadth, and twenty in circumference, and with about 9,000 acres of good land on its surface. We have a grant of 1,000 acres, which is situated on the western, and to me prettier, part of the island. While walking through anywhere here, from one place to another, you can easily imagine yourself in a large English park, carefully laid out with shrubs and trees; while the native long grass is very verdant, and is, I hear, capital pasturage for cattle. Fruits of every kind grow and abound here—the orange, lemon, banana, guava, melon, peach; and all are to be had for the picking."

In August, 1867, the Bishop returned to Norfolk Island, and the regular school routine began. The boys enjoyed their yams and sweet potatoes, and were perfectly satisfied with the change; and nothing [281/282] remarkable marked the progress of time until March, 1868, when an epidemic of typhoid fever broke out among the Pitcairn people, and spread, notwithstanding every precaution, to the Mission School, where four of the scholars died. This epidemic, however, was proved to be due not to any unhealthiness in the climate, but to temporary causes, easily removable. In consequence of it, Bishop Patteson, fearing that some of the boys might carry home with them the seeds of the fever, which in that hot climate might turn to a frightful epidemic, decided to make no voyage to the islands this year. The last accounts gave reason to hope that George Sarawia might be considered sufficiently prepared for ordination by the autumn of this year (1868); and thus it is probable that by this time the Melanesian Mission may rejoice in the attainment of the first step towards that native pastorate which has been its prime object from the beginning.

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We have traced the course of the Melanesian Mission for nearly twenty years, and we have watched the slow but steady progress of the tiny shoot planted by Bishop Selwyn, in his voyage in the little *Undine*, to the thriving and promising aspect which it bears at present. Yet it must be remembered that all the history of the foregoing pages is not the history of a complete work, but of a [282/283] beginning—such a beginning as may be compared to the digging of the conduit in the son of Sirach's parable, through which we see trickle a few drops of the overflowings of that river whose streams make glad the city of God, to turn the waste places into a garden, and to make the wilderness blossom as the rose. The beginning is toilsome and laborious; but, as that parable teaches us,

there will come a time, sooner or later, when the fruits of that earnest and patient labour will be made manifest and gladden the earth with their beauty.

"I said, I will water my best garden, and will water abundantly my garden bed: and lo, my brook became a river, and my river became a sea."

## APPENDIX I

### A VISIT TO NORFOLK ISLAND.\*

[Footnote: \* From the *Australian Churchman*.]

*Dec. 14th, 1868.*—I have recently had the privilege of spending a week with my friend Bishop Patteson at St. Barnabas' Mission Station, Norfolk Island, the head-quarters of the Melanesian Mission. A brief account of what I saw there is certain to interest your readers. I am in no way connected with the Mission, and my remarks may be taken to be those of an impartial lay observer.

Norfolk is a little grassy island some five miles long, containing about 9,000 acres. The old convict town, with its huge dilapidated barracks and gaols, officers' houses and servants' huts, is situated on the S.E. edge of the island, where the little Nepean islet gives shelter enough to form a precarious roadstead available in certain winds. This old town is occupied by the ex-Pitcairners now, some 300 strong, all told. Three miles from this across the island, on its northeastern shore, and communicating by a fair road with "the town," and also by a fair road, some three miles long, with the other, eastern landing place at Cascade [284/285] Bay, lies the Mission Estate of about 1,000 acres, facing north, and sloping gently down to low sea cliff and a rocky shore. The land—a low table flat, broken by gentle gullies—is a light red soil, of fair quality, covered naturally by a close growth of wild couch-grass, sprinkled, after a beautiful park-like fashion, with Norfolk Island pines and "white oak," while the gullies and the flanks of "Mount Pitt" (the chief hill of the island, 1,000 feet high) are full of a thick growth of wild lemon scrub, tree ferns, wild cotton and wild tobacco, and guano. On a slight ridge, half-a-mile from the sea, stands the scattered group of wooden Mission buildings. The chapel, the Bishop's two rooms, the hospital, and a spare room, forming one building; the kitchen another; the mess-room and the rooms of the junior aides of the Bishop another; the two rooms of the Rev. Mr. Codrington and the dormitories another; the cottage of the married couples (black) another. There are four or five such couples of married blacks.

Fair space has been allowed in all these buildings, but they are nearly fully occupied by the present number, some fifty or sixty, including nine women (of whom six, I think, are married), and three girls. Should the number of students be materially increased, then the chapel, the mess-room, the kitchen, and the dormitories, must be materially enlarged.

[286] I pass on now to give some slight notice of the daily routine of life. First, the working staff:—the Bishop, five white clergymen, and one white candidate for orders, to be ordained (D.V.) next week; the senior Melanesian (black) scholar is also to be ordained next week. Farm bailiff (white) and carpenter (white).

No servants, white or black. This is a very noteworthy point of the Bishop's system of work—no menial servants, no mere paid labourers. The idea that "one volunteer is worth two pressed men" has never been more thoroughly carried out in principle and in detail.

Well, at 7 A.M. the bell rings for chapel, for about one minute, and all hands promptly repair thither. In spite of the vast variety of languages and dialects spoken by the fifty or sixty human beings collected from twenty or thirty islets of the Pacific main, no practical difficulty has been found in using "Mota" as the general language for chapel and school, so that in a short time a congregation of twenty languages are soon able to join in worship in the one Mota tongue, more or less akin to all the rest; and a class of (say) nine boys, speaking by nature five different languages, peaceably agree and easily unite in the using the one Mota language: just as a Frenchman and a German, a Russian, a Pole, an Italian, and an Englishman, all meeting in the same [286/287] cafe or railway carriage, on the same glacier or mountain top, might harmoniously agree to use French as their medium of communication. So the service is conducted in Mota by the Bishop and Rev. Mr. Codrington, and by George Sarawia, of Mota, who reads the lessons, and who (D.V.) will be ordained a Deacon of the Church of England next week. One exception only is made—the Collect for the day is read in English, as a brief allowable concession to the ears and hearts of the English members of the Mission. The service consists of the greater part of the Church of England service translated. Some modifications have been made to suit the course of religious instruction. The Psalms are chanted, and hymns sung *in parts*, and always in admirable tune, by the congregation. Noteworthy are the perfect attention, the reverent attitude, the hearty swing and unison of this little congregation: a lesson (I felt with shame) to many of our white congregations.

Immediately after service chinks out the breakfast bell, and with marvellous promptitude and punctuality whites and blacks, lay and clerics, are seen, flocking to the mess-room. The whites sit at the upper end of the table, but beyond the special privilege of tea all fare alike, chiefly vegetable fare—yams or sweet potatoes, and carrots or vegetable marrows, as may suit the season, with plenty of ship biscuit for more ambitious teeth, and lots of milk to [287/288] wash it down. Soon afterwards comes school for an hour and a-half. Then work for the boys and men—planting yams, reaping wheat, mowing oats, fencing, carting, building, as the call may be—only no caste distinction, no ordering about; it is not "go and do that," but "come and do this," whether the leader be an ordained clergyman, a white farm bailiff, or a white carpenter. This is noteworthy, and your readers will gain no clear idea of the Mission if they do not seize this point, for this is no matter of mere detail, but one of principle. The system is not that of the ship or the regiment, of the farm or the manufactory of the old country, but essentially of the family. It is not the officer or the master saying Go, but the father or the brother saying Come. And to this, I firmly believe, is the hearty cheerful following and merry work of the blacks chiefly due.

At 7 P.M. is dinner—much the same as breakfast; meat, though not unknown, is the weak point, as yet of the Mission dietary. In the afternoon, work; at six, tea; in the evening, class again for an hour or two—this evening class being sometimes a singing lesson, heartily enjoyed by teacher and taught. At some time in the day, I forget precisely when, the boys have to prepare matter arising out of the lessons they have received *viva voce*.

There are evening prayers, and bed-time is early.

Noteworthy are the happy conjunctions of perfect [288/289] discipline with perfect jollity; the marvellous attainments of a happy familiarity which does *not* "breed contempt."

I presume I need scarcely say to your readers that, besides education in reading, writing, and arithmetic, through the medium of the Mota language, instruction in the Holy Scriptures, and the most careful explanation of their meaning and mutual relation, forms a main part of the teaching given. The men and boys of the senior classes take notes—notes not taken by order, expressly to be inspected, but, so to say, private notes for the aid of their memories; and from the translation given to me by Bishop Patteson of their notes, I should say that few, even of the senior class of an English Sunday-school, could give anything like so close, sometimes so philosophical, an explanation of Scripture, and that sometimes in remarkably few words.

One most effectual means of doing good remains to be noticed. After evening school the Bishop, his clergy, and his aides, retire mostly to their own rooms. Then, quietly and shyly, on this night or the other night, one or two, three or four, of the more intelligent of the black boys steal silently up to the Bishop's side, and by fits and starts, slowly, often painfully, tell their feelings, state their difficulties, ask for help, and, I believe, with God's blessing, rarely fail to find it. Such is the routine for five of [289/290] the six work days. Saturday is whole holiday, and all hands go to fish, if the sea permits, or perhaps to play rounders, or what not. Merry lads they are, as ever gladdened an English play-ground.

On Sunday the early chapel is omitted. The full liturgy is divided into two services—I forget the laws—and a kind of sermon in Mota is given; and in the afternoon the Bishop, or one of the ordained members of the Mission, usually goes down to "the town" to relieve the Rev. Mr. Nobbs in his service for the Pitcairners.

Now, as regards the manual work of the station, this general principle is observed—women for washing and housework, and men for planting and outdoor work; but no one, white or black, is to be too grand to do his share. The Bishop's share, indeed, is to study and investigate, and compare the languages and the necessary translations; but no one is to be above manual labour—no one, *qua white man*, is to say, as it were, "Here, black fellow, come and clean my boots;" "Here, black people, believe that I have come to give you a treasure of inestimable price: meantime, work for me; am I not your superior? can I not give you money, calico, what not?"

Well, this Christian democracy, if I may so call it, has worked well in the long run. A little patience, and boys who might have kicked if told to black boots for a white master, have gratefully volunteered [290/291] to do it for a well-beloved white elder brother; and girls have come to feel hurt to see their white teacher,—really revered and loved, really felt to be unspeakably their superior, sweeping his own room or dusting his own books, and have humbly prayed to be allowed to relieve him of that bother.

The subject grows under my pen, as it quickens my memory. I must hasten to leave the present to say a few words of the probable, the hopeful prospects for the future. The boys raise nearly all their own provisions—yams, maize, wheat, bananas, sweet



potatoes, vegetables, fruit; and then the dairy, and a small flock of good sheep, will soon contribute effectually to working expenses.

After the ordination, now near at hand, of one white and of one black candidate for orders, the Bishop will have seven clergy to help him—namely six white and one black. With this staff Bishop Patteson feels, and I could well see, that he could easily treble the number of men and women under instruction; and the change of head-quarters from Kohimarama, Auckland, and New Zealand to Norfolk Island, makes it easier to bring away this larger number by increasing the number of trips of the schooner. Now the Bishop, for these reasons, is most anxious to increase this number. First, in order to increase the whole number, from whom to select promising candidates for orders—future [291/292] Missionaries to their own islands. Secondly, from the less bright and earnest scholars, men or women, boys or girls, to find a few Christian parishioners, so to speak—a few Christian families, whom to settle three or four, ten or a dozen, alongside each black Missionary, as a support, comfort, and reference in his hard campaign against the heathenism and brutal ignorance which will surround him, and threaten, else, to drag him back, like the Jews of old, even into concessions to sheer idolatry. Thirdly, old people, of whom little hope can be entertained even, to make them Christians, far less Missionaries, often ask anxiously after their sons or nephews, suspiciously after the Bishop's meaning or motions. To such the Bishop would fain be able to say, "Well, come along, my friend; see for yourself. Take a trip in the schooner. Come and stay a couple of months with us, and see for yourself how your young folk are treated!" And such men, the Bishop believes, and I believe, would go back to the islands, after their trip, convinced that it was all right, and, above all, a really good thing for the youngsters; and would be the Bishop's staunch friends down at the islands, perhaps useful pioneers to clear the way to extension of the Mission work.

As regards the present youngsters, the difficulty diminishes steadily; more and more of them wish to stay on to winter on Norfolk Island, and go on with [292/293] their education, and with their Christian education. Others, perhaps, similar in spirit, though differing in its manifestation, conscious of brawny thews and muscles, and skill in rowing and sailing, volunteer to break off the schooling they really love, to accompany him in his next cruise, to man his boat, to pull him ashore, and to face the poisoned arrows which, once shot, know no distinction of white skin or black, in the whaleboat's crew.

With such a subject it is hard to stop. What is the upshot? This, I think, from my own observation. The pioneer work is almost done. Next winter (D.V.) the Rev. George Sarawia and three or four couples of Christian Melanesian blacks will be settled on Mota as the nucleus of a Christian Missionary village, the first, please God, of many such. The Melanesian Mission is fast passing, has almost passed, from the stage of tentative doubtful experiment to that of ascertained success, of proved practicability. Every pound given to it tells. Every ten pounds will recruit (D.V.) a new boy from the heathen to the Christian army. Every fifteen or twenty will maintain a man, a candidate for orders such a man, *for the work which lies before him*, as is an undergraduate of Oxford or Cambridge for his work; and even, by the reflux of good which God gives to all good work, little as it was foreseen, it now seems to be highly probable that the linguistic [293/294] researches which this Mission has necessitated will yet throw bright light on many obscurities and difficulties of the Hebrew Scriptures. If we are worthy sons of the first great Missionary country of the world, we shall start gladly

forward to help this good, hopeful work, and glow with honour and sympathy for our noble countrymen, with compassion and sympathy for the Melanese, heathen wanderers or Christians, who have so much against them from which we, happy Englishmen, have been spared.

*Sydney, December 14th, 1868.*

## APPENDIX II REPORT OF THE MELANESIAN MISSION FOR 1868.

THE whole of the past year has been spent at Norfolk Island. A severe attack of typhoid fever which visited the island in the beginning of the year, and which first showed itself at the Mission station on March 11th, prevented our making our usual voyage among the islands.

Thirty of our scholars were attacked by the fever. Four of them died—two from Ysabel Island, and two from the Island of Mwerlao. One old scholar died of consumption on the Day of the Epiphany. Fifty-six are with us now, of whom nine are young married women and girls. Thirty-one are baptized, of whom fourteen have now for a year been communicants. Fourteen will, we trust, soon be baptized; and on December 20th, George Sarawia will (D.V.) be ordained. It is nearly ten years since he first came to us from Vanua Lava, and we have long looked forward to his becoming our first Melanesian clergyman.

We can report favourably of the progress of our scholars. The fever greatly interrupted our school [295/296] work for nearly four months, but had a very noticeable effect upon many of the islanders: it made many of them very thoughtful, and produced a marked change in some.

One thing strikes us all, viz., the willingness of so large a proportion of the scholars to remain with us year after year without returning even for a short holiday to their homes. Almost twenty-five or thirty of our present party have already told us that they do not want to go away in May next, when we expect the Southern Cross. They have been here a long time already, many of them two years and more; and they are so thoroughly happy (of which there is no doubt), and so desirous (as they say and as we hope) of knowing thoroughly their duty, that they say they "wish to stay here till they are quite well taught, like Sarawia." We are thankful that this is the case with several of our Solomon islanders. from San Cristoval, Malanta, Anudha, and Ysabel, and this feeling is not confined to the inhabitants of the Banks' Islands. We have made great progress, as we flatter ourselves, in building, farming, &c.

We have now a chapel, hospital, three dwelling-houses, besides a separate house for the ten married men and women, and the four unmarried girls. The carpenter's shop and printing-office and store rooms are finished. Only the large hall and a house for one of the clergy lately married remain to be built.

[297] About two hundred and twenty acres of land have been fenced in: the outer fence paled all round so as to be proof against pigs and dogs. We have subdivided this quantity of land into six enclosures of various sizes.

We hope that it will not be necessary to incur any more expense in the purchase of stock: we have a small but choice stock of about one hundred sheep, about forty cows and calves, four cart horses, pigs, &c. We may yet have to buy two large heavy cart mares, as we have any amount of hard work before us.

We grow large quantities of excellent sweet potatoes and maize. A flour mill has been ordered from Messrs. Ransome & Sims; and we hope to use maize very largely in our station. Arrowroot, coffee, and many other useful things, are planted; and we hope soon to be almost self-supporting, as far as provisions are concerned. We have always a large supply of milk, and fish are plentiful. Bananas grow well, also the sugar-cane; the pineapple pretty well; peaches, guavas, &c., are in abundance.

The abstract of accounts speaks for itself. We have had some difficulty in defraying the expenses of our first settling here in our new home. Fortunately, there was a large balance in the English account, supplied by the constant liberality of our dear friends at Eton and elsewhere, and by the profits still accruing from the sale of Miss Yonge's, *not* "Daisy [297/298] Chain." *More than one-third of the receipts for the past year is derived from this source.* The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel continues to us, for the year 1869, its grant of £300. The landed property of the Mission in the neighbourhood of Auckland yields about £400 a year. For the rest of our income we are wholly dependent on donations.

It is impossible to state what sum is required for working the Mission. Humanly speaking, the income regulates the number of scholars, and the number of scholars regulates the whole question of the Propagation of the Gospel among the Islands.

We see scarcely any limits to the capacity of our station here for receiving scholars. It is merely a question of food—the clothing is not expensive. But more buildings will be needed as we increase our numbers; and there are certain or uncertain expenses which cannot be foreseen, but for which a margin must be provided.

The Southern Cross costs, on an average, £1,200 a-year. Clergymen's stipends amount to about £500 now. But this does not include any provision for the Bishop; and the Rev. R. H. Codrington, who is a Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford, declines to receive any stipend.

Our present rule is, that a clergyman, upon his ordination, receive £100 a-year, which is to increase by £10 a-year up to a maximum of £200. Mr. Bice [298/299] will be ordained (D.V.) at Christmas, and before long, if we all live, £700 or £800 a-year will be needed for clerical stipends.

The cost of starting stations in the Islands is not very great. Yet it too is, we hope, likely to be an increasing item in our accounts.

Policies on insurance, &c., repairs, purchase of tools, and many other such expenses, must be provided for. We should be very thankful if we could see our way to obtaining regular contributions in New Zealand and Australia to the amount of £2,000 a-year. We could then, humanly speaking, enlarge the borders of our work at once. Our teaching staff is sufficient at this minute to manage a school of 150 or 200 scholars. When Mr. Bice and George Sarawia are ordained, we shall number seven clergymen, and we may

fairly regard six or seven of our older Melanesians, who are now taking their classes regularly, as competent teachers.

The Southern Cross can sail between Norfolk Island and Melanesia, bringing on each trip sixty or more scholars. Nothing seems to be required, humanly speaking, but a steady supply of money to enable us to extend our operations both here and in the islands.

We hope to supply more regularly than has been the case hitherto such information as may be thought likely to prove interesting, and to make people better [299/300] acquainted with the circumstances and work of the. Mission.

*St. Barnabas' Mission Station, Norfolk Island,  
December 1st, 1868.*

The following is an Abstract of the Expenditure  
from 1st November, 1867, to December 31st, 1868:—

	£	s.	d.
1. Capital account—			
Timber, 68 <i>l.</i> 3 <i>s.</i> 8 <i>d.</i> ; paint, 23 <i>l.</i> 10 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i> ; bricks and lime, 12 <i>l.</i> 8 <i>s.</i> 9 <i>d.</i> ; labour, 335 <i>l.</i> 8 <i>s.</i> 4 <i>d.</i> ; fencing, 57 <i>l.</i> 3 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i> ; well, 12 <i>l.</i> 15 <i>s.</i> 3 <i>d.</i> ; freight, &c., 82 <i>l.</i> 12 <i>s.</i> 5 <i>d.</i> ... ..	592	2	5
Purchase of sheep and freight, 247 <i>l.</i> ; ditto cows and bull, 136 <i>l.</i> 17 <i>s.</i> ; ditto horses, 48 <i>l.</i> 12 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i> ; ditto pigs, 2 <i>l.</i> 12 <i>s.</i> ... ..	434	11	6
2. General account ... ..	90	10	3
3. Farm account ... ..	46	8	0
4. Provisions—Meat, 54 <i>l.</i> 17 <i>s.</i> ; flour, 10 <i>l.</i> 1 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i> ; potatoes, 8 <i>l.</i> 14 <i>s.</i> ... ..	73	12	6
5. Clothing account ... ..	108	13	1
6. Medical stores... ..	14	18	4
7. School books, slates, ink, &c. ... ..	8	17	0
8. Printing-office ... ..	10	1	6
9. Carpenter's shop ... ..	31	0	4
10. Kitchen ... ..	8	4	5
11. Southern Cross ... ..	1,015	0	0
12. Hatchets, beads, &c. ... ..	56	8	10
13. Printing expenses of General Synod ... ..	10	0	0
14. Stipends—Rev. J. Palmer, 150 <i>l.</i> ; Rev. J. Atkin, 100 <i>l.</i> ; Rev. C. H. Brooke, 100 <i>l.</i> ; C. Bice, Esq., 80 <i>l.</i> ; T. Hall, 50 <i>l.</i> ... ..	480	0	0
15. Stamps on bills, 2 <i>l.</i> 4 <i>s.</i> ; policy on fire insurance, 6 <i>l.</i> ; commission, &c., 6 <i>l.</i> 18 <i>s.</i> 10 <i>d.</i> ... ..	15	2	10
16. Balance in Union Bank of Australia, Auckland ... ..	65	2	10
	£3,060	13	10

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